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THE TWO MECKLENBURGS.

"My prince is truly small among those of Germany," wrote Goethe of his Mecænas of Weimar; "his country is but of moderate extent, and his power is very limited. But let every one develop his strength within and without, and it will be a pride to be German with Germans."

Such was the aspiration of the poet and philosopher, and his aspirations have come in our times to the very verge of being carried out to their fullest extent. It will, however, be something new to our readers to learn that, under the proposed unification of Germany, it is seriously anticipated that the Baltic will be to future generations what the Mediterranean has been to the past; and that Mecklenburg, by its geographical position, its ports, its commercial and industrial enterprise, and the general enlightenment of its people, if not the Attica, will still be the Venice of the Mediterranean of the north, with possibly its Genoa at no remote distance.

Some account of a German state, hitherto much ignored, although united to this country by linguistic origins and by historical and family ties, and which pretends to so important a future, will not be out of place at the present moment. It is, further, of a general as well as of a Germanic interest, for never did the proverb "Ex uno disce omnes," apply more pungently than in reviewing the past history and the present condition and aspirations of any one of the minor states of Germany.

Mecklenburg is, it is necessary to premise, largely indebted for its present prosperous condition to Frederick Francis I., a prince of high intellectual culture and of the most generous impulses, and who was further endowed with such a marvellous aptitude for labour, that, although ever actively employed in a government obstructed at that epoch by the complicated machinery of old and feudal traditions, he found time to become proficient in music, was well versed in European languages, and, above all, was an enthusiastic archæologist.

During a prolonged reign of fifty years he devoted all his energies to improving the means of communication throughout his dominions both by land and water, as also to the dissemination of instruction. With this latter view he founded five colleges—gymnasia, or lyceums, as they are variously called—and which, for a population of half a million, three-fourths of whom are agricultural, is admitted to be a very fair allowance. He attached several of the most distinguished men of Germany to the chief of these colleges, which was designated after himself, as the Gymnasium Fredericianum. Goerenz, the director, was known as the editor of the best edition extant of the philosophical works of Cicero.

Hebrew was also taught by Raspe, the favourite pupil of the celebrated Orientalist Tyschen. English, French, and Italian are, however, also taught in these colleges as well as the dead languages. These are also, as is fitting they should be, more zealously cultivated than Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, and annual discourses in the languages of modern Europe, including the German, are delivered by the pupils upon the occasion of the grand duke's anniversary.

We have said that Frederick was partial to archæological pursuits. The chief purport or object of his studies in this direction was to eliminate what was Slavonic from what was German, and it was with this object in view that he founded one of the best collections of Slavonian and German antiquities that is in existence. The museum was begun at Ludwigslust, but it was afterwards transferred to Schwerin, and it is admitted to be rich in objects with which its rivals of Berlin and Copenhagen are but poorly provided. Most of these objects were obtained by explorations carried out under his own personal superintendence. One of the last manifestoes, indeed, which this intelligent sovereign penned (he died Feb. 1, 1837), was to rural proprietors to carry on excavations, and to bring the results with the utmost care to a common centre. The first director of the museum was Oertzen, who, in 1804, published a "Catalogue raisonée;" then Schroeter, and, lastly, the present director, Lisch, who has published an illustrated account of the collection in two folio volumes, one of plates, the other text. This was in 1837, and additional discoveries since made, have appeared in the annals of the history and archæology of Mecklenburg. The grand-ducal house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has associated itself in the same interesting researches, and it possesses a valuable collection at Strelitz, particularly rich in curious idols in metal. The labours of Frederick Francis I. in this particular direction were not confined to his principality, they imparted an impulse throughout Germany to the study of the antiquities of that little known race of people, who, after having occupied part of Asia and Europe, conquered Rome, and founded powerful empires in Spain and even in Africa, is still diffused from the Don to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Adriatic, the most extensive zone, Herder says, that was ever occupied by a single nation.

Still more amusingly characteristic of the attention given in Germany to what are deemed in this busy, practical, mammon-worshipping country, to be mere pleasurable or profitless pursuits, is the language in which Dr. Borchard* signalises the advantages gained to health, and consequently to civilisation, by the patronage extended by Frederick Francis to sea-bathing. A learned professor—Lichtenberg—declared that he was indebted for his well-being to bathing at Margate; the grand-duke took up the idea, and founded a bathing establishment at Doberan, on the Baltic, which became the model for subsequent establishments of a similar description. Frederick Francis mingled there with his subjects, and, being courteous to all, added much to a well-deserved popularity.

Peaceable pursuits of this description had to give way upon the breaking out of the French revolution, and the aggressive military ope-

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* Études sur le Mecklembourg, et sur la Question Allemande. Par M. Borchard, Docteur en Médecine, &c. Paris: Henri Plon.

rations that followed in its train, to occupations of a far more serious character. And here Dr. Borchard, criticising Thiers, remarks very truly, that the dread of seeing Germany become a neighbour powerful enough to be a danger to France, has ever dominated so tyrannically over the people of the latter country, that they wilfully close their eyes to the sufferings of forty millions of human beings, whose material existence was at the least as miserable as their moral condition was unworthy of a nation which prided itself in having given birth to so many philosophers, poets, and learned men. Industry, commerce, and public works, were all alike trammelled by the fiscal privileges of castes and corporations; all morality was stifled by a mechanical despotism; the middle classes were trampled upon; the more learned became mere pedants under the same system; Catholicism became "coarse Jesuitism," and Protestantism an "idiotic pietism."

When Napoleon I. handed over the kingdom of Westphalia to Jerome, he said, "Do not listen to those who will tell you that your people, accustomed to servitude, will receive your benefactions with ingratitude." "What the people of Germany want is, that those who are not noble, and yet possess talents, should have a right to consideration and employment; and that all species of serfdom and bonds intermediary between the sovereign and the lowest of his subjects should be effaced." "Your people must enjoy an amount of liberty, equality, and well-being unknown to the people of Germany." Dr. Borchard, in his enthusiasm for his native country, traces liberty of worship, equality before the law, access to public employments, the abolition of serfdom, and of the privileges of corporations, simplification of the law, publicity, the institution of juries and of general councils, as also political representation, to this emanation of the French Republic over the states of the Rhenish Confederation.

It is certain that Frederick Francis adopted most of these ameliorations, but his pride as a German and a prince of the empire revolted against vassalage imposed by a foreign potentate; and as he had been the last to accede to the confederation of the Rhine, so was he the first among German sovereigns to detach himself from that which had been imposed upon him by force of arms.

But in as far as the ameliorations theoretically supposed to have been introduced by the French Revolution, or its armed exponent Napoleon I., are concerned, and as to how far the convention of April 18, 1786, gave birth to principles and created guarantees, which were only known up to that time in England, can only be determined by the actual state of things. The legislative power of the states, their right to impose or relieve taxation, the almost sovereign independence of justice, and freedom of commerce, such were the four corner stones of the imaginary constitutional edifice. All that is written in the convention. But what is the interpretation given to the writing on the wall? The states are composed of—First, seven hundred and fifty members, who are nobles, or, at all events, of what is called the equestrian order; secondly, of forty-five representatives of towns. The members of the equestrian order, whether noble or not, have their seats in virtue of their personality and their possession of land; they are not elected. The towns are represented by the burgomaster, or some other member of the municipal body.

Now, in twenty-three towns, the burgomaster is named by the grand-duke, and in most of the others his nomination has to be confirmed by the sovereign. As to the five hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, no mention is made of them, no notice is taken of them in the fundamental law. This famous convention was, indeed, only a treaty of peace between the sovereign and his vassals, and in no way a constitution after the modern sense of the word. The vote for taxation is merely the concession of a subsidy. Justice is simply the will of the equestrian proprietors, and the axiom of freedom of commerce remained a mere subterfuge so long as the innumerable taxes of the interior were in force.

Thiers describes the olden constitution of the minor states under the defunct empire as a venerable monument of ages, and as presenting some features of liberty, not of that description which protects individuals in modern times, but of the kind that protects feeble against powerful states. But Borchard denies this, and says that, in as far as Mecklenburg is concerned, it never derived any benefit from its confederation with the old Germanic empire. In the eighteenth century violent discussions sprang up between Charles Leopold and the equestrian order; it was settled by bribery. The Aulic council sitting at Vienna, and the tribunal sitting at Wetzlar, were approached by no other means. Schlosser, Franke, and Lisch all give their testimonies to this fact.* Again, in 1717, Mecklenburg was invaded by the Russians. An appeal was made to the Germanic empire, but without result, and the country was delivered by the aid of British and Danish troops.

Credit is given to Frederick Francis for his sincerity: his minister, Plessen, having been the only one among the various representatives of Germany—the Metternichs, the Hardenbergs, the Humboldts, and the Steins—at the Congress of Vienna who introduced the project of a constitution. This project for a united constitutional Germany, which was published by Plessen during the sitting of congress, under the title of "Principles whereby to constitute a German State and its National Unity"—by a German Plenipotentiary at the Congress—is admitted by Portz, of Berlin—a high judicial authority—in his "Das Leben des Ministers: Freiheirn von Stein," as adapted to have settled, even at that epoch, the formidable problem, which now, after the lapse of half a century, threatens Central Europe with disturbance to its very foundations. Mecklenburg, or rather its liberal minister, never desisted from the stand then taken. The meeting of the Diet on the 22nd of December, 1817, remains celebrated in the annals of Germany, for Plessen recalled to mind the solemn engagements entered into by the princes in the hour of danger; and in the words of Varnhagen von Ense, he adhered to his olden programme with at once "a chivalrous, liberal, and loyal firmness."

In 1863, places were changed, and the policy of Mecklenburg, handed down by Frederick Francis, was taken up by the very power which had most contributed to its rejection by the congress. Francis Joseph of Austria convened at that crisis all the members of the confederation to

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* Schlosser: Geschichte des Achtzehnten und des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Franke: Beschreitung des Alten und Neuen Mecklenburgs. Lisch: Graf Heinrich XXIV., Reuss und Herzog Carl Leopold von Mecklenburg.

meet in Diet, in order to reconstruct the edifice of 1815, which, it was universally admitted, was in so ruinous a condition, that it could no longer be propped up. But it was in vain that the black, red and golden flag—emblem of a free and united Germany—floated in the air, the same rival pretensions, the same fatally irreconcileable personal ambitions, which disorganised the common will at Vienna, paralysed the efforts made at Frankfort. The sovereign of Mecklenburg constituted himself at this meeting the hereditary champion of the enlightened and disinterested love of his country, by advocating its unity. Under the iron grasp of Prussia, he still maintains the same attitude, and looks to the union of all German States as the basis of a free and truly constitutional form of government. Events seemed for a moment to place all such noble and generous aspirations without the realms of possibility; but already there are signs of reaction, and Herder's dream of a genius uniting Prussia and Austria in a friendly Germanic grasp is not altogether an impossibility. The invocation addressed by the poet and philosopher to the Emperor of Austria is now still more pointedly applicable to the King-Emperor of Prussia. "Give us that for which we so ardently thirst, a German country, one law, one beautiful language, one honest religion, so that the sons of Germany shall love one another like brethren; their manners and science, so long, alas! expelled from the thrones, shall be restored with the vigour of their fathers, so that the happy times which Frederick saw before, and failed to take advantage of, shall surround you and be your eternal hymn!"

Frederick Francis was opposed to bigotry; he gave protection to the peasantry and advocated the abolition of serfdom, a more equitable system of taxation, and reforms in feudal institutions. He emancipated the Jews. Around his person were grouped the hereditary prince Frederick Louis, well informed, yet modest; Paul Frederick, father of the existing grand-duke, who won the love of his subjects during a brief reign of five years; and his daughter Helena, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. Alexander von Humboldt has said of this unfortunate princess that she was, when young, "as remarkable for the grace that pervaded her whole person as she was for her intellectual superiority."

The dynasty of the two Mecklenburgs is one of the most ancient in Europe: it traces its origin to Witzan, prince of the Obotrites and an ally of Charlemagne. In the era of Napoleon, upon the dissolution of the Germanic empire this dynasty objected to exchange the monotonous plains, the lakes and forests bathed by the rude waves of the Baltic, for the beauteous banks of the Rhine. Yet does Borchard agree with most writers of the day in viewing "the whole plan taken together, and of which the cession of Mecklenburg to Prussia, with indemnification on the Rhine, constituted a part, as a great service rendered by the conqueror of Marengo to Germany, which it delivered from its exuberance of three hundred sovereigns." But he adds afterwards, "King William I. and Count Bismarck entertain the lofty ambition of regenerating Germany, of opening a new era to that country, and Heaven grant that they may succeed in so imposing an enterprise! But victorious fields of combat are only so many first stages, readily abandoned, and whatever may be the brilliancy of the triumphal procession, it cannot cross, drums beating, bugles blowing, and flags waving, the threshold of that glorious career

which is called the high civilisation of a people. The trophies of war remain suspended only in the vestibule of the temple. None but just, wise, and beneficent laws ought to be deposited on the altar of the sanctuary; Heaven rejects all other offerings with anger."

The German parliament, conceived with a boldness which assumes almost the character of grandeur, is, however, admittedly a safeguard to the different members of the confederation. It is conceived that it will be impossible for a select body representing a nation which has ripened in labours of intelligence, and which pretends to a secular renown for rectitude and for an unalterable sentiment of justice, to pass laws unworthy of its mission.

The Mediterranean has been hitherto the scene of the greatest historical events which have influenced the progress of the human race, but we are told in the enthusiasm begat of a new state of things, the North being the last-born of European civilisation, the Baltic, which is the Mediterranean of the North, is destined to fulfil the part hitherto played by the Mediterranean of the South. Mecklenburg enjoys pre-eminence among the territories washed by this sea, not so much from its extent as from its bringing it in relation with countries of a high intellectual culture.

Although a level country, it is not so much so as Holland. It is diversified by hills and ranges of hills. It boasts of no less than four hundred and sixty-one lakes; those to the north pour their waters into the Baltic, those to the south into the Elbe. The hilly country around Lake Malchin is designated as the Switzerland of Mecklenburg. It presents beautiful views of lands covered with forests and fields of corn, dotted with large villages, churches, chateaux, and historical ruins. Canals of navigation, derivation, and irrigation exist on many points, and have been latterly much multiplied. The meadows and pasture lands are clad with a luxuriant verdure, and enamelled by an infinite variety of bright-coloured flowers. It is admitted, however, that many of these are of an Alpine character. They are often also very marshy—mere morasses, in fact, out of which boggy, wooded islands grow up and gain daily in extent upon the waters.

Where there is soil it is generally adapted for cultivation, the more so as there are no stones, save the occasional boulders (Geroelle) or transported rocks. Thanks to the Geestland, the soil of which is clayey, Mecklenburg is one of the most fertile countries of Germany. Other districts (Fuchserde, Ur,) are more sandy and less productive. The cultivation of cereals constitutes the chief source of wealth. These include wheat, barley, and oats. Colza, potatoes, and turnips are also largely grown, as is also tobacco and some grape-vines. Pasturing horses, cattle, and sheep takes rank next to agriculture as one of the chief resources of the country.

And who are the people of this country of Wendes, as it has been called? The oldest known are the Obotrites, also supposed to be of Slavonic origin. The Wendes, or Slavonians, are said to have been tributary to them. German, Saxon, Dutch, and Flemish populations took the place of the Wendes in the twelfth century. The latter enjoyed a kind of democratic organisation under their chiefs, and this form of government appears to have been upheld by the colonists. It was not,

however, until 1701 that Mecklenburg was constituted into two duchies —Schwerin and Strelitz—united by a family compact and a common constitution and Diet. Titles and diplomas, which date as early as 1304, show that the German knights associated themselves with the Slavonian nobles. The citizens, strong in their old municipal privileges, soon took their place in this equestrian order. The union of states was concluded in 1523 between the prelates, the nobles, and the representatives of towns. This first attempt at a constitution was matured in the seventeenth century and completed by the convention of 1755, which defined the fundamental law of the state and its political status, and it has remained in vigour up to the present time. That it is much in need of reform to bring it into harmony with what is deemed to be a constitutional representation in modern times, will be at once judged of by a few remarks previously made upon it. But it must not, in studying the past or future of different nations, be for a moment supposed that the same form of constitution is adapted for all. The circumstances in which they are placed, the habits of the people, the necessities of their surroundings, may all indicate a different state of things. But Mecklenburg, which boasts of having preceded England in the art of self-government, should not be so far behind England in its system of constitutional representation and government.

The representative assembly of the states, designated as the Diet, is composed, according to this constitution, of representatives of towns, delegated by the municipal administrations, and of landed proprietors, whether noble or not, to whose domains the hereditary right is attached of a seat at the Diet. The number of these domains, according to Kellner,* in the hands of nobles amounts to three hundred and one; in that of commoners to three hundred and twelve. This certainly shows that with the lapse of time the majority of rural domains known as squirearchies, or of the equestrian order ("Ritterschafflichte Güter") are in the hands of commoners; but as the number of landed representatives is as six hundred and thirteen (some make it seven hundred and fifty) against forty-five representatives of towns, not only has the landed interest an overwhelming majority, but so also it may readily be supposed has the government; for the representatives of towns being delegated by the municipal authorities, they generally send the burgomaster or one of their own body, and that when in twenty-three towns out of forty-five the burgomaster is appointed by the grand-duke, and his nomination has to be confirmed by the sovereign in most others. This famous convention, which Borchard would have us believe has been quoted in Germany as a model, and which has established principles and created guarantees of which no one had an idea, except in England, is, in reality, as we have before remarked, only a treaty of peace between the sovereign and his vassals, and in no ways a constitution in the modern sense of the word. It preserves one of the worst features of the old feudal system—justice being the simple expression of the will and pleasure of the equestrian order; while as to the five hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants no mention is made of them, nor is there any question of them in the funda-

* Kellner. Taschenbuch der Politischen Statistik Deutschlands. Frankfort-on-the-Main. 1864.

mental law. They have no direct voice in the election of their representatives, and a very indirect one in the election of the minority, or the municipal body, the burgomaster or chief of which, who is generally sent to the Diet, is, in twenty-three cases out of forty-five, nominated by the sovereign, and whose nomination has in most other cases to receive his sanction! A representation which is rendered hereditary by the possession of a domain must always render the proprietors noble or conservative, or whatever it may be termed, but what Montesquieu described as establishing a bond of union between the power of the prince and the weakness of the people (Esprit des Lois, liv. v. chap. ix.). The tendencies of such an equestrian order, or of a squirearchy having a hereditary representation, would indeed be inevitably aristocratic. The appointment, being independent of the wishes of the people, also leaves the representative without responsibility, whilst the interests of labour and capital being always more or less at variance, the opportunities for oppression are infinite, at the same time that the people have neither voice nor representation with which to counterbalance aggressions or oppressions. There is, however, a kind of popular representation, which is said to have its origin in seignorial domains passing into the hands of several co-proprietors, who then elect a representative among themselves. But this is a mere attenuation of feudalism. On the other hand, the office of councillors, who monopolise the presidency and commissions of the Diet, is reserved to the oldest nobility, or what is called the indigenous knighthood ("Eingeborene Ritterschaft"). But we are assured that "as it is with the English aristocracy, so it is with the Mecklenburg aristocracy, which repudiates more and more the egotistical tendencies of the past, enters more fully into the exigencies of the age, and associates itself with its valiant efforts." Certain it is that agriculture, upon which Mecklenburg has to depend for its well-being, has been benefited, as in all other countries, by farming upon a large scale; that is, by the existence of territorial domains.

The customs reforms carried out within the last few years have necessitated considerable sacrifices, as is also the case with the toll of the Sund, which became a European question. Rostock, formerly a powerful member of the Hanseatic League, and the first port of Mecklenburg, is said to still enjoy an autonomy based upon its ancient privileges, and to revel in a degree of independence which is almost republican. Its flag is not that of Mecklenburg, and it always enjoyed certain privileges with regard to the passage of the Sund. It consequently declined to pay its share of the expenses of buying up the rights of passage, and the equestrian order in this case honourably took the burden upon itself. The same party is always ready to assist in cases of public calamities, as fire, inundations, or epidemics; and it raised a fund to send the working classes to the Exhibition of London. It is in fact asserted, and that upon incontrovertible grounds, that the modern representatives of the old feudal system, who used to lead the people in their war expeditions, now place themselves at their head in search of industrial conquests.

It is not so indicative of an advanced state of things, that as yet the middle classes are to a considerable extent excluded from civil and military advancement. There are officers in Mecklenburg who belong to that class, and there are also councillors and employés in the ministry,

the courts, and the post-office; but it is admitted that the majority belong to the equestrian order. The clergy are no longer admitted as representatives since the reforms introduced by Luther.

Such are the leading principles of the Mecklenburg constitution; but there are wheels within wheels in working it out. For example, the Diet can be convoked in only one of two towns. The grand-dukes cannot be present in person, but are represented by special commissioners. Each of the two orders—equestrian or civic—can demand a separate deliberation, and it is even said that the unanimity of the members of the equestrian party remains powerless against a negative vote of the towns. The Diet devotes itself to business, and indulges very little in eloquent discourses, although the sittings are public. It meets for little more than five or six weeks, but during the other ten or eleven months a committee is left in charge of the liberties of the country. Further, ever since 1817, any differences which may arise between the government and the states may be submitted to the arbitration of three German sovereigns. Such an alternative has, however, only once been had recourse to.

Respect for established rights and for the law, indeed, imparts its characteristic impress upon the whole of the institutions of Mecklenburg. Thus, in the only case referred to in which recourse was had to the arbitration of the sovereigns of Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony, differences arose upon a constitutional question, which was decided by determining that the ancient constitution of the country remained in full force. Whether the development of liberty is consistent with a strict adherence to ancient laws and customs, not only as held by orders of society, but also by privileged corporations, communities, and persons, is quite another consideration. There are two sides in the discussion of such intricate questions, which are, after all, best determined not by general principles, which may lead to erroneous deductions, but by a reasonable and fair consideration of each individual case as it presents itself. Where a number of individual cases present themselves which are all alike, then alone it is time to arrive at general conclusions.

The territory of Mecklenburg is divided into three categories, the domain of the grand-dukes, rural properties, and towns. The last two alone have representatives, if they can be so termed; the dwellers within the royal domain—and they are very numerous—have not even a pretence to representation. They are, however, protected by the secular traditions of the country and by the law, which is superior even to sovereign power, and, thanks to a wise and paternal government, they are not only as well off, but they are, in many respects, better off than the rest of the population. Constitutions are wonderful things for politicians to prate about, and without them there are, no doubt, no guarantees for public liberty; but without justice and benevolence on the part of rulers, landlords, or capitalists, and industry, sobriety, and perseverance on the part of the working classes, there are neither prosperity nor happiness for either.

The commerce of Mecklenburg is by no means insignificant, and it has materially improved since all commercial restrictions have been removed, except in the interior, where they still weigh heavily. In the year 1862, 620 vessels, of which 430 belonged to other countries, entered the harbour of Rostock, and 283, of which 190 were foreigners, the

harbour of Wismar. 703 vessels sailed from the former port, 273 from the latter. There is a smaller port called Ribnitz, concerning which we have no statistics. The importation of articles of consumption for 1858 equalled 24,114,100 kilos ; of rough material, 72,161,700 kilos ; and of manufactures, 4,884,800 kilos ; in all, 101,160,600 kilos. It is argued that the fusion of Mecklenburg in the Zollverein will be prejudicial to its financial interests, but as the Zollverein is tending towards free trade, it is to be hoped that the day will come when the necessary fusion of Mecklenburg into the system of commerce, almost generally adopted throughout Germany, will not be attended by any sacrifices of the principles of free trade so long in existence in its ports.* It must be admitted, at the same time, that when it is argued that the system of protection adopted by the Zollverein will give an impetus to industry, that this will be found to be a fallacy. If nations cannot find within themselves the skill and industry necessary to compete with others, they will not obtain either success or pre-eminence by protection.

The resources of Mecklenburg have been as yet chiefly confined to agriculture and commerce. Whatever other branches of industry have been introduced have sprung from the legitimate wants of the country, as manufactures of machines, cotton and woollen stuffs, sugar, chicory, manures, and cement. They have risen gradually with the progress of demand, they want no artificial protection to give to them a ruinous impulse, but at once satisfy the wants of the country and the ambition of the factors.

The maritime towns of Mecklenburg boast of 450 merchantmen of various tonnage. Commercial exchanges with Russia, England, France, and other parts of Europe are very active. Some 120 vessels are said to visit Constantinople every year, and twenty ships are engaged in transatlantic voyages to America, India, and Australia. The mercantile marine now gives employment to 4500 hands ; in 1855, not more than 3500 were in the service. Mecklenburg thus takes its stand as a maritime country next to Prussia, Hamburg, and Bremen. The comparison in tonnage, calculated upon the last, or two tons, is as follows: Prussia, 196,049 lasts; Hamburg, 121,255 lasts; Bremen, 112,497 lasts; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 84,300 lasts; Hanover, 62,148 lasts; Schleswig-Holstein, 53,776 lasts ; Oldenburg, 25,818 lasts ; and Lubeck, 5310 lasts. Mecklenburg possesses, in addition, 329 vessels engaged in coasting or river navigation. There are three schools of navigation, and as, except in case of war, three years' service exempts from conscription, good sailors are never wanting.

There is what is designated as a "patriotic association" for improvement in agriculture. It is said to contribute largely to its progress by the introduction of steam and other machinery. Beasts, corn, and cheese are largely exported to England, France, and the United States. The exports in corn are estimated annually at 4,112,675 crowns ; of beasts, at 2500 horses, 4500 cattle, 45,000 pigs, and 60,000 sheep.

Gypsum, alum, lignites, salt, and iron are also objects of commerce. The iron is bog-iron, and it has been worked ever since the period of the

* This has, since writing the above, come to pass, by France releasing Mecklenburg from the obligations of the commercial treaty of 1865.

Wendes. The horses of Mecklenburg are, it is well known, highly prized upon the continent, and were especially favoured by Napoleon I., who selected his own chargers from the stud of Count Plessen-Ivenack. The value of land has so much increased by an enlightened attention to agricultural improvements, that it has more than quadrupled in the space of a century. These improvements are materially aided by a system of credit which is admitted throughout Germany to be worthy of all praise. The Bank of Schwerin presents also every facility for life and other assurances, as also the advantage of a savings' bank. It has been so successful as to have paid dividends of sixty or seventy per cent.! Smaller savings' banks and loan societies exist in all the small towns. The returns given by these banks attest to the material prosperity of the working classes. In 1847 the amount deposited was twelve millions of francs; in 1854, nineteen millions; in 1857, twenty-two millions; and in 1862, twenty-seven millions. Should France go to war with Germany out of jealousy for its unification, this progressive prosperity will be checked, if not cast back for half a century.

It is a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the absence of what the English would deem to be sufficient constitutional guarantees, and a consequent oppression by landlords, capitalists, and masters, co-operative societies flourish throughout Germany, to the great benefit of the working classes, whose intelligence is developed at the same time that their well-being is ensured. In this respect Mecklenburg surpasses, in relation to its population, all the other German states, and consequently in a still higher degree such states as are not German. Prussia has 409 co-operative societies, Austrian Germany 118, Saxony 90, Nassau 41, Mecklenburg 38, Wurtemburg 31, Hesse-Darmstadt 26, Anhalt 15, Bavaria 14, Baden 14, Electoral Hesse 11, and, if we were to continue the comparison, it would also show a considerable pre-eminence in the Protestant over the Roman Catholic states. But in as far as population is concerned, Prussia, to be on a par with Mecklenburg, should have nigh 1300 societies, German Austria 530, and Bavaria 350. It has only 14. Mecklenburg also boasts of having been the first state in Germany which adopted assurances against fire and hail. Both were introduced, the one in 1797, the other in 1801, in Neubrandenburg.

Mecklenburg occupies a position in regard to education and the cultivation of science, art, and literature which will bear comparison with that of any other German state. It is said, indeed, to have had the first university in the north—that of Rostock—which dates as far back as 1419. Wallenstein took it under his protection, and, with the aid of Tycho Brahe, spread its reputation all over the world. It still maintains its reputation, and unites the four faculties of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy. It is proposed to add a chair of agricultural science. Religious reformation gave the first great impulse to public instruction throughout the country. Luther and Melancthon were personally engaged under the ægis of the dukes of Mecklenburg in organising schools. Five gymnasiums or lyceums already existed in the sixteenth century, and we have already seen the development which they took under Frederick Francis I. Primary instruction is obligatory in Mecklenburg, and is probably less costly than the punishment of those crimes and evil doings, and the maintenance of unions and other establishments in main part entailed by the absence of a proper education. In Meck-

lenburg public opinion, however divided it may be upon other administrative questions, is unanimous in its approval of this legal obligation as the basis and condition of all moral and material progress. We wish it were the same in this country. Even conscripts are subjected to scholastic discipline, and it is to this that their exemplary conduct during the late war is attributed. Young persons who are destined for industrial or commercial pursuits are educated in what are called real (or realistic?) schools (Real-Schulen) and citizen schools (Bürger-Schulen). Each of these schools number ten or twelve professors. Other institutions of vital importance in the instruction of the people are the primary normal schools, known as seminaries in Germany. Transferred since 1862 to the country, they instruct in the usual scholastic studies, as also in agriculture, gardening, and other branches of industry, and even in music and singing. Lastly, there are educational institutions for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, and even for young imbeciles.

Prisons and houses of detention are carefully looked after. The central establishment is organised upon a system of modified separation, and young criminals are educated. The asylum for lunatics at Sachsenberg is said to be a model of its kind. There is also a hospital for incurables (unquestionably a misnomer; to cure (a curare) is to take care of, to relieve, not to restore, hence there can be none that cannot be taken care of), and numerous hospitals of a more general character.

There are some among the foundations in the country which present a peculiar character. The Protestant religion having been declared to be that of the state as early as in 1572, the property of the monastic orders was confiscated. Some of these situated at Dobertin, Malchow, Ribnitz, and Rostock were very wealthy, and the value of the lands has increased with the progress of agriculture. The revenues are chiefly devoted to the maintenance of unmarried females of the equestrian order, but those of the old convent of Rostock go to the families of citizens.

The number of learned societies is very great. There are few professions or pursuits that have not their point of union. Among the most popular is the Patriotic Society, before alluded to. It is devoted mainly to fostering agricultural science, it has its sub-committees in almost every town, and reckons over twelve hundred members. It has its shows and exhibitions, and distributes prizes. The Society of History and Archæology, founded by Frederick Francis, publishes valuable reports and annals, edited by Lisch and Beyer. Theatrical matters are confided to the enlightened charge of Flotow, author of "Martha" and other popular works, and of Putlitz, a poet of renown throughout Germany. The national enthusiasm for music gives origin to festivals upon a scale which exceeds anything of the kind known in France.

The inventions of modern times have by no mea ıs been neglected in other directions. Railroads are in progress, or already in existence, connecting the chief marts and centres of population; and the main line, which is to extend from Hamburg to St. Petersburg, will be of great importance to the future of the country. Wherever there are railroads there are also electric telegraphs. The post-office has become a considerable resource to the state, although not equal to what is brought in by the Customs. As the reigning houses contribute to the expenses of the states, taxation is much lighter in Mecklenburg than in most other states; and although there is a national debt, it has been diminished of

late without the Treasury having recourse to the issue of exchequer bills or any other paper-money.

It is owing to all these circumstances combined that the traveller in Mecklenburg is struck with the general appearance of ease and prosperity, and the almost total absence of mendicity. According to Dr. Dippe, the mean duration of life is, from the same causes, greater in Mecklenburg than in England, Prussia, Bavaria, or Saxony. The population is also, from the same causes—although improvident marriages are not encouraged—always on the increase. It is estimated at 553,428 souls in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and 99,060 for Mecklenburg-Strelitz. In the year 1866 the births in the first were 19,117 to 13,273 deaths. The departition of this population is characteristic of the country. It is in the grand ducal domain of the first, 204,261 ; of the second, 33,647. In the possessions held by the equestrian order, in the first, 135,740 ; in the second, 16,381. In the towns and rural districts of the first, 204,466 ; of the second, 32,021. To these are to be added the population (16,885) of the principality of Ratzeburg, which enjoys a certain autonomy, and that of the ancient monastic lands, 8691. The two Mecklenburgs are, manifestly, from these statistics, two grand-ducal domains, to which are attached certain towns and ports, and some rural properties, having privileges and rights of their own, but all under the sway of one common law.

But influenced by the passion for change, which affects all countries alike in modern times, the Mecklenburgians seek to conciliate new desires, with ancient laws and rights, hitherto the traditional objects of their respect. One of the first directions in which this love of innovation has shown itself, has been in the elaboration of a new code of commerce, a maritime code, and a uniform legislation with respect to letters of exchange ; and these reforms were carried out with the concurrence of delegates from other states.

Means have also been assured to the poor to defend their rights before courts of justice. The penal code has also been the object of many ameliorations, more especially in what regards forms of procedure. Juries are, however, as yet unknown in the country. Corporal punishment is inflicted, but only in cases of repeated conviction, and after notice has been given that if brought up again the evil-doer will be subjected to such a punishment. The accepted tradition that the population of Mecklenburg is divided into two classes—those who beat, and those who are beaten—has no foundation in fact. If the equestrian order used formerly to take sometimes the administration of the law in its own hands, it can no longer do so with impunity.

The condition of the peasantry has, indeed, ever been an object of deepest solicitude on the part of government. No one can forfeit his legal right of domicile before he has obtained another. The position in which the peasantry stand with respect to the landlord is also clearly defined. The administration of public assistance is placed in the hands of the communes, or parishes. These communes are constituted into corporations, something like our boards of guardians.

The reform in the Customs is looked upon as the most important of all. By throwing open the ports, they are now enabled to compete with Hamburg and Lubeck. The tariff has been hitherto much less protectionist than that of the Zollverein. It was, indeed, said by Borchard to be lower than that of any other country, and to present more favour-

able conditions to the importer. Exportation and transit were also perfectly free, except upon the line from Berlin to Hamburg, a concession being made of a small tax to repay the expenses incurred by Mecklenburg in the construction of the line. This, however, only applies to merchandise, and the traveller is neither subjected to examination or to customs on entering into the country. The Mecklenburgians have, indeed, as great a horror as the English for police, customs, and excise interference with the rights of individuals. Nor, in the presence of these notable reforms, which have demanded large sacrifices on the part of the equestrian order, for so long a time fenced in by privileges, can it be any longer said that the country is insensible to the progress going on around it, or that it in any way wishes, as has been said of so many of the minor states of Germany, to envelop itself in a shroud of egotism.

The peasantry are divided into proprietors, hereditary farmers, and labourers. The number of hereditary farmers is constantly on the increase, as is also the value of their farms. The labouring classes, emancipated from serfdom ever since 1820, are not the less protected by the landlords. They have a home, right of labour (a subject of so much theoretical controversy in France), and are relieved and cared for in times of distress and sickness. They are an intelligent and satisfied class, and enjoy an incontestable well-being. But, whereas formerly, every labourer could, after twenty years of toil and good conduct, become himself a small proprietor; the rise in the value of land has been so great, that this is no longer the case. The consequence is—one of the banes of Germany—that not rich enough to buy land in Mecklenburg—the peasant yet has enough money to convey himself and his family to America, where he buys land for clearance in the Far West. Emigration has hence assumed a remarkable development in recent times, and, with some writers, this has been made use of to point arguments detracting from the justice and benevolence of the Mecklenburg administration. It has even been said that the landlords put every difficulty in the way of the peasants marrying and becoming housekeepers. But, on the other hand, this is said not to extend beyond the principle carried out in other countries, that if a servant marries you are not expected to receive the husband or wife (as it may be) into your house. Again, it has been said that some organisations rebel against the religious and conventional prejudices by which they are surrounded in old countries, and that the teachings of "pure reason" meet with no sympathy in the tyranny imposed by habits and traditions. The rigid disciple of Kant, and the absolute sectarian of Robert Blum, alike sigh for new countries and a new life. To these feelings, and not to the dread of conscription and horror of an impossible taxation—a point at which we are rapidly arriving in this country—is attributed the astounding emigration that is going on from almost every state in Germany. It is probably a law of nature, that man should desire to change, if not to better his condition; and while there must be deceptions in the Far West, as well as in Old Europe, there it no doubt that emigrants are carrying out the will of Providence in clearing, cultivating, and populating those remote lands.

The people of Mecklenburg speak the same language as the other people who dwell between the Eider, on the confines of Scandinavia, and the mouths of the Rhine. It is spoken by nine millions of souls, but it has its centre in Low Germany, and hence it is also generally known as

"Low German." But Borchard assures us that it is identically the same language that was spoken in the country at its Christian and Germanic origin. This idiom is by no means a provincial dialect; it is the ancient language of Germany, which was in general use at those epochs of political grandeur which have once more become the object of its aspirations. The history of this language has never been written, it is involved in so much obscurity. It is met with in a religious poem known as "Heliand"—"the Saviour"—written on the borders of the Baltic in the fifth century of the Christian era. All traces of the idiom are then lost, to be recovered at a modern epoch. Low German has in this respect undergone the same vicissitudes as High German. No known transition, however, separates the latter from the Gothic—that is to say, there is an interval of four centuries of obscurity. Between the eighth and thirteenth centuries, the old Saxon enjoyed great literary distinction, although we do not know the history of the gradual origins and developments which made of it what is now called Low German. It became with the Anglo-Saxon the principal element of the English language, which J. Grimm considers as the most perfect of all languages.

"There are people," says Borchard, "among ourselves, who have imagined and described Germany as a country divided into tribes, who have an antipathy for one another from a diverse origin, different religion, different language, and different traditions, and they might deduce from the peculiar circumstances in which Mecklenburg is placed, that it constitutes a little nationality within itself and apart from the rest, having its own language, as it has also its own political and commercial legislation. But this would be a great illusion. From a period which extends beyond the memory of man, neither the pulpit, nor the professor's chair, nor official publications, or the press, know anything of the ancient dialect. Mecklenburg lives exclusively of the moral and intellectual life of Germany, and it lives in it with its whole heart."

This is the great fact of modern times—a fact which, from the perversity of a few democratic and factious partisans, a small group of ultramontane Romanists, and a still smaller fraction of adherents to the ancient pretensions of the house of Austria, many still persist in ignoring or denying, whilst others boldly present themselves in the field, trying to avert by political or armed power an unification which is inevitable from the force of circumstances, and which is, indeed, already virtually carried out by the military and political alliance of Bavaria and Wurtemburg, and the adhesion of Baden—the limitrophal state of the south—to the essentially Germanic confederation of the north. The error and misfortune of the old Germanic empire was that it was not German, but contained a number of foreign elements; the new empire appeals to the hearts of all Germany, as, although Lutheran, it is still purely Germanic.

France having only the other day relieved Mecklenburg from the obligations of the commercial treaty of 1865, the commercial unity of Germany is now complete, and the North German confederation is relieved of a contradiction between theory and fact which might have proved some day very embarrassing. The Zollverein may be said now to embrace the whole of Germany, with the exception of the German provinces of Austria. There are, no doubt, certain further exceptions, but the whole area of German territory not comprised in the customs

union is very trifling. It consists only of the three free cities, with their respective territories, and of some small districts on the sea and land frontiers excluded from considerations of local convenience. Every day, however, we see the article of the North German constitution, which declares that the confederation forms one customs and commercial district surrounded by a common customs frontier, becoming more and more a reality, and the free cities, entrenched as they are in their mediæval prerogatives, just as Rome is in her mediæval superstitions, will have to give way to the inevitable logic of events.

France could have kept the two Mecklenburgs outside of the confederation, commercially speaking, for ten years more if she had pleased, and the Prussian government must be well satisfied to have gained this great point without paying anything for it. In consideration of the lesser customs before alluded to, Prussia has, on its side, promised in the name of the Zollverein certain reductions of duty, but they are quite in accordance with its own free-trade policy, and if any sacrifice is involved in them, it will be borne by its commercial allies south of the Maine as well as by itself. The principle upon which France has given its consent to the two Mecklenburgs joining the Zollverein was that Austria and the said Zollverein were to conclude a new commercial treaty, the advantages of which France is to enjoy. The reduction of the duty upon wine, which apparently will be from four to two thalers (twelve to six shillings), the fifty litres is the one upon which the French government sets most store, and with reason. Except in the wine-producing districts, the Germans drink more French wine than wine of German growth. But the Austrians and the Hungarians will also benefit greatly by the modification, and the greatest sufferers will be the wine-growers of Rhenish-Hesse, of the palatinate of Franconia, to some extent of Baden, and to a much smaller degree of the Prussian wine districts on the Saar, the Moselle, and the Rhine.

Recognising fully the great benefits conferred by the Zollverein upon Germany, there can be no question that the governments of the two Mecklenburgs consulted the interests of their peoples in refusing to join the association until certain concessions were made—such as, indeed, could only be granted within these few years, since the commercial policy of the Zollverein has assumed a more liberal and soundly economical character.

It is not surprising, then, that if, notwithstanding the rivalry of the Pomeranians and Holsteiners, the two Mecklenburgs should, under the system of free trade cramped at the land frontier by fiscal customs, have attained so great a development, that it may be fairly anticipated that this commercial success will obtain a far greater development when, by being admitted into the system of the northern confederation, not only will all rivalry be done away with, but so also will the objectionable customs duties levied on the Recknitz, the Prussian, and on other frontiers. It is under these circumstances that enthusiastic Teutons anticipate that under German unity the Baltic is destined to become (minus the climate) the Mediterranean of the north, and Mecklenburg is to be the Attica or Venetia of the central lake or sea of modern European intellectual culture and civilisation, commercial prosperity, and political power.

BELPHAGOR.

A NOVELLA OF NICOLO MACHIAVELLI.

BY FATHER TRISTRAM.

RHADAMANTHUS sat on his throne,
Judging men as they came below,
Judging high and judging low,
Judging fast men and judging slow,
Judging men of profound sagacity,
Judging men of the meanest capacity,
Truthful men and men of mendacity,
Modest men and men of audacity,
Wary men and men of temerity,
Faithless men and men of sincerity,
Obstinate men and men so pliable,
Men untrustworthy, men reliable,
Men of tempers hot and cold,
Timorous men and men so bold,
Men like bears and men all suavity,
Frivolous men and men of gravity,
Men with wit and men without,
Tall men, short men, lean men, stout.
A varied unclassified rabble rout,
As though the whole world were being turned out,
On and on like a torrent pour
Through the gates of hell with a deafening roar,
Till Rhadamanthus, his patience nigh o'er,
Called to the porter, "Shut the door!
This work is becoming a regular bore;"
But the porter answered, "There's more and more,
There is more behind than has come before"
(For the porter grammar did quite ignore).
Then Rhadamanthus rose up and swore
All the oaths that are in the infernal vocabulary,
To the great delight of the impish constabulary;
At last he spake,
In a voice that did make
The wretched culprits shiver and shake.
"I'd like to know
If cause you can show
Why you come in such multitudes here below?
Thus creating an over-population,
Which, through reason of our peculiar relation,
Can't of course be relieved by emigration."
Then a voice from the crowd
Replied, clear and loud,
"Alas! your majesty, true as our lives,
We've been driven hither by our wives;"
And a mighty chorus uttered the shout,
"It's our wives that have brought the mischief about."
"Your wives! absurd!
I won't hear a word;

It's all duplicity,
Base complicity,
Just to impose upon my simplicity.
No, no, I have heard of wedded felicity,
Love in a cottage and domesticity;
And I doubt the whole lot of you most implicitly."
And he further averred,
If they wished to be heard,
The matter to Pluto must be referred.
So to Pluto they went, and Pluto decided
The case should to him be duly confided;
He'd receive them in state,
And hear them relate
Their sufferings prior to their present hard fate.
The exciting debate
All hell did await—
Jocular devils and devils sedate,
Affable devils and devils irate,
Devils loquacious,
Rapacious,
Tenacious,
Uncivil devils and devils gracious,
"Devils black and devils blue,"
And a list of devils too long to go through,
So I'll leave them and merely make reference to
The fact that, according to Ingoldsby's view
(At least as he doth in a poem declare),
The very worst devil of all wasn't there;
Which perhaps was as well,
Or the plaintiff in hell
Had never been able his story to tell.
As it was he began:
"Of the sufferings of man,
His trials, his wretchedness, nobody can
Form the slightest conception,
Or faintest perception;"
Then into a list of such grievances ran,
That the horrified demons, in trembling surprise,
Did turn up, and turn up, and turn up their eyes,
Till at length their strained eyeballs showed nothing but white,
As the speaker his "last painful fact" brought to light;
Then a shiver and shudder and scraping of claws,
And groans sympathetic in place of applause,
Whilst the devils rejoiced that, midst all their disasters,
They were clear of a sphere in which women were masters.
As the speaker left off, the king nodded gravely,
Murmured half *sotto voce*, "Ah, *in re* Omphale,"
Then aloud, "To your case we must put down a '*male;*'
Yet we've heard but one side, and, even in Hades,
We're willing all justice to do to the ladies;
I therefore propose that to earth one should go,
To gain further evidence for us below—
Some grave steady devil, who may be relied upon—
Before we what measures to take can decide upon.
Who seconds the motion?" Here Pluto looked round,
But demon lips uttered no answering sound;
All had inwardly counted the cost and had reckoned it,
And never a devil would venture to second it.

Pluto frowned,
As he looked around,
And said he, " You're a pack of craven hounds;
Go one of you must,
As we wish to be just,
And not take the matter entirely on trust.
As you won't volunteer, why lots must be drawn,
Though such a proceeding I utterly scorn."
So 'twas done, and the lot upon Belphagor fell,
Who was one of the sovereign princes of hell,
Who on hearing his fate, as one imp observed *naïvely*,
Although an arch-devil, by no means looked lively.
Then midst silence profound was pronounced the decree:
"For ten years a dweller on earth you must be,
Assume human shape, nor escape human ill,
Except by your own ingenuity and skill,
And your joy and your pleasure
Shall lie in the measure
That you can enjoy of earth's rust and moth treasure;
But your object in life
Is to take a wife,
In order to settle the point now at strife—
If the married estate be with such evils rife.
When this knowledge you gain,
Then death you shall feign,
And our imps will convey you to hell back again.
As we wish you a striking impression to make,
A million or two of gold pieces pray take;
Thereby a most pleasant conceit we shall settle,
That a devil of spirit should have lots of metal."

Thus 'twas fixed, and one morn, so the story goes,
As the sun in its splendour o'er Florence rose,
And the Arno, escaping from mountain snows,
In the rainbow tints of the morning glows,
And calmly on to the blue sea flows,
And the busy had waked from their night's repose,
And the idle were taking another short doze,
At the city gates were heard thundering blows,
And the sentinel wide the gate open throws,
And a cavalier enters with aquiline nose,
Eyes black as sloes,
Cheeks like the rose,
Hair dark as the raven's plume or the crow's,
With a turned-up hat and turned-out toes,
A crimson slashed doublet and silken hose,
A mantle with diamond buttons in rows,
A magnificent man in magnificent clothes.
In fact, his appearance decidedly shows
That he must be somebody rather the "*chose*,"
Though who is that somebody nobody knows.
A merchant prince from the regions of Spain!
Mines! Argosies! Treasures! The Spanish main!
Doubloons and ducats, and thriving gains,
And mountains with gold and silver veins;
Lace and tapestry, amber rocks,
Silkworms and vineyards, and diamonds in blocks!

Great pearl fisheries,
Mermaid witcheries,
Conjuring up, by their wonderful trickeries,
Costly pearls of so vast a size,
That no one who sees them believes their own eyes!—
So rumour each preceding rumour outvies.
Rodrigo says nothing, yet nothing denies,
And the wise ones decide, though they think rumour funny,
"This handsome young man *must* have plenty of money."

The fathers and mothers were all very kind,
And ceaseless in their endeavours to find
For this excellent catch
A suitable match.
A Lucifer never once entered their minds—
They'd have cast such a sulphurous thought to the winds;
A flame of love, not of brimstone, to light
Was their work by day and their dream by night.
But Rodrigo, despite
Their attentions, thought right
To use his own judgment and use his own sight,
And to do as so many men have done before him—
To shape his own course and let nobody bore him.

Onesta was lovely, Onesta was poor,
Onesta was silent, and shy, and demure,
And yet, when it pleased her, she had the capacity
Of assuming a piquant and charming vivacity;
A model she seemed of most rare amiability,
And descended withal from the oldest nobility;
She'd several sisters, and more than one brother,
And a noble but indigent father and mother,
Who of course had a plan
This delightful young man
To catch for a son-in-law, if they can.
Imagine their rapture, then, when they discover
That Rodrigo is fast turning into a lover:
For so it did hap,
Ere they baited their trap,
Ere Madonna Onesta had settled her cap,
That his heart all at once gave a terrible snap,
His nerves seemed to crack,
And his tortures, good lack!
Were as great as if he had been stretched on the rack.
What witchcraft is this? His pulsation increases,
And something is gnawing his heart into pieces,
His appetite, too, once so good, now decreases,
And from that sad moment he knows not what peace is
For a moment he wonders, with touching surprise,
Wherefore all these odd symptoms should suddenly rise,
But he traces them soon to Onesta's bright eyes,
Whilst a flash from below or a flash from above
Reveals to Rodrigo, "Alas! this is love!"

Onesta sat like a statue of stone
As Rodrigo his feelings ventured to own,
Of how he adored her,
And wildly implored her
For one word of hope to the love he outpoured there.

Onesta "regrets," and Onesta "deplores,"
And "such very extravagant folly" ignores;
"There are richer girls in Florence by scores—
He does not mean it, he does but jest!"
Rodrigo endeavours in vain to protest.
"No, he's laughing at her, like all the rest—
If she's poor, she's proud!"
Here she wept aloud,
And her beautiful eyebrows curve into a frown,
And the tears o'er her beautiful cheeks trickle down,
Whilst Rodrigo, amazed,
In bewilderment gazed,
And explained,
And maintained,
And vowed and he swore
That "he loved her as no one ere loved before;"
But in vain, for Onesta but sobbed the more,
Till at length she vanished and closed the door,
Whilst Rodrigo remained as if glued to the floor,
And in a condition of mental paralysis
Attempts of the past to make an analysis,
Yet can't comprehend what on earth now the matter is,
Till her father appearing,
He begs for a hearing,
Asking, "How have I vexed her,
Perplexed her?"
"What next, sir?"
The father says, smiling, "'Tis merely the sex, sir;
Those who know them are used to these little checks, sir,
That seem of our hopes to threaten shipwreck, sir.
You'll find by experience their minds most complex, sir."
And shaking his head very sagely, "In fact,
One has to deal with them with infinite tact,
Not one man in a thousand e'er knows how to act.
Onesta is yours, for I feel you deserve her,
Bless you! bless you!" And here the Donati with fervour
Grasped the hand of Rodrigo, who, quite overcome
By all that had happened, was almost struck dumb;
But he managed to stammer, "I don't understand.
I thought that Onesta refused me her hand;
But from the remarks you're so good as to make, sir,
It strikes me that somehow there's been a mistake, sir."

The point was gained,
A wife was obtained;
In that word the bliss of the world was contained,
And the witnesses false down in hell he disdained.
Hell ne'er would regain him,
For earth would retain him,
And long past the half-score of years would detain him;
In a state so ethereal he wished to remain,
And the evidence Pluto might wait for in vain.
Onesta's tears vanish
As her lover, to banish
Her anger, magnificent presents did lavish,
Though he found to his cost the Donatis were clannish;
He must portion the sisters, and set up each brother,
And settle a sum on the father and mother,
And buy this thing or that for one or another;

But Onesta's sweet smile
Repaid him the while,
And Rodrigo his offerings continued to pile
At the feet of the fair,
For what did he care,
He'd plenty to spend and plenty to spare,
And he held, what is no very uncommon view,
"One's some time getting rid of a million or two."

So Rodrigo was married, and he and his wife
For a very short time led a halcyon life,
Which, alas! very speedily gave way to strife—
Not on Rodrigo's part,
For his poor enslaved heart
Could not bear to see tears to Onesta's eyes start;
So she had her own way,
And used it, they say,
In such a very tyrannical way
That pages and maids declined with her to stay:
Indeed, the poor imps that formed Rodrigo's train
Were thankful to flee back to hell once again,
For it can't be denied,
That so great was her pride,
That Lucifer and half his demons beside
Could scarcely have vied
With Rodrigo's fair bride,
If a handicap race with her they had tried,
Though the odds, one would think, should have been on their side.
Great as her arrogance
Was her extravagance,
Till Rodrigo the fact from himself can't withhold
That his wife makes away with a good deal of gold;
And one day he even became so bold
As to hint at the same in the mildest strain,
Not the least intending to give her pain;
Then the raging main,
And a gunpowder train,
And a storm of the heaviest hail and rain,
Mixed with shot and shell
And the thunders of hell,
Could not match with the fearful explosion that burst
On Rodrigo's head at sentence the first;
As for sentence the second, and sentence the last,
They were all swept away as the hurricane passed.
In the midst of her ire
Did Rodrigo retire,
And he made up his mind that, let what would transpire,
He'd ne'er again venture within range of fire.
But his love grew no colder,
Though he found her a scolder,
And Madonna Onesta waxed bolder and bolder;
And despite his humility
And his servility,
She treated him soon with most marked incivility—
Till so wretched his fate,
He wished, when too late,
He had never entered the marriage estate.
His troubles domestic were certainly great,
And other misfortunes did on him await:

His speculations,
His calculations,
His investments, his loans, and his expectations,
Turned out to be mere infatuations.
His money was lent,
His money was spent,
His creditors could not or would not relent;
They'd find him,
They'd bind him,
And he would be sent
To prison. But no, he'd escape from the ruin,
He'd not wait for the storm that around him was brewing.
Of married life sated,
His wife he quite hated;
And as he thus mused his resolve became stronger
Not to stay in the city of Florence much longer.

Pursued, pursued,
By a harpy brood,
By a band of officials surly and rude.
But the Prato gate he had safely passed through,
And was out in the country a mile or two.
"What ho, good peasant!" Rodrigo began;
"Good peasant, and canst thou devise a plan,
Whereby to help an unfortunate man?"
Then the whole of his tale he to Matteo confided,
Which the good man, on hearing, directly decided
He would if he could help Rodrigo through,
For as half of the devil's story was true,
As he by analogous reasoning knew,
The other half might be so too.
The pursuers, who fast on his track had ridden,
Came up as Rodrigo was safely hidden;
But nothing at all could they glean from the clown,
As to whether a gay cavalier from the town
Had gone this way or that, or had passed by the door.
Matteo's face an expression quite imbecile wore,
And the officers, when their inspection was o'er,
Rode away nothing wiser than they were before.

When the horsemen were gone, Rodrigo outpoured
His thanks, and said, "Friend, though I cannot afford
To pay you myself, you shan't lose your reward.
In a few days you'll hear
That a nobleman near
Is in a great state of distraction and fear,
Of a devil possessed is his daughter dear.
Now your course in the matter is simple and clear;
Just go to the father, and say you will free her
For a good round sum, and then when you see her
Just whisper, '*'Tis Matteo,*' close in her ear,
And the very moment your voice I hear
I'll depart from the lady, and leave her as sound
As ever she was ere I came above ground."
So 'twas settled, and happened all just as here stated,
One incident only has to be related;
When the nobleman asked him, "Pray, what is your charge?"
Poor Matteo answered, "I fear it is large,"

And in voice overcome by a scrupulous qualm
Named a sum just sufficient to buy a small farm;
And homeward he went with much exultation,
But Rodrigo o'ertook him in great indignation.
"What folly and stuff,
You've not asked half enough;
I meant to have made your fortune, you muff!
But I'll give you another trial, and then
You must never come in my way again;
I've done you some good, I may next do you harm,
Good-bye for the present, good luck to your farm."

So Matteo went home, and thus it fell out
A most grievous report went buzzing about
That the King of Naples was sorely distressed,
His beautiful daughter was surely possessed,
And to Matteo del Bricca a message was sent,
And to court with the messenger Matteo went;
And he cast out the devil, and named a good price,
And the grateful old king paid it down in a trice;
And Matteo thought, "I shall now live in clover,
I've plenty of money, and troubles are over."

Not over, alas! Soon tidings are brought
The King of France has a daughter distraught,
And, hearing of wonders by Matteo wrought,
The king summons Matteo del Bricca to court.
In vain his excuses, in vain his distress,
In vain his endeavours the king to impress
That he's lost the power that he once did possess;
The king doth in sternest accents express
His decision that Matteo shall do his best,
And that if he fails he'll be hanged like the rest.
Del Bricca gave way to grief unrepressed,
He tore his hair and he beat his breast,
And perceiving that mischief was to him intended,
Bewailed that he ever the devil befriended.
But the princess is there;
In a state of despair
The agonised Matteo approaches her chair.
"Rodrigo, *il's me*,
Your old friend, you see;
Have pity, as I once had pity on thee.
They threaten to hang me. Oh! save if you can me;
The terror and fear of the gallows unman me.
You been so kind to me,
You would not undo me;
Rodrigo, Rodrigo, show mercy unto me."
But Rodrigo shouted,
And Matteo scouted:
"Do you think, you poor wretch, that by you I'll be routed?
You'll be hanged? So you may,
I'll never say nay,
For hanging's a very good thing in its way.
To see you strung up will afford me much pleasure,
Your struggles and torments I'll watch at my leisure.
You are wasting your words, for whatever you say,
I've made up my mind in the princess to stay;
So don't think by your tricks that you'll drive me away.

I gave you fair warning to leave me alone,
So that if you are hanged—why, the fault is your own."

Matteo withdrew.
What was he to do?
Rodrigo would keep his word he knew.
Then a ray of hope like a sudden gleam
Of the golden sun o'er his heart did beam,
And he heard far off as in a dream,
In his own fair Florence far away,
From the Campanile sweetly stealing,
The silvery bells so softly pealing,
And they seemed to ring through the silent air:
"Matteo, Matteo, never despair!"
'Twas as though the mountains had caught their tone,
And flung it down in masses of snow
Into the waves of the dark blue Rhone;
And the winds had stooped to the waters low,
And caught up the sound in glittering spray
That ever and ever melted away;
And the bubble-blown bells, as they lightly swung,
Spoke to Matteo in his own Florentine tongue.
Oh! one sweet home sound in a foreign land,
One thought of home in a loving heart,
Can nerve the heart and can nerve the hand
For many a toilsome and desperate part.

To the king, then, Matteo hasted away:
"Let a stage be erected without delay,
Adorned with coverings costly and gay;
Assemble the court, and provide a band,
At one of the sides of the stage to stand,
With all the drums that are near at hand,
And all the trumpets in the land,
Hautboys and horns and cymbals clashing,
Bagpipes and flutes and kettle-drums crashing,
And when the signal by me is given,
The air with a deafening noise shall be riven;
The drums shall be beat, and the trumpets bray,
And every man shout as loud as he may."

So the stage was built, and the populace wait,
And the court assembles in pomp and in state,
Princes and dukes all crowded together,
Very fine birds in very fine feather,
Lovely ladies and knights so bold,
Sparkling jewels and cloth of gold,
Such a sight had never been seen in France,
And Rodrigo looks round with astonished glance.

The poor bewitched princess sits on a throne,
And now and then she utters a groan,
And now and then gives a piercing cry;
And as Matteo del Bricca draweth nigh,
She glares upon him with fiery eye.
"You fool, pray why have you brought me here?
Is there aught in this dazzling scene to fear?"
And yet had Rodrigo the truth confessed,
He couldn't help feeling a little impressed.

Then mass was said by a white-robed priest,
"Oh, fool, do you think I care in the least?
Pray when will this mummery all have ceased?"

Then a pause. Not a sound doth the silence break;
All was still as the morn when the sun doth wake;
All was still as the night when the wing of sleep
Across the face of the earth doth sweep.

Then the signal was given,
The air was riven
With such a discordant burst of sound
As only that once was heard above ground;
It pierced through the brain
With a jarring pain,
And all the nerves of the head did strain—
Description will fail to give even a notion
Of that unearthly and wild commotion—
The roaring and humming,
The blowing and drumming,
The shrieking and clashing,
The rolling and crashing,
As if everything everything else was smashing,
And the storm-spirits giving each other a thrashing,
And the earth-fiends fiercely their great teeth gnashing,
And the ocean-furies raging and splashing,
A howling, a yelling, a thundering, a roar,
Such as Rodrigo ne'er heard before.

And in spite of his devilhood, in his breast
He felt rising symptoms of sore unrest,
And he called to Del Bricca in tones unquiet,
"Pray what is the meaning of all this riot?
I ne'er before heard such an infernal row."
"Alas!" answered Matteo, with anxious brow,
"Your wife's coming for you—I hear her now!"
None can imagine the anguish upstirred
In Rodrigo's breast at the sound of that word;
He lost all presence of mind, 'tis averred,
And with such a yell as seldom is heard,
Leaped out of the princess, and swift as a bird
He fled back to hell; for much he preferred
Infernal torments to those incurred
In the state matrimonial, the which he declared
Was a trap into which the unwary were snared;
And in a full conclave he solemnly swore,
"That he'd pondered the matter o'er and o'er,
And in fact had learned, by experience sore,
That all a man's sins and troubles in life
May be traced entirely to taking a wife."

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

By M. Sullivan.

PART THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

A THUNDERBOLT.

It was a chilly evening in the spring; the days were growing quite long, but upon the whole it was rather a comfort when night closed in, and the lamp could be lighted, and the curtains drawn to exclude keen draughts of air that kept finding out new ways of getting into Josiah's cosy parlour. Grace was up-stairs, hushing the baby to sleep; it still lived, in spite of numberless predictions to the contrary, but it continued so very sickly and delicate, that its little life appeared to hang upon a thread from day to day. The parlour was littered over with needlework, not charity-work this time, for the materials were exceedingly fine and delicate, and Mrs. Ashton looked at them lovingly, with a depth of tenderness in her expression that was never yet seen in the face of the most devoted Dorcas. They were Grace's wedding-clothes.

"She does not seem to be at all depressed or out of spirits as the time draws near," Josiah was saying.

"No. I should not be sorry to see that it made just a little change in her usual manner, but perhaps this self-possession is natural to her," Mrs. Ashton answered, with just a shade of doubt in her voice.

"I scarcely think that—no, Grace is sensitive by nature, but she has suffered so very much that she has lost the faculty of looking forward to the future with hope and expectation. It will all come back again, I feel sure."

"And I also," Mrs. Ashton eagerly replied. "Nothing could content me more than to see her your wife; a deep, unselfish love like yours will stand between her and all the ordinary trials of life, and I know that you will never forget your promise—never separate her from me."

Josiah answered that he never would; and soon afterwards he put on his hat, and went out to pay one or two visits to sick persons who should have been visited earlier in the day, only that he was now apt to procrastinate a little where matters of duty were concerned. The street was crowded, and an itinerant showman was calling attention to a van, or house on wheels, covered with placards, by beating a drum with both hands, while he blew a lively accompaniment on a set of pipes. A crowd had collected round him, among whom Josiah perceived Stephens, the sausage-maker, staring grimly at the outside of the show.

"Look there, sir," he observed, as Josiah slowly pushed his way among the people—"look at 'em a-crowding up and a-paying ha'pence to see them works of Satan, when it's as much as we can do to get 'em to come to church by twos and threes of a Sunday, and only three bad pennies and the lid of a pill-box was put into our missionary chest last week!"

"They are not works of Satan," Josiah was beginning; but the uproar increased so that he could scarcely make himself heard.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen—walk up! Exhibition of Natural Curiosities! The real original boa-constrictor! Admittance, one penny!"

"There!" Stephens exclaimed, turning upon him indignantly; "and you mean to say as that there ain't a work of Satan, wot was the first serpent himself, and the father of the rest of 'em! Lord bless my soul, if there ain't one of my Sunday scholars going into that there place of perdition! I'll constrictor him, and bore him too!"

With which indefinite threat he plunged into the crowd and presently emerged dragging after him a limp little boy, who looked as if he would have collapsed altogether had it not been for the stiffening influence of a new suit of corduroy, adorned with yellow buttons that put one in mind of coffin nails. On being deposited on a door-step, he dropped instantly into a sitting posture, as the only possible way of getting a little farther from Stephens, and then ejaculated, "Criky!" either at the hardness of the door step, or the sudden nature of the whole proceeding.

"There, sir!" Stephens exclaimed, "I've bin and tore my coat-tail, like the shepherd in the parable a-seeking the lost lamb. Now you 'ardened young Pharisee, p'r'aps you'll tell us wot you mean by going in the paths of the destroyer, and spending of a penny on seeing a image of Satan, wot might have bought a track and softened the 'eart of an Indoo."

"Please, sir, I was going to be let in for an 'apenny," the prisoner pleaded.

"Oh, you was going to be let in for an 'apenny, was you? An apenny would have bought one of them picters of the burning of Cranmer with red and blue flames in it, and the martyr a-turnin' black and all, wot you could have hung up against your bed, to 'ave something cheerful to look at night and morning, and remind you as you was in a Protestant country. Instead of that you goes and pays it to see a unnatural beast wot may be the same 'un as tempted Eve for anything you know; there ain't nothing said in Scripture about his departing from the earth again, and how do you know but wot he's in that there wan?"

"Please, sir, I didn't go in," the child asserted.

"No, you didn't; but I'll tell you where you'll go, without paying no 'apence for it. You'll go where you'll be shut up for ever with the real old serpent, the boa-constrictorist of the lot, with a fire underneath you and another a-top. I wish I could show it to you now. I wish as I could chuck a good handful of salt into the flames of the bottomless pit, and make 'em blaze up so as you could see 'em plain. You wouldn't go running after no more boa-constrictors after that!"

The child began to cry, and Josiah to interpose.

"Come, come, Stephens, that will do. Go home now, my boy; you did not mean to do anything wrong, I dare say; but it is better never to go near places of that kind. A great deal of bad language is spoken in them, the money is ill spent, and the time too. Go home and see if you can do something to help your mother instead of loitering about the streets."

"Look at that there crowd," Stephens continued, pointing fiercely in the direction of the van, when the boy had taken his departure, "a-

tearing along in the broad and easy path; leastways it ain't too easy just now, but they goes at it all the same. Well, it's a comfort to think where they'll find themselves afore long, showman, and show, and all!"

"Too many of them, I fear. But it is an awful thought, Stephens, not a comforting one."

"Ain't it, sir? Not when you sees the wicked a-flourishing like a green bay-tree, and sinful booths and shows a-taking of money that the missionary collectors might beg for all day long and never get? I don't know as I could stand it, if it wasn't for knowing where they're all going to. You ought to preach them a reg'lar rouser, sir, and serve 'em out good hot ladle-fulls of damnation all round. None of your fine names and mild spicings, but real unadulterated brimstone. Your seasoning ain't hardly strong enough for 'em, sir; I'd preach the pews down, afore I'd have booths and shows in the parish if I was you. There goes some more, like fat 'ogs a-getting ready for the mincing machine!"

Josiah left the sausage-maker to his meditations, and managed to get free from the crowd; but presently he was conscious of being pursued by pattering feet, and on looking round he saw a little girl, not more than nine or ten years old, who came up to him as quickly as she could.

"You're Mr. Meadows, arn't you?" she asked, cautiously.

"Yes. Do you want anything with me?"

"I've got a letter for you, and, if you please, will you come with me when you've read it?"

The letter was a very dirty scrap of note-paper, on which the following words were scrawled, in a woman's writing:

"Sir,—Poor Susan is still alive, but seems to every one to be sinking, and not to be far from death at this present time. She knows of the care that you and the ladies have took of her child, and she has something on her mind that she wants to say to you before her last hour comes. She is willing to trust you, feeling that even if you was to betray her nothing much could be done to her now. If you are willing to see her, and to keep the place that she is in a secret, please to follow the messenger, who will bring you straight to the door."

This was all; there was no date and no signature. Josiah read the lines by the failing light of evening, now fast closing into night, and then he turned to the little girl, and intimated his willingness to go with her. It would be a comfort to Grace, he thought, if she knew that this woman had been cared for during the last hours of her life, if indeed it were about to close; he also remembered that some word of his might sink into the dying sinner's heart, but this came quite as an after-thought, Grace was first, now.

The child took him through some very narrow and miserable streets, into one a little more pretentious than the rest, from which fruit and vegetable-stalls had vanished, and in which "Lodgings to Let" appeared to be the order of the day. She knocked at a house in the middle of the row, which was opened by a woman, rather smartly dressed, and yet rather dirty in appearance.

"Does Mrs. Marsh live here?" Josiah asked.

"Hush, if you please, we don't call her by that name here; Mrs. Wall is the name she goes by, or Susan, still oftener. Please to step inside."

Josiah followed her into a little den of a room, that smelt strongly of very stale tobacco and of washing-day; the last odour was accounted for by a clothes-horse hung with newly-washed garments of a miscellaneous kind, that fenced-in the fire, and steamed perpetually. Josiah was quite accustomed to such discomforts as these in the houses of the poor, and he took no notice of them.

The woman took two tobacco-pipes from a chair, and considerately blew some ashes from the seat before she offered it to her visitor.

"You see," she began, "we knew her first husband very well, and had dealings with him many times, and once when we were out of luck, she helped us till times were better with us. She was always free-handed, was poor Susan; and when she got into such trouble, and didn't know what had happened to her husband—her second one, you know—and couldn't tell where to turn for a hiding-place, we took her in and made her welcome to the best we had. Her baby was born here, and she was anxious to be doing something, not that we ever thought her a burthen, but she got about too soon, and took a chill, and she's been in a bad way ever since."

"So we understood from her letter to Miss Ashton. We feared that she might not now be living."

"Yes, she has lived on, in a very poor way, though, cough, cough, cough, all day and all night. I thought, myself, it was nothing but right that the child should be took care of by its own aunt, for my hands have been very full indeed, with her being so ill, and the baby wanted better attendance than we could give it."

"It has not thriven very well, but it has had great care and attention," Josiah assured her.

"Oh, bless you, sir, we know all about that. Nothing would satisfy Susan but getting news of it some way, and we found out an old body that knows something of your servant's mother, and got news that way when we could; and when we couldn't, we made up something just to quiet the poor soul. And now she says she's got something on her mind that must be made known to Miss Ashton, if you will be so good as to take the message."

Josiah promised to do so, and asked by what means the vicinity of Miss Ashton had become known to these people.

"Why, you see, sir, you are known by name to everybody in the two parishes, and we heard about your coming into a fortune, and then Susan said as you must be the one as Miss Ashton was so set on restoring the money to. And that set us trying to find out a little more about you, for I wanted to find where Miss Ashton was living, thinking that the child should be sent to her, and not having too much time to look after it myself; and all at once we heard for certain that Miss Ashton and her mother was at your house, either living there or staying there on a visit."

The little girl now put her head into the room, and announced that Susan was ready to see the gentleman.

"Stop one minute," the woman continued, laying her hand on his arm.

"We have done the best we could for her, not being in any great luck ourselves; and if she is to be taken—as seems likely—may we look to Miss Ashton for funeral expenses, do you think?"

Josiah replied that he was sure they might do so; the woman's grim forethought did not shock him in the least, for he knew that the poor are compelled to study these matters, from which the rich may turn away, at least until the Last Enemy confronts them. He followed the woman up some steep uncarpeted stairs, into a small bedroom, more comfortable-looking than the rest of the house; and already the sound of a hollow and constantly repeated cough struck upon his ear almost like a knell. Susan was greatly altered since the Basnet days; Grace would scarcely have recognised her, if she could have seen her now. Josiah had never seen her before, and so knew nothing of the very great change that had rapidly taken place; he only saw a wasted anxious face, with two hectic spots, that were burning more brightly from the excitement of his presence.

"How do you feel this evening?" he asked, gently.

He was accustomed to visit the sick and dying, and he always found it better to speak to them first on the subject of their bodily ailments.

"Very poorly, thank you; and I don't think I'm likely to be any better."

"Have you any advice from a doctor?"

"Yes, one comes to see me every two days, or so. I have something to take for my cough, but it doesn't do it much good."

"Do you know what your complaint is considered to be?"

"Something the matter with my lungs; chronic inflammation is the name of it, I think. I've been this way a long while now, getting so thin, and breathing so fast."

Her cough interrupted her here.

"We must provide you with some additional comforts, and with anything in the way of nourishment that the doctor orders. I should like to see him myself."

"Thank you, you're very good; but don't forget to call me Mrs. Wall. The police are still looking out for me; they wouldn't get much but skin and bone if they took me now. They've got a picture of me, taken when I was well, and I should be quite safe if they went by that. How is my baby?"

"Rather thin and delicate; she is taken every possible care of, I assure you."

"Is Grace fond of her?"

"Very; and so is Mrs. Ashton."

"Is her hair coming nicely?"

Josiah considered. It struck him that the baby was quite bald; and then again he was almost sure that he had seen a kind of fluff on its head, that probably might be intended for hair; so he answered boldly:

"Yes, oh yes; there is some nice down coming on her head, where the hair is to be."

"Any one would think you were talking of a barn-door fowl," Susan fretfully observed. "Down, indeed! She had beautiful hair when she was born—a deep chesnut colour. Does she take much food?"

Josiah was quite certain upon this point.

"Yes; they are constantly feeding her, several times a day, and in the night as well."

"With good milk, I hope?"

"Oh, yes. They order it from one cow; they are very anxious about her."

"Thank you for telling me that. I almost feel as if I could get better now. And they will bring her up to be respectable, I know; but not to think that every innocent pleasure is a sin, will they?"

"They will try and bring her up in the love and fear of God. Let me hope that you will so employ your remaining time, that deep repentance may be followed by earnest faith, and that you and she may spend a happy eternity together."

"You mean well, I dare say," Susan answered; "but I don't see that I've got anything very particular to repent of, except of being taken in hand by a very good Christian, who drove me over the traces altogether, just for want of a little kindness, and faith in human nature. Grace was foolish, and there would have been no harm in keeping the money; but I hear that you are doing a great deal of good with it, and I'm not sorry it has come to you. There! Now please don't begin about my soul again; my breath is short, and I have something particular to tell you about Grace."

"What is it?" asked Josiah, eagerly.

"It's about Mr. Brooks—you've heard of him most likely?"

"Mr. Brooks? No, I cannot remember the name. Who is he?"

"He was her sweetheart, and was very fond of her, and so was she of him."

"Oh, I did not know his name. What has happened to him?"

"I don't know, except that we gammoned her about him, and made her believe that when he thought she was dead, he got engaged to somebody else."

"Made her believe? Then—then——"

Josiah's breath failed, and the little room was turning round and round.

"Yes. You see we thought she was fretting about losing him, and that this was at the bottom of her unwillingness to join in our plans; so one day, my husband, Robert Ashton, proposed that we should give out that Mr. Brooks was dead, and get Grace to believe it, and then she would not have any reason for opposing us—at least we thought not. But how to make her believe it was the thing. And while we were considering, Robert found something in the newspaper about a Mr. Brooks who saved the life of a Miss Flora Somebody-or-other, and it mentioned that he was engaged to be married to her. It was a Leeds paper, and this happened near Leeds. So Robert said it was the very thing; and first we told Grace that *her* Mr. Brooks was engaged to a young lady at Leeds, mentioning the name, and then Robert contrived to have the newspaper sent to the house, quite in an accidental way, and it seemed to confirm what he had said, and Grace is such a silly that she never thought of doubting us. Brooks is a very common name in those parts, but she never seemed to think of that, as we had mentioned the lady's

name to her beforehand. All she seemed to think was that it was just like her Mr. Brooks to do such a thing—it was nothing very particular after all, only stopping some ponies from upsetting a chaise. But although it was easy to gammon her, we did ourselves no good by it; she believed that she had lost him, and yet she stuck to her own foolish notion about what it was right to do, as tight as wax."

Susan's interest in her narrative had kept her from coughing much up to this point; but the ough now returned with distressing violence. Still Josiah said nothing, but gazed intently forward, with closed teeth and set vision, as if he could see through the wall of the cottage, and into some part of space far beyond it.

"So, now," Susan resumed, when she could speak, "as I heard she was so kind to my baby, I began to think that I could do one thing for her, and tell her it was all nonsense about Mr. Brooks; we only made her believe it that she might have less reason for holding back and opposing us. The truth is that he was much too fond of her to think of another sweetheart, even though he did believe her to be dead, and that was a point that he had doubts on, or, at least, we thought so, from what we could hear about him. The whole thing has been kept very quiet; but still it was not possible, I suppose, to keep it altogether out of the newspapers, and it is a great wonder to me that Mr. Brooks has not found out everything, and come after her. He must be abroad, surely. He has not been to see her, has he?"

Josiah was aware that her last words contained a question of some kind, and that she was waiting for a reply. He turned his head towards her very slowly, and with an effort, and looked at her. Susan had never met such a look as that before; it frightened her, as if a corpse had turned towards her, animated by some kind of spectral life. She did not know his face again, for every vestige of colour had gone out of it, and the features had acquired that strange rigidity that people call "a change," when it appears as a herald of death. Darkness was settling down upon the room; but a lamp had been lighted in the street, just outside the window, and its light fell upon Josiah's face, making it look to the terrified spectator as if it were lighted in some way from within, through the distended, unspeculative eyes. Susan was very weak, and easily frightened—the sword of the grim conqueror was hanging over her from day to day. She cried out once, with all her strength, and tried to get hold of a hand-bell that stood upon a small table, rather too far from her to reach it. The double exertion broke through some filmy barrier that yet interposed between life and death, and in less than a minute, the white pillow on which her head fell back was soaked in blood.

Josiah, through the strange stupefaction that had fallen on his senses, was aware of what had happened, though he failed to perceive that he had in any way hastened the event, which must have been near at hand. The emergency roused him, and he ran to the head of the stairs and called to the woman of the house.

"I'm coming, sir; I heard her call, though I was out in the wash-house. Something must have frightened her, surely."

Saying this, she bustled past him into the bedroom, with a lighted

candle in her hand; it showed them a ghastly sight, but one for which the woman was not altogether unprepared. Susan was dead; the lower part of her face was disfigured with blood, in which the bed-clothes and the front of her night-dress were steeped through and through. The woman set down her candle, and lifted up her hands in horror.

"Poor dear!—poor dear! The doctor was right, after all, though he was only a parish one. He said this might happen any time with a extra fit of coughing, or even without it, and that if it did happen she'd go out like the snuff of a candle. Well, well, well, we must think that it's a happy release; nobody could wish the poor soul to live only to suffer. She felt it coming, and that made her cry out so wild-like, sir."

"Yes," Josiah answered.

He supposed in some dim and feeble kind of way that this was really the case.

"And what a turn it's give you, sir! You do look bad, to be sure! Wait a minute, till I get you a drop of rum; you look as if you'd fall down in the streets if you went out like that. Come out into the passage, and don't wait in this room."

She took up the candle again, and hurried along the narrow passage and down the stairs; he followed slowly and mechanically, and had nearly reached the bottom of the stairs when she reappeared, with a tumbler in her hand.

"You'd better sit down and take a drop of this," she said. "It's given you a worse turn than me, for I was expecting it, in a way, though it always does seem sudden when it comes."

Josiah was, practically, a very near approach to a teetotaller, and had never even tasted the kind of spirit that was now offered to him; but the shock that he had just experienced had already resulted in great physical depression, and he took the glass from the woman's hand, and drank some of its contents. Meanwhile she talked incessantly.

"Only last Sunday she felt herself very near her end, though her cough was quieter than what it has been; she said she longed for rest, poor dear! and that she didn't mind if I read a few verses out of the Bible to her. I didn't like to see her getting so down in the mouth as that, and I told her I wouldn't be thinking of anything dismal yet awhile, for her cough was easier, and who knew whether she mightn't be taking a turn for the better? So I got her the *Sporting Life*, and read her a bit here and there, though not being as good a scholar as she was, nor anything near it. Perhaps, after all, she knew she was to go soon better than we did. And about the funeral, sir, you think if it was managed reasonable, Miss Ashton would not object to settling for it?"

Josiah compelled himself to attend to what she was saying, and to speak with his usual voice and manner.

"All expenses will be paid," he said, "and you will be remunerated for your trouble and loss of time."

He knew that when he came to the house he had been intending to ask some question either of Susan or of this woman, and now he tried to remember what it was, but quite in vain. His thoughts seemed to be scattered as by a whirlwind when he tried to fix them on any subject unconnected with the discovery that he had just made. He left the

house, therefore, with the question still unasked and unremembered; it was quite dark now, but he felt that he could not yet return to his home and meet the looks of Grace and of her mother, so he went for a long walk out of his own district that he might be less likely to meet any one who knew him, and tried to escape from his own reflections as he pressed along the crowded streets. Either people looked at him a little intently, or he fancied that they did so, and this fancy grew upon him till at last he went into a place in which refreshments were sold, and in which he could see a large looking-glass fastened to the wall. He looked at himself, after making some trifling purchase, to see whether there was any reason for the intent gaze that he seemed to be continually meeting; he saw that he was unusually pale, and his eyes had a wild and anxious expression. It was the look, he thought, of some one enduring bodily pain. No one was observing him, and before he moved away from the mirror he made quite an effort to look just as usual, but in a moment a nervous spasm distorted his features into something almost like a grimace, and he hurried away. He walked farther and farther from home till he felt very tired, and then he called a cab, and was driven to within a short distance of his own door, which he entered a few moments afterwards.

II.

PASSION VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

MRS. ASHTON was alone in the parlour, working by the light of the lamp.

"Grace is gone up-stairs," she said, "as baby awoke and was fretful, and I don't suppose she will come down again. Do you know I was so foolish as to feel a little uneasy about you when it got late, but Grace said you were sure to have been detained by some of the people you went to see."

"I was detained," Josiah answered; "and you will be surprised to hear how it happened. A little girl followed me with a note, containing a request that I would go with her to see Susan Marsh—Mrs. Robert Ashton, I should say."

Mrs. Ashton started, and let her work fall from her lap.

"So she is still alive!" she exclaimed.

"She is not now alive; she died while I was there."

"Good gracious, how dreadful! No wonder you were looking pale and ill when you first came in. I thought you were over-tired. In what way did she die?"

"She broke a blood-vessel, and was gone almost instantly."

"Poor creature! Had you any time to speak to her before it happened?"

"Yes, a little."

"And did you ask whether she knew anything of Robert?" Mrs Ashton eagerly asked.

And now Josiah knew what it was that he had, intended to ask, and could not remember.

"I—I had not time," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Ah, no; you spoke, of course, about the great change that was then so near—nearer than either of you knew, and she was gone, I suppose, before your conversation was over."

"She was," Josiah answered.

"Well, I should have been glad to hear the least crumb of news about Robert; but perhaps she had none to give, and you were quite right, as it proved, to speak first on religious subjects. Did she appear to be penitent for the part that she took in that dreadful conspiracy?"

"Scarcely, I fear," he replied; "but we must not judge her. How do we know how great the temptation was? Oh, how do we know?"

He rose from his chair, and began to walk restlessly up and down the little room.

Mrs. Ashton was absorbed in her own reflections, and she scarcely noticed him.

"I wonder whether we ought to go into mourning," she said, presently.

On that point Josiah could offer no opinion at all.

"The circumstances are so very peculiar," Mrs. Ashton resumed; "so disgraceful to the family, in fact, that I really think it would be better not to do so. It would only remind people afresh of what we would much rather let them forget, and then it would put off the wedding, which would be a great pity."

Josiah suddenly paused in his restless pacing to and fro, and leaned towards her, with his hands on the back of a chair.

"Would it be a pity? Would it be a *great* pity, do you think?" he asked, hoarsely.

Mrs. Ashton looked at him with an anxious and pained expression.

"My dear Josiah," she said, kindly, "it seems to me that you have received a great shock to-night, and I do not wonder at it, but strongly advise you not to sit up any longer, but to get a good night's rest if possible. Have you been to see those people with the fever to-day?"

"No," he answered, mournfully. "I should have seen them, I know, but——"

"But your strength is not equal to such very constant demands upon it, anybody can see that. Let me persuade you, for once, to take a glass of wine with your biscuit before you go to your room. I am going to bed myself directly."

She took a bunch of keys from a small basket, and unlocked the cellaret; but a sudden knock at the front door startled her, and almost made her drop the decanter that she had just taken out.

"Dear me, who can that be, so late as this? Are the servants gone to bed, I wonder?"

Josiah sat speechless and stupefied, his mind filled with a single idea, and incapable, as it seemed, of receiving another. Susan's words were still sounding in his ears, still he heard her surmising that Mr. Brooks must have learnt something of the conspiracy from hints that had appeared in the newspapers, and inquiring whether he had yet traced Grace Ashton to her present abode.

The servants had not gone up-stairs; the door was quickly opened,

and a demand whether there was "anything to pay?" was answered in the negative. Then a bandbox was brought into the parlour, muffled up in quite a great-coat of brown paper, and plastered over with notices of "Care." Mrs. Ashton opened it in a flutter of expectation, and took out, with a kind of religious awe, as if to touch were to profane, a delicate fabric of white lace, water-lilies, and airy nothings. This was Grace's wedding bonnet.

Mrs. Ashton stood before it in a devout attitude.

"They have taken care to send it in good time," she said at last; "and look, there is the orange-blossom, just the least bit of it here and there among the water-lilies. What a beautiful idea! I wish I knew how to get it into the box again just as it was; but Grace must see it first, and perhaps she can manage it. Oh, there is the bill—two pounds twelve shillings; very reasonable, really. Now, Josiah, you open the door for me, and I will take it to her. Don't sit up long, and take a glass of wine. Good night, and be sure you put the keys away."

In another moment she was gone, bandbox and all.

Grace took but feeble interest in the bonnet; she agreed with her mother that it was very pretty, and to please her she tried it on, and even showed a little pleasure on perceiving that it became her well. The great trials of life do not crush out a woman's natural satisfaction in her own good looks; on the contrary, it survives her hopes and her happiness, sometimes even her sanity.

"I never saw you look so nice in anything before," Mrs. Ashton declared, fondly looking first at Grace and then at the reflection in the looking-glass; "and really the bonnet itself is beautiful. I know I have not such a taste for books and poetry as you have, and perhaps you will think it silly of me to say that I think those exquisite lilies would be a subject for a poem—better, perhaps, than the wet and slimy ones, with very tough stalks, that grow in stagnant water."

Grace kissed her, and acknowledged that the flowers were artistically made, and were in some respects an improvement on nature; and then, the great subject of the bonnet having been discussed, Mrs. Ashton remembered the news that Josiah had brought, which had been for the moment eclipsed by the later event. Grace was greatly shocked at the account of poor Susan's death, and of the manner in which it happened; her eyes were full of tears as she heard that her sometime jailor had lingered in a hopeless condition, attended by strangers, who probably regarded her as a burden.

"I should like to question Josiah about her myself," she said; and, hastily drying her eyes, she went down to the sitting-room, where she found that Josiah had gone to bed, leaving the cellaret open, the keys on the table, and the lamp still burning. All this was unlike his careful and tidy habits, and she thanked him in her heart for sympathising so much with her own sorrow; his feelings were in no wise blunted, she thought, by the many distressing scenes he was obliged to witness.

Josiah, meanwhile, had gone up to his room, and had locked the door, although no one was likely to intrude upon him, with some feeling that a great conflict was impending, to be witnessed by good and evil angels, and by no others. Josiah was no self-deceiver, or he might have told

himself that it would be right, or not so very wrong, to keep silence on the subject of the discovery that he had made. He might have told himself that to give Susan's message to Grace would be only to unsettle her mind, perhaps to make her very miserable with no good result, for nothing had been heard of Mr. Brooks, and it was likely enough that time had at length converted the lie into a truth. He told himself nothing of the kind; he did not try to gloss over the fact that duty and principle pointed plainly in one direction, and that no compromise could be made with them. Susan was dead, and her message could not now reach Grace's ear if he chose to withold it; his duty was very clear, let the result be what it would: the result probably would be, that his marriage would never take place, that Grace would be lost to him.

He asked himself whether he could do this, for the sake of truth and honour, for the sake of the Christianity that he professed and practised, for the sake of the Name at which every knee must bow; he had often declared, and firmly believed, that strength to bear, in proportion to the trial to be borne, is meted out to the devout suppliant, and in this, his hour of greatest need, he made one desperate attempt to test the validity of his belief. But between his eyes and the Throne there came a vision of life without Grace, a great emptiness, from which he turned away, he could not choose it.

He checked himself there, he *would* not; he was not willing to seek with all his heart the superhuman aid that might, perhaps, have enabled him to conquer. He could not make himself willing to conquer, that was the point. The crown of life had grown dim and distant, in comparison with the crown of earthly happiness, so longed-for, and so near. He made another effort, and turned a despairing gaze into the far past, striving to roll away well nigh two thousand years; they had often rolled away for him, and scenes in the life of Incarnate Deity had been as real and as present to him as any that were then passing around him, for his imagination had been cultivated in a religious direction only. But, lo! the scenes on which he looked back had collapsed into history, sacred history still, but nothing more. He asked himself the awful question, "What shall it profit a man?" and he answered boldly that it would profit him—much. Some years of life with Grace, say twenty years, and even then they would both be comparatively young, every year containing its three hundred and sixty-five days, every day beatified into something apart from common life by the presence of the one beloved—Josiah declared aloud that it did and would profit him, though all the terrors of eternity arrayed themselves as the background.

The system in which he had believed so firmly as a guide through life, was in some sense an artificial one; he had often said so in different words, when he had boasted of it as something quite apart from and superior to the light of Nature: now he felt that it withered up before the touch of temptation, and suddenly another thought struck him, for now he knew the force and meaning of that word, as the conquered man understands and realises the power of the conqueror. He could not well give up his vocation, he was bound to it by many ties, all difficult to break, and now he would be able to preach to souls in pain, as he had never preached before. Temptation, he now knew, had been an abstract word

to him; it had only represented the hindrances to those inward strivings after a certain rule of thought and mental disposition, that now seemed so very small and pitiful, seen in the glare of a strong and real temptation; his bringing-up had been quite unworldly, his education had not been permitted to stray beyond the narrow religious groove; he had never acquired a taste for any expensive pleasure except the most expensive one of all, the pleasure of doing good, and it had really cost him no effort to give his fortune to works of charity; he felt much more interest in those works than in any of the things that money usually represents to the mind of the money-seeker. But now that he had felt the force of an irresistible temptation, would not the sword of his ministry be sharpened? would not his words come with power, as the words of one who has plucked the fruit from the tree of fatal knowledge? True, he would preach to others, himself a cast-away.

When once his resolution was firmly taken, the conflict over, the victory lost, not won, he unlocked his door, and went to bed, and to sleep, almost directly. No restless tossing to and fro, no uneasy dreams, no voices of the good and evil angels, he was too thoroughly exhausted and worn out to suffer more, even in a dream. When he was called in the morning, the night seemed like a moment to him, the battle seemed to be just at an end, the decision just taken; he never once thought of reconsidering it, however, but appeared at the breakfast-table with all trace of excitement and agitation cleared away.

"You have had a good night?" Mrs. Ashton surmised. "I thought so, for you are looking quite yourself again; you looked terribly pale and ill when you returned from witnessing that dreadful sight yesterday evening."

"It was kind of you," Grace added, gratefully, "to sympathise with poor Susan, as you evidently did. She was dreadfully misguided, warped by circumstances and by a most unfortunate bringing-up, but her nature was a kindly one, and though she took part against me, there are very great allowances to be made for her; with a different training she would have been as good and conscientious as any of us."

"You admit the doctrine of extenuation, then?" Josiah asked, smiling a little *too* naturally.

"Surely. Can anybody help holding it?"

"Perhaps not; but then comes the puzzle—shall we be judged by what we are, or by what we should have been, only for this, or that?"

"You are beginning to find as many puzzles as I do," Grace answered; "and only a little while ago, you had the whole moral system of the universe at your fingers' ends, without a shadow of doubt upon any part of it."

"I wonder whether the people who received poor Susan have any idea of what has become of Robert," Mrs. Ashton observed. She had not followed the conversation just recorded.

Josiah promised to make the inquiry without delay.

"And I don't think," Mrs. Ashton continued, "that the wedding need be delayed on this account; you both wish it to be as quiet as possible, and Susan will be buried under another name, so that we have only our own feelings to consult, and not the world to consider at all. The

funeral, of course, will be over in a week, and we must not let the wedding come very close to it, for that would seem like a bad omen; but I think that ten days after the funeral it might very well take place, as we have decided that it will be better not to call attention to painful circumstances by going into mourning."

Josiah wished that the seventeen days could be diminished into as many hours; he felt as if every moment of delay must be fraught with danger now; he began to start at every sound, to dread the postman's budget, to feel relieved when night had fairly set in, and no more knocks or rings could be expected. When the marriage had once taken place, all these fears would be over; let Mr. Brooks come to light then, and the awful vow would stand between him and Grace for ever. And Grace could never know, could never guess, that the secret had been made known to him by lips now sealed in death.

He gained no news of Robert, for Susan had heard nothing from him, but he gained two days. He told the people with whom Susan had died that the inconvenience which death causes in a very small house need not be prolonged for an entire week; he was as glad of the two days as if they had been two kingdoms. He did not forget to recommend strict silence on the subject of Susan's real name, because, as he said, the act of sheltering and concealing her might prove to be an offence against the law. After leaving these people, he procured the licence for his marriage, and counted the days of suspense, shortened now by two, that yet remained to be endured.

And Grace?

She made her quiet preparations day by day, taking some pleasure in the great pleasure that her mother appeared to find in all the impending arrangements, thinking that, upon the whole, she had done well in thus employing a disappointed life by brightening other lives. Only now and then the thought *would* rise up before her of the contrast between this marriage and one that she had once looked forward to, between the passive acquiescence of death, and the troubled happiness of new and keener life. And at such times she would be a little more still and quiet than usual, that was all.

ABOUT NOVICES AND ADEPTS IN THE MELTING MOOD.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

II.—Adepts.

Whether our chapter of instances be concerned with those who are used to, or those who are unused to the melting mood, from the stores of Shakspeare we may, here as ever, cull and come again. Hubert's tears are true salt water at the discovery of young Arthur's death:

> I honour'd him, I loved him; and will weep
> My date of life out for his life's sweet loss.

But the barons, naturally suspicious in such a case, mistrust the man's show of grief. "Trust not," exclaims Salisbury,

> Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
> For villany is not without such rheum;
> And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
> Like rivers of remorse and innocency.*

In a complimentary and admiring spirit, Pandarus attributes the like facility in tear-shedding to his young hero, Troilus. "He will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April." Which only elicits from Cressida, with her wonted levity, the jaunty assurance, "And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May."† No crying philosopher was Cressida; herself as unversed in them as in the chemistry of them, comprising the due proportions of muriate and phosphate of soda and phosphate of lime Yet the Greek proverb says that men prone to tears are good,—*ἀγαθοι δ, ἀριδάκρυες ἄνδρες.*

Madame de Staël makes it one of the most seductive attributes of her Oswald, Lord Nevil, that his eyes so frequently and so readily filled with tears; and asserts that "at such moments he was irresistible," that is to say whenever "this ready yet restrained sensibility . . . . so oft, in spite of him, bedewed his lids."‡ Tastes differ; and some people would vote this facility as objectionable as Mr. Thackeray accounted the artistical sensibility of Sterne, who, as he relentlessly describes him, used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, exercised the lucrative gift of weeping, utilised it, and cried on every occasion. "I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains."§ Lord Eldon's tears have enlisted still fewer sympathisers. And as for those of his royal master, "our truly Protestant King," in 1829, Mr. Fonblanque writing in that year, ironically pictured him, for the admiration of posterity, as, "under the pretext of fishing," going daily "to weep in the Virginia water,—a sheet, indeed, which it is known he has increased to its present handsome size by his pious tears; and where he floods away his sorrows [for the Emancipation Act] in private, in a marquee, and with a Mar-

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* King John, Act IV. Sc. 3.
† Troilus and Cressida, Act I. Sc. 2.
‡ Corinne, l. xiii. ch. v.
§ Thackeray, English Humourists, lect. vi.

chioness."* Royalty met with unroyal treatment when and while George the Fourth was king. The tears of the sovereign of these realms have been otherwise respected in later times; more in the spirit of Chateaubriand's *bon religieux*, when discoursing on the sorrows of life, that touch high as well as low: "L'habitant de la cabane, et celui des palais, tout souffre, tout gémit ici-bas; les reines ont été vues pleurant comme de simples femmes, et l'on s'est étonné de la quantité de larmes que contiennent les yeux des rois!"† Cromwell, in one of Sir Walter's historical novels, is seen bursting into tears at being called King-killer and Parricide. "Here he fell into a flood of tears, which he sometimes was wont to do. This extremity of emotion was of a singular character"—being neither actually penitential nor absolutely hypocritical, but arising merely from the temperament of a man in whom deep policy and ardent enthusiasm were intermingled with a strain of hypochondriacal passion.‡

Racine could not "assist" at the reception of a novice without *se noyer dans les larmes*. Mme. de Maintenon writes of him on one occasion, "Racine, qui veut pleurer, viendra à la profession de la sœur Lalie." *Cette facilité excessive aux émotions* may have been the death of him. "Les Larmes de Racine" is the name of a French lyric, of some dozen stanzas, which abounds of course with "sanglots, soupirs, pleurs de tendresse," "les yeux mouillis encore," &c. Racine should have been poet-laureate to a Pio Nono, whose allocutions he would have appreciated whenever, "overcome with grief and plunged into affliction, deeply laden with sorrows and suffering, under great bitterness of heart, the Father of the Faithful sheds tears enough to suggest the expediency of reviving lachrymatories."§ One of the French papers Roman correspondents, in 1862, described "this sensibility of the Pope" as "every moment apparent. If he receives an address from the churches of America or Oceania, he weeps; if he hears of any fresh persecution, he weeps; and on the day when the bishops laid at his feet the produce of Peter's pence, he shed tears in abundance."‖ But not even his foes, if he has any, charge the Holy Father with personal insincerity in these lachrymose effusions. Not a heretic would say of him anything like what Swift said of Godolphin,—that "he has tears at command, like a woman, to be used either in an intrigue of gallantry or politics."¶ But he is at least of the brotherhood of Brand, known to readers of Professor Kingsley's "Last of the English," as one who had acquired, by long devotion, the *donum lachrymarum*—that lachrymose and somewhat hysterical temperament common among pious monks of the time, and held to be a mark of grace.** When proofs of the sanctity of Dominic were being collected, with a view to his canonisation, a monk deposed that he had often seen his face during mass bathed with tears, which coursed down his cheeks so copiously, "that one drop did not wait for another." "He spoke with such floods of tears as to move his hearers to give the same

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* England under Seven Administrations, i. 232. † Atala.
‡ See Woodstock, ch. xxxiii. § *Saturday Review*, viii. 416.
‖ *La Presse*, 14 juin, 1862.
¶ Swift, History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne. (A title suggestive of the vexed question in Dean Alford's "The Queen's English," whether the Four Last, or the Last Four, be the correct expression.)
** Hereward the Wake, ch. i.

signs of their compunction."* When lachrymatories, observes an Edinburgh Reviewer, were the fashion, it might, for aught we can tell, have been easy for the ancient mourner to drop a tear into the little cruet at any given moment.† Dr. Hook, in his Life of Archbishop Arundel (1397-1414), having, or taking, occasion to describe Bolingbroke's (Henry IV.) first visit to his father's tomb, beside the high altar in St. Paul's, tells us that he wept over it, "with that profusion of tears which men of that age seem always to have had at command."‡ Gibbon points out what every reader of Villehardouin must have observed, the frequent tears of the marshal and his brother knights: "Sachiez que la ot mainte lerme plorée de pitié;" "mult plorant;" "mainte lerme plorée;" "si orent mult pitié et plorerent mult durement;" "i ot mainte lerme plorée de pitié," &c. They weep on every occasion of grief, joy, or devotion.§ Insomuch that, in Juvenal's phrase, it becomes an almost puzzle to divine from whence the weeper drew his stock of brine:

> Mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit humor.‖

Une singulière facilité de larmes is noted by M. Michelet among the special characteristics of Henri Quatre. That bonhomme of a king had a turn for tear-shedding, whatever the occasion, grave or gay, so *facile* was his *sensibilité*. "Il pleurait d'amour, pleurait d'amitié, pleurait de pitié,"¶—but was not a whit the more to be depended upon for all that. Saint-Simon accredits Louis Quatorze with the like capacity. Naturally he wept with great facility, says the duke; and accordingly at the death of Monsieur, the Grand Monarque wept a good deal,—in fact, was all tears.**

Madame de Sévigné appears to have admired in M. de Vardes "ce don de larmes que Dieu lui a donné."†† Marmontel not only made the like gift his boast—*moi qui pleure facilement*—but his characters, as M. Sainte-Beuve says, "ont volontiers les yeux humides," and "arrosent leurs embrassements de larmes."‡‡ Beaumarchais, again, plumes himself on the same facile sensibility: "Mes yeux fondent en eau sur le moindre trait de bonté."§§ Barnave is described as another of these Dieu-donné ones: "ayant le beau rôle des larmes, et se le donnant toujours."‖‖ The type is not popular in England, not often credible. Mr. Carlyle's portrait of the elder Sterling—"Captain Whirlwind," as he used to call that "amazingly impetuous, hasty, explosive man"—includes the distinctive trait of great sensibility; a real sympathy, and affectionate pity and softness, which he "had an over-tendency to express even by tears,—a singular sight in so leonine a man." Enemies called them hypocritical and maudlin, these tears; but that was nowise the complete account of

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* Acta S. Dominici, pp. 367, 594.
† *Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1842. Art., Life and Writings of Fuller.
‡ Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, by Dean Hook, vol. iv. p. 474.
§ Gibbon, Rom. Empire, ch. lx. ‖ Juvenal, Sat. x.
¶ Michelet, La Ligue, p. 333.
** See the Mémoires de Saint-Simon, touching the sudden death of Monsieur after the quarrel with his brother.
†† Lettres de Mme. de Sévigné, 26 Mai, 1683.
‡‡ Mémoires de Marmontel. §§ Mémoires de Beaumarchais.
‖‖ Causeries du Lundi, ii. 25.

them, Mr. Carlyle* contends. His enemies—and of course a thundering contributor to the *Jupiter* (*Tonaus*) had his enemies—could or would see nothing more respectworthy than Mr. Thackeray recognises in the tears of his Reverend Charles Honeyman, who "cried a good deal in his sermons;"† hardly more, perhaps, than is due to Job Trotter, who, to the best of Sam Weller's belief, had a main in his head as was always turned on. Chelsea waterworks was nothing to him. A day came when Job Trotter confessed himself a dismal deceiver. "Tears are not the only proofs of distress, nor the best ones."—"No, they ain't," replied Sam, expressively.—"They may be put on, Mr. Weller," said Job.—"I know they may," said Sam; "some people, indeed, has 'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug whenever they likes."‡ So with John Adams as pictured by another Sam of immortal memory,—Sam Slick. "He had something the matter with one eye—well, he knew I know'd that when I was a boy; so one day, a feller presented a petition to him, and he told him it was very affectin. Says he, It fairly draws tears from me, and his weak eye took to lettin off its water like statiee. . . . That eye was a regular cheat, a complete New England wooden nutmeg. Folks said Mr. Adams was a very tender-hearted man. Perhaps he was, but I guess that eye didn't pump its water out of that place."§

But upon this topic, of all others, *Place aux dames*. "Strange to me," writes Lovelace, of Clarissa in tears, always in tears, "that those charming fountains have not been long ago exhausted! But she is a woman. And I believe anatomists allow *that women have more watery heads than men*."‖ Mr. Lovelace italicises his jeer. The derisive scorn of feminine facility in tear-shedding finds ample utterance in Shakspeare. Cleopatra's gift that way amounts to "greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report."¶ Capulet waxes impatient of Juliet's misconceived weeping:

> How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
> Ever more showering in one little body
> Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
> For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
> Do ebb and flow with tears,** &c.

Aufidius is mad at the susceptibility of Coriolanus to "certain drops of salt," "a few drops of women's rheum, which are as cheap as lies."†† Cordelia's self-command is the theme of eloquent praise—when, as she read those sorrowful despatches, "now and then an ample tear trill'd down her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen over her passion; who, most rebel-like, sought to be king o'er her."‡‡ And Hermione is as proud of being able to say to "good my lords" of the council,

> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are,§§

as though trained and hardened in the school of Swift, whose

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* Life of John Sterling, part iii. ch. v.
‡ Pickwick Papers, *passim*.
‖ Clarissa Harlowe, vol. vi. letter viii.
¶ Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. 2.
** Romeo and Juliet, Act III. Sc. 5.
‡‡ King Lear, Act IV. Sc. 3.
† The Newcomes, ch. xi.
§ The Clockmaker, ch. xiv.
†† Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. 5.
§§ The Winter's Tale, Act II. Sc. 1.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.*

Byron says, or sings, that "woman's tears, produced at will, deceive in life, unman in death."† It is an old, old complaint of railers against the sex:

Uberibus semper lacrymis, semperque paratis
In statione suâ atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo.‡

Sigismonda, in Glorious John's translation from Boccace, is an adept in these copious effusions:

——Her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Released their watery store, and poured amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain.§

Mrs. Browning's heroine, sitting down to weep, with a piteous consciousness of her weak womanhood the while, muses and moralises on the why and wherefore of women's tears in general, if not of her own in particular:

——Tears, tears! *why* we weep?
'Tis worth enquiry?—That we've shamed a life,
Or lost a love, or missed a world, perhaps?
By no means. Simply, that we've walked too far,
Or talked too much, or felt the wind i' the east,—
And so we weep, as if both body and soul
Broke up in water—this way."‖

This way, being, one may presume, what Dryden would translate, as above, into a more or less sober shower of rain.

Nor as a sign of grief their weeping take,
But think, their eyes, use soluble doth make,—

is the caution of one¶ who by the vindictiveness of a bold bad woman was brought to a bad end. "It is nae mair pity to see a woman greit nor to see a goose go barefit," is a proverb cited by Dean Ramsay,** as a harsh and ungallant reference to the facility with which the softer sex can avail themselves of tears to carry a point. One of our old poets bids us

Trust not a woman when she cries,
For she'll pump water from her eyes
With a wet finger, and in faster showers
Than April when he rains down flowers.††

Of this kind came Madame d'Etioles, who, says M. Arsène Houssaye, "avait merveilleusement le don des larmes; elle mettait tant d'art à bien

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* Swift, Cadenus and Vanessa.
† Miscellaneous Poems, Euthanasia.
‡ Juvenal, Sat. vi.
§ Dryden, Sigismonda and Guiscardo.
‖ Aurora Leigh, book vii.
¶ Sir Thomas Overbury: The Remedy of Love.
** Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character, i. 151.
†† Decker.

pleurer qu'elle donnait à ses larmes, dit un poëte, la valeur des perles."* *Mais parlons d'autres belles.*

Madame de la Fayette, designated by Boileau, *la femme de France qui avait le plus d'esprit et qui écrivait le mieux*, was equally distinguished among her intimate friends, the Sévignés and the Sablys for instance, by *une sensibilité extrême et pleine de larmes.* There is a *jolie lettre* of Madame de Sévigné's to her, beginning: "Hé bien! hé bien! ma belle, qu'avez-vous à crier comme un aigle?" &c. These effusions, as M. de Sainte-Beuve remarks,† were all the more charming in a person of so calm a judgment and with a spirit so tranquil. An Irish lady novelist, utterly unlike the Fayette in her main characteristics as authoress,—Maria Edgeworth,—had in a subdued measure the same *larmoyant* susceptibility. At least Mr. Lockhart pictures her a listener to some pensive reflections of Sir Walter Scott's, not without water in her eyes—adding, "her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched;—for, as Pope says, 'the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest;'—but she brushed them gaily aside,"‡ and there an end.

That kindly but weakly old maiden, Miss Seton, in one of the latest of Mrs. Oliphant's (Homerically speaking) inarithmeticable novels, has been justly objected to, as becoming something of a nuisance from her lachrymose habit. Certainly, said a critic, there are excellent old maiden ladies in real life, full of kindness of heart, and always ready to burst into tears and little sobs. But this Miss Seton§ he declared to abuse the privileges of her very worthy class. "Her readiness to shed tears is indescribable. She is able to weep and sob, and quiver with nervous fearful quiverings, at half a moment's notice, and for the slightest imaginable reason, or even for no reason at all; and she avails herself of this remarkable capacity to such a tiresome extent that the reader gets positively to dislike her, and to wish her anywhere." It is the authoress that is held to be at fault when things are come to this pass.

Wheedling Lady Crawford, in Mr. Lister's "Arlington," is prompt to point an ingratiating speech with "one of those tears which she could always summon to her aid on the slightest occasion," and which at a moment's notice, and for any reason, or none, could be "made to glisten in her large expressive eye."‖ But perhaps the most extraordinary mastership of these waterworks on record, and in real life, is that exercised at will by the fair and famous S. S., so well known to readers of Mrs. Thrale and of Madame d'Arblay. She is accordingly introduced as an example to this effect, in Mrs. Piozzi's work on "British Synonymy," in the section headed "To Cry, to Weep." Tears, observes the writer, have a very powerful effect on young people, and indeed on all those who are new in the world:—but veterans have seen them too often to be much affected; "and since the years 1779 and 80," she continues, "when I lived a great deal with a lady who could call them up for *her own* pleasure, and often *did* call them at *my request*, the seeing one WEEP¶

* Portraits du XVIIIme Siècle, ii. 258.
† Portraits de Femmes: Madame de la Fayette.
‡ Lockhart, Life of Scott, ch. lxiii.
§ In Madonna Mary.
‖ Arlington, ch. xxviii.
¶ Capitals and italics all Mrs. Piozzi's own.

has been no proof to me that anything sad or sorrowful occurs." And indeed Mrs. Thrale (Piozzi) adds her belief that probably some of the sincerest tears that flow are those shed when reading Richardson's "Clarissa," or seeing Siddons in the character of Mrs. Beverley.* It was during Fanny Burney's visit to Streatham in February, 1779, that Mrs. Thrale first challenged her attention to the water-works of the fair S. S. Fanny had found Sophia Streatfield a very amiable girl, and extremely handsome; more learned, however, than wise. Mr. Seward had already told Fanny of S. S. having tears at command, and she soon had an opportunity of witnessing a display. "Come hither, Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale, "come and see Miss Streatfield cry!" Fanny thought it a mere *badinage;* but going to them, was shocked when she saw real tears, with no cause to show for them; and saying, "No, I won't look at her," ran away frightened, lest S. S. should think she laughed at her, which Mrs. Thrale did openly. "Miss Streatfield, however, whether from a sweetness not to be ruffled, or from not perceiving there was any room for taking offence, gently wiped her eyes, and was perfectly composed."† "Ah," said Mrs. Thrale, at an after visit, before a number of guests, "I would insure her power of crying herself into any of your hearts she pleased. I made her cry to Miss Burney, to show how beautiful she looked in tears." "If I had been her," said Mr. Seward, "I would never have visited you again." "Oh, but she liked it," answered Mrs. Thrale, "for she knows so well how to do it. Miss Burney would have run away, but she came forward on purpose to show herself. I would have done so by nobody else; but Sophy Streatfield is never happier than when the tears trickle from her fine eyes in company."‡

Three days later occurred a scene which Mme. d'Arblay declares to have been the most curious she ever saw. In a company of seven persons, including S. S., the conversation turned upon that young lady's alleged "crying for Seward" (when Johnson affronted him); who, instead of being in an ecstasy, said, "Pho, pho, don't let's have any more of this—no more piping, pray." "Well," said Sir Philip Clerke, "I have heard so much of these tears, that I would give the universe to have a sight of them." "Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "she shall cry again, if you like." "No, pray, Mrs. Thrale," S. S. remonstrated. But Sir Philip importuned, "Oh, pray do! pray let me see a little of it." "Yes, do cry a little, Sophy," said Mrs. Thrale, in a wheedling voice, "pray do! Consider, now, you are going to-day, and it's very hard if you won't cry a little: indeed, S. S., you ought to cry." Now for the wonder of wonders, as related by Fanny Burney. When Mrs. Thrale, in a coaxing voice, suited to a nurse soothing a baby, had run on for some time—while the rest of the party, in laughter, joined in the request—two crystal tears came into the soft eyes of the S. S., and rolled gently down her cheeks. "Such a sight I never saw before, nor could I have believed. She offered not to conceal or dissipate them: on the contrary, she really contrived to have them seen by everybody." Her features were unruffled, and indeed she was smiling all the while. "Look, look!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "see if the tears are not come already"—

* Autobiography, &c., of Mrs. Piozzi, vol. ii. p. 371.
† Diary of Mme. d'Arblay, part v., 1779.
‡ Ibid., June 13, 1779.

and loud, rude bursts of laughter broke from them all, while Sir Philip turned almost black in the face from the furious struggle between convulsive laughter and politeness. When our mirth abated, Sir Philip, colouring violently with his efforts to speak, said, "I thank you, ma'am; I'm much obliged to you." "What a wonderful command," said Dr. Delap, very gravely, "that lady must have over herself!" She now took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "Sir Philip," cried Mr. Seward, "how can you suffer her to dry her own eyes?—you, who sit next her?" —"I dare not dry them for her," he answered, "because I am not the right man."—"But if I sat next her," returned the other, "she should not dry them herself."—"I wish," cried Dr. Delap, "I had a bottle to put them in; 'tis a thousand pities they should be wasted."—"There, now," said Mrs. Thrale, "she looks for all the world as if nothing had happened; for, you know, nothing *has* happened." Sir Philip then asked Miss Burney if she would cry, if they asked her? and Mrs. Thrale protested that not for ten worlds would she have Miss Burney thus dealt with: "I should think she'd be more likely to walk out of my house than to cry because I bid her." Mr. Seward had no doubt that Miss Burney could cry on any proper occasion. "But I must know what for," was her conditional assent—which she professes to have uttered in a voice too low for S. S. to hear; not however that the latter would have taken it amiss. The procedure of the fair and facile weeper is summed up in and with the following note of admiration: "Without any pretence of affliction,—to weep merely because she was bid, though bid in a manner to forbid any one else,—to be in good spirits all the time,—to see the whole company expiring of laughter at her tears, without being at all offended,—and, at last, to dry them up, and go on with the same sort of conversation she held before they started!"*

Fiction will scarcely afford us the equal of S. S. in this highly developed idiosyncrasy. Not even the impressionable little woman like Amelia Sedley, of whom Mr. Thackeray bears record that she "began to cry" at every trifle that touched her—"at all this simple little creature's fêtes, the *grandes eaux* were accustomed to play."† When don't ladies weep? he asks in another chapter, describing how the floodgates were opened when Amelia rejoined her mother after the wedding: "at what occasion of joy, sorrow, or other business of life?" About a question of marriage, he professes to have seen women who hate each other kiss and cry together quite fondly.‡ As an observer of human nature he pretends to have been a regular frequenter of St. George's, Hanover-square, during the genteel marriage season; and the result of his observations is, that although he never saw the bridegroom's male friends giving way to tears, or the beadles and officiating clergy in any way affected, yet it is not at all uncommon to see women who are not in the least concerned in the operation going on—old ladies who are long past marrying, stout middle-aged ones with plenty of sons and daughters, "let alone pretty young creatures in pink bonnets, who are on their promotion, and may naturally take an interest in the ceremony,—I say it is quite common to see the women present piping, sobbing, sniffling; hiding

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* Diary of Mme. d'Arblay, part v., June 16, 1779.
† Vanity Fair, ch. lviii. ‡ Ibid., ch. xxvi.

their little faces in their little useless pocket-handkerchiefs, and heaving, old and young, with emotion."* Colonel Hamley remarks that it would be something entirely new in female hydrostatics, if one woman could cry over another without meeting with a copious supply of fluid in return. Accordingly in the scene he is painting, which is that of lachrymose confidences between Rosa Young and Orelia Payne, "there ensued such a pluviose duet of sobbing, murmuring, sighing, and blowing of noses, that nobody hearing this meeting of the waters would have ventured into the room without a waterproof cloak and goloshes—except, perhaps, a Deal boatman or a Newfoundland dog."† Except in the utter unlikeliness in the *personnel* of the two performers, and the *motif* of their performance, there is a sort of companion picture to this duet in Mr. Dickens's Tale of the Riots of 1780. At a cruel rebuke from Mrs. Varden, Miss Miggs, "whose tears were always ready, for large or small parties, on the shortest notice and the most unreasonable terms, fell a crying violently; holding both her hands tight upon her heart meanwhile, as if nothing less would prevent its splitting into small fragments. Mrs. Varden, who likewise possessed that faculty in high perfection, wept too, against Miggs; and with such effect that Miggs gave in after a time, and, except for an occasional sob, which seemed to threaten some remote intention of breaking out again, left her mistress in possession of the field."‡ Whose superiority being thus thoroughly asserted, Mrs. Varden herself soon desisted likewise, and fell into a quiet melancholy. Such is often the passive voice of the very irregular verb, to weep.

THE WELCOME VISITOR.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THE ray, the ruddy ray of Morn!
  It shoots from eastern hills,
With glory crowns the old church-tower;
  It plays on moss-lipp'd rills,
And with a warm, soft, amber light,
  Each dewy flower-cup fills.

The ray, the blithesome ray of Morn!
  Joy to the bee 'tis bringing;
It wakes the spotted butterfly,
  A living pansy winging;
It pierces the brown gloom of woods,
  And sets the birds a-singing.

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* "When my friend, the fashionable John Pimlico, married the lovely Lady Belgravia Green Parker, the excitement was so general, that even the little snuffy old pew-opener who let me into the seat, was in tears. And wherefore? I inquired of my own soul; *she* was not going to be married."—Vanity Fair, ch. xvi.

† Lady Lee's Widowhood, ch. xxii.

‡ Barnaby Rudge, ch. vii.

The ray, the beauteous ray of Morn!
It paints the ruin old,
Cheats the sad ivy into smiles;
And where pale Death doth fold
His silent flock, it gilds the tombs,
Gilds them with softest gold.

The ray, the healthful ray of Morn!
It calls the lusty boor,
And sends him forth to wield the scythe,
Or plough the daisied moor,
And bids his fresh-cheek'd daughter milk
The red cow at the door.

The ray, the bold, free ray of Morn!
It steals, and slyly creeps
Through pane and half-drawn curtain white,
Where high-born Beauty sleeps,
And, kissing brow and loose black curls,
Richness in richness steeps.

The ray, the merry ray of Morn!
Calmly a babe reposes;
Light wakes it, like a flow'ret, up,
Its glad, blue eye uncloses;
To catch that beam, arms open wide,
While glow the cheeks' bright roses.

The ray, the cheering ray of Morn!
Through bars it gently steals,
Where weeps the captive in his cell,
Light to his heart appeals;
It tells him of the far, free hills,
And joy awhile he feels.

The ray, the placid ray of Morn!
It trembles down the skies,
And makes the room more hallowed, calm,
Where a maid dying lies;
To greet that last beam—ah! the last,
She feebly opes her eyes.

The ray, the holy ray of Morn!
All gently as a dove
It speeds, a messenger from God,
And tells her of His love,
That angels come, on shining wings,
To bear her soul above.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

By a Looker-on.

PART THE NINTH.

I.

MR. DUFF WATSON'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

In the midst of their consternation and misery, Mrs. Arlington had a note from Mr. Duff Watson, dated from Southampton, offering a visit, if agreeable to her and her family to receive him. He said he had just returned to England, having crossed from Havre the day before. Of course his visit was accepted in complimentary terms, and the proposal came like a healing balm to wounds that were very painful.

His writing to them so immediately after his arrival in England, and expressing a wish to revisit the abbey, evinced a pleasant recollection of them, and a good hope for the future.

"If only," cried Fanny, "he is not so much disgusted at Richard's conduct, as to feel no wish to connect himself with our family."

"He may not have heard of it," said Letitia; "and we certainly are in no way bound to enlighten him on the subject."

"But suppose he asks about Richard," replied Fanny, "what can we say?"

"Say that he is abroad on his winter leave, and is going to spend it on the Continent; that is only true," Letitia answered.

"Well, I only hope that my troublesome sister, Lady Danby, with her long tongue and gossiping propensities, may not force herself upon us while Mr. Duff Watson is here. She never cares what mischief she does. I wish she lived in New Zealand or Canada, or some other far-away place, where she would be precluded from troubling us."

"She is safe enough at home for the present, however," said Maria, who had just joined her mother and three of her sisters, who were in Mrs. Arlington's boudoir. "Here is a letter to me from Susan Danby. Sir Adam Loftus is staying with them. Susan says she finds him a very nice old gentleman, but he does not seem to have much conversation for young ladies; he prefers talking to her uncle."

"He won't be allowed to prefer that long," remarked Mrs. Arlington. "My worthy sister will give him his fling for a while, until she has made him feel at home and comfortable in her house; then, having lulled all suspicion in his mind of any schemes, she will open her battery upon him, and end by palming off Miss Susan on him."

"I don't think Susan will let herself be palmed off," said Maria. "She has a will of her own, and her letter is full of a Colonel Dean, who has lately come to Plymouth. She says he is quite a lady-killer; and five young ladies are looking after him and paying him attention."

"It is the gentleman's part to pay attention," interrupted Fanny, "not the lady's."

"It may have been so formerly, and even in *your* day, Fanny," said Letitia; "but things are changed now. Men expect to be courted, and coaxed, and fed, and found in amusements."

"*My* day!" cried Fanny, with an offended air. "There are not so many years between you and me. One would think I were old enough to be your grandmother, Letitia."

"What Colonel Dean is this?" asked Mrs. Arlington.

"Dean of the artillery," replied Maria. "Susan Danby says that there are already two girls at Plymouth who have made up to him, and that there are three Miss Greggs from London who follow him wherever he goes. But she hints that he seems to like her better than any of these others."

"There was a Captain Dean, who was a good deal in society in London about twenty years ago. I remember," said Mrs. Arlington, "he was quite a male coquette, a very conceited fellow, though I do not know what he had to be conceited about. He was then a short, squat, stupid young man, very fond of punning, and therefore thinking himself remarkably witty. He was rather an admirer of yours, Fanny, when first you came out," added Mrs. Arlington, with cruel tenacity of memory.

Fanny coloured violently, bit her lips, and replied that she did not in the least remember the person to whom her mother alluded.

"Oh!" said Letitia, laughing, "if the gallant officer in question be such a bundle of conceit, and so sought by young ladies, he would think you a perfect Goth, Fanny, not to remember him. Miss Danby, however, would do better to look after her uncle's former chum, Sir Adam Loftus, than to waste her time on the gay Lothario whose trio of admirers pursue him everywhere."

The next post brought a letter from Lady Danby herself to Mrs. Arlington, in which she mentioned the Colonel Dean spoken of in Susan's letter to Maria, and confided to her sister her great annoyance that this person paid attention to her husband's niece, which seemed to make a considerable impression on her, and quite prevented her from taking any pains to gain the regard of Sir Adam Loftus, who was in all respects a better match, and who evidently seemed inclined to marry. She added that she did not know what had come over Sir Adam; he seemed in low spirits, and she almost fancied he had met with some disappointment; but if he had done so, he kept his own secret.

This letter was more pleasant than most of Lady Danby's epistles to Mrs. Arlington, who settled in her own mind that the elderly baronet had not forgotten Eleanor, and might, perhaps, repeat his offer.

A very friendly letter was despatched by Mrs. Arlington to Mr. Duff Watson, and that gentleman made his appearance without much delay at Arlington Abbey. He was aware that his juvenile tormentor, Master Lionel, was safe on board a man-of-war, and therefore he did not hesitate to return to his former pleasant quarters. He was received kindly by the whole family, and with especial courtesy by the lady of the house. She could not help remarking that he looked somewhat *farouche*, and that his mood seemed more fitful even than formerly; but she discreetly kept her thoughts to herself, and did not even communicate them to her confidante, Fanny.

The young ladies, when Letitia was not present, discussed Mr. Duff Watson, and what they called "his wild appearance at times;" but they thought that, having lived so much alone, he was not accustomed to put any restraint upon himself or his humours, and that if he married he would be toned down, and become like the rest of the world. Letitia herself said she liked his little dash of eccentricity; he was not a common-place person, and she could not bear common-place people. So all were satisfied, except Mr. Arlington. That worthy man, though he was looked upon as very obtuse by his wife and daughters, was not without good sober sense, and there was something about Mr. Duff Watson that staggered him.

"The man seems to have dropped from the clouds," he said to his wife. "Nobody seems to know anything about him; he never receives letters, or writes any; he never speaks of his family or friends; he seems to stand alone upon the earth. How and why is this?"

"His parents are dead, and so are all his near relations," replied Mrs. Arlington; "and, as everybody knows, cousins, especially remote ones, scarcely know each other now-a-days. The ties of kindred are by no means so strong as they used to be, even in Scotland, where family connexions used to extend far and wide."

"But he is not a very young man; he might have made some friends, some acquaintances," said Mr. Arlington.

"He has been much on the Continent," was Mrs. Arlington's answer. "And of course he associated most with foreigners. Their friendship or acquaintance could be of little or no use to him here in England."

"I should like to know something of his antecedents, though," persisted the father of the family.

Mrs. Arlington shrugged her shoulders, and replied, sneeringly, that she did not know how he could manage acquiring such knowledge unless he would make a journey into Scotland, and inquire about him at his birthplace, if he could find it out, or where he had derived his early education, or where any members of his family had lived.

"If you are acute enough to do that, Arlington, well and good," she said. "If you attempt it, and make a bungling business of it, you will only do harm."

Poor Mr. Arlington, as usual, was silenced, but he was *not* convinced.

His convictions, or ideas, or fancies, mattered little, when his better half had made up her mind; and on this occasion, as on not a few others, he gave in, and, resigning all paternal authority, he let matters take their course.

On another subject he differed from his wife and most of his daughters, for he thought it would be but right and honourable to let Mr. Duff Watson know of Richard's elopement, should he not have heard of it.

"Well," said Mrs. Arlington, "I cannot really see why we should trouble him with any of our family misfortunes or family affairs at all; he does not communicate to us any of *his* family affairs."

"We do not know anything of his family," replied Mr. Arlington; "but he knows that unfortunate and sinful young man, Richard."

"How can we tell that he has not heard the whole affair already," said Mrs. Arlington, "and that it is only from delicacy and good feeling he does not mention it?"

"That is possible, certainly," Mr. Arlington admitted.

"And besides, Arlington, as he has not made the slightest matrimonial overture yet to Letitia, I cannot perceive that it is incumbent on us to treat him as a person whom we are bound to take into our confidence."

"Very true, very true, Letty," said her husband; "no doubt you are right."

But though Mrs. Arlington advised patience and apparent indifference, she herself was exceedingly fretted at Mr. Duff Watson's slow proceedings, and most eager for an éclaircissement between him and Letitia.

"I hope he is not playing fast and loose," she said to Fanny. "He has no claim upon us, and has no business to put himself down here as if it were his own home, unless he is thinking of entering our family."

"I dare say he *is* thinking of it," replied Fanny; "but thinking and doing are different things. He is a very odd person; he seems to spend half his life in dreaming. The other day, when Letitia, Aurelia, and myself were sitting together, he joined us, and began to read aloud something to us from one of the newest magazines; we were all listening as we worked, for Aurelia, who had been reading, had put down her own book. Suddenly he stopped short in the middle of a sentence—it was something about guilty deeds being always found out some day or other—and he sat in profound silence, with a sort of vacant look in his eyes, until the bell for luncheon roused him from his reverie."

Such were the conversations going on in the family about Mr. Duff Watson; but Letitia did not seem to participate in the general surprise and her mother's annoyance at his lukewarmness or dilatoriness. The fact was, Letitia felt lukewarm herself; she was in no hurry to marry, and merely thought of it as performing a duty incumbent on any of the nine daughters who had an opportunity of making a tolerable match. Had she *loved* Mr. Duff Watson as poor Eleanor had loved Captain Colville, she would have been somewhat anxious, and perhaps a little mortified, or pained, at his strange conduct. But her feelings not being engaged, she took matters quietly, and did not make herself unhappy about the future.

II.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

However, something came to rouse the self-invited visitor to Arlington Abbey from his dreamy or apathetic state. He actually received a letter!—a letter which had been following him for weeks, even for months, and had at last reached him in Dorsetshire.

This letter evidently caused him much uneasiness. It was placed on the breakfast-table, like the rest of the epistles addressed to the gentlefolks; for the servants' hall had also its tolerably large number of written communications, somewhat different, of course, in orthography and caligraphy from those which greeted the eyes of the family and guests at the Abbey when they descended to their morning meal.

Mr. Duff Watson took up his solitary letter, and looked at it as if it had been a remnant of antiquity which had unexpectedly fallen into his possession. He turned it over and over, and upside down, and examined

the post-marks, and at last, as he glanced round the table and saw every one at it, engaged either in reading their letters or eating their breakfasts, he ventured to open the missive sent to him.

He read it eagerly, carefully, yet as he read he half groaned; then laying down the letter he tried to carry a cup of tea to his lips, but his hand trembled, and he did not seem able to swallow his tea.

Mrs. Arlington's eyes, always on the *qui vive*, were fixed on him, though he had not observed this, as she had pretended to be very busy buttering a piece of toast for herself. Letitia, too, had beheld at a glance how much he was moved by the contents of the letter he had received, but she took refuge in feeding a little dog which was a pet with some of the family, so the recipient of the evidently unwelcome letter fancied that no one had observed his unwonted agitation.

Mr. Arlington raised his eyes from his newspaper, and began descanting on some article in it which was not agreeable to his political opinions, and Mr. Duff Watson gladly exerted himself to discuss the matter with him, and thus regained some degree of composure.

After breakfast he left the room, with his letter half thrust into his waistcoat-pocket, and no one saw anything more of him for two or three hours. He then emerged from his self-imposed seclusion, and whether he had been reflecting on the past, the present, and the future, or had been doing battle with himself or with some imagined enemy, no one ever knew, but he sought Letitia, and then and there made her an offer of his hand, and heart, and fortune! Letitia was naturally very much surprised, although she *had* been anticipating this offer for some time. All he stipulated for was, that if she did him the honour to accept him—as he earnestly hoped she would do—she would not delay the wedding long. He said he had a great dislike to long engagements; something or other always came in the way to break them off, and such an idea was too painful to him.

Letitia did not close at once with his proposition, but asked a day or two for reflection, and also that her father and mother might be consulted.

Mr. Duff Watson thought these requests only reasonable, but again entreated that he might not be kept long in suspense relative to a matter which so greatly concerned the happiness of his future life.

This was all right and proper, and neither Letitia nor her mother could find any fault with his anxiety to secure the young lady for his wife.

He was accepted, and from that moment he seemed to be in a nervous state of anxiety to get the ceremony over.

Mrs. Arlington undertook to reason with him.

"My dear Mr. Watson," she said, "your eagerness for the marriage to take place soon is very flattering to my daughter; but really," she added, laughing, "a wedding cannot be got up in such a hurry as a ball, or private concert, or dinner-party; and these even take some time to fix on and arrange. There will be the trousseau to get—milliners and dressmakers never hurry themselves;—then there are the settlements—lawyers are proverbially slow;—and we must get back to town before the marriage takes place, it would be inconvenient to have it here at the Abbey."

Mr. Duff Watson said he thought it would be better that the wedding should take place in the country than in London; it would be more

quiet, and he had a great objection to a large number of guests, and great display on such an occasion.

"It is just to escape being obliged to have numerous guests, and avoid what you call 'a great display,' that I think the wedding had better take place when we return to Eaton-square. Here, we should be forced to invite all our neighbours far and near, or give great offence. Then the tenantry and the labourers with their wives and families would expect a merry-making; for instance, a substantial feast first, and a rustic ball afterwards. There would be no end of trouble and fuss here in the country. In town there would be no need for us to ask any but our nearest relations, and perhaps one or two intimate friends, and, of course, *your* relations and friends, at least as many of them as you chose to ask."

"There is nobody whom *I* care to ask," said Mr. Duff Watson. "I have no intimate friends, and no near relations—none, at least, but *one*, a cousin of mine, my father's nephew, and he is the last person on earth I should wish to be present; he . . . . he is not my friend, but my greatest enemy. He would be glad to see me in my grave to-morrow; he has done his best to put me there already. Why? you will ask. Because he is heir-at-law to my father's fortune. I was a very delicate child for some time, and that man, who is twelve years older than myself, seemed to think, whenever I recovered from any illness, that I had done him a positive injury. My father put great confidence in him—a confidence of which he was, and is, quite unworthy—and named him his executor along with an elder gentleman, who is dead, and my guardian—at least one of them. He always disliked me, and I always disliked him. His interference with me was the bane of my early days."

"Had your mother no power to counteract his influence?" asked Mrs. Arlington, whose curiosity was roused; "or was she dead too?"

"Not then—not then!" replied Mr. Duff Watson, with a sort of gasp, while a sudden shiver seemed to pass over his whole frame. "She did not like him either, but she gave way too much to him."

"What a bad man he must be!" ejaculated Mrs. Arlington.

"A very bad man. And, mark my words, if the marriage to which you have kindly given your consent does not take place before *he* finds me out, it will never do so. I shall be separated from my dearest Letitia."

"I do not see how he can in any way interfere," she replied. "*We* will not be like wax in his hands, whoever he is. But where is this quondam guardian of yours at present?"

"On his voyage from the East Indies, I suppose, if he has not already arrived. The letter I received this morning was from him, to announce his intended return to this country. If the salt sea waves would engulf him, how thankful I should be!" exclaimed Mr. Duff Watson, with flushing cheeks and flashing eyes.

Mrs. Arlington was not a timid woman, but she absolutely recoiled from the expression of deep hatred and anger in his wild eyes.

"There is some mystery under all this," she said to herself; "but I won't say a word to Arlington, or he will perhaps take an obstinate fit, as he has misgivings already about poor Mr. Duff Watson, and insist on putting off the marriage until this cousin from India presents himself. After all, probably the cousin-guardian took umbrage at some boyish or youthful pranks, and was hard on him. He seems very sedate and steady

now, however, and with nine unmarried daughters we can't afford to be so very particular."

So Mrs. Arlington held her tongue, and Mr. Arlington did not hear a word about the dreaded ex-guardian, the mysterious past, or the possible interference with his daughter's proposed marriage.

But Mrs. Arlington, alive to the fact that something might occur to postpone if not break off the match, if it were delayed, hurried it on as fast as she decently could. The family came to town the latter end of January instead of waiting until February was tolerably far advanced, as they intended to have done. Dressmakers and other tradespeople required to prepare the wedding outfit were set to work, and lawyers were directed to draw out the settlements without loss of time. Mrs. Arlington was a very busy and a very happy woman. All misgivings respecting Mr. Duff Watson's early career were chased from her mind. She was filled with admiration at the beautiful presents the generous lover made to the bride elect; and it was a great pleasure to her to describe these costly gifts, especially the jewels, to her sister, and to show them to several "dear friends," who she knew would be envious and annoyed.

"So," exclaimed Mrs. Watkyns Jones, of some unpronounceable place in Wales, to a mutual acquaintance, after she had seen and admired a beautiful necklace of emeralds set in pearls, with earrings, brooch, &c., to correspond, and declared how becoming they would be to the dear girl who was to wear them. "So, one of the nine Muses is going to forsake the sisterhood! Upon my word, this Mr. Duncan, or Dugald Watson, or whatever he is called, must be a bold man to venture among so many spinsters."

"Ah, Letitia is going to be married!" cried another lady, who considered herself somewhat intimate with the family in Eaton-square, but who had not seen the jewellery. "I congratulate you, dear Mrs. Arlington, and sincerely hope the young couple may do well. Of course, Mr. Arlington will have to come down handsomely, but it is something to get one of your daughters married anyhow."

"Mr. Arlington will do what is proper in respect to settlements," replied Mrs. Arlington, dryly; "but as Mr. Duff Watson is a man of fortune, he stands in no need of assistance from us."

"Oh, indeed!" replied the friend, with a crestfallen look and vinegar aspect. "I thought he was, perhaps, a clerk in the bank, who was going to better himself by taking one of your daughters."

"You nasty venomous toad!" thought Mrs. Arlington. "It will be long before one of *your* red-headed daughters gets even a clerk in a bank."

Then came a third "friend," but she was only envious, not malignant.

"My dear Mrs. Arlington, you are very fortunate that the gentleman has *really* popped the question. So many men now-a-days make up to girls, and lunch and dine at people's houses, and dance off whenever it suits their convenience, that it is quite disheartening. There is Emily, my eldest girl; you know how clever and useful she is; she writes poetry, and draws so nicely, and can make bonnets, and I don't know what all. Well, a lawyer—you have met him at our house—Mr. Griffith, has been paying her a great deal of attention for some time past, and the other day he was asked to dine with us; we expected two or three

other people, but they did not come. In the evening he sat down by Emily, and after looking a long time at her without saying a word, he suddenly asked her whether she would like best to live in town or in the country! That I consider was tantamount to an offer. Emily was much confused. I did not pretend to hear what was going on, but I heard her say if she had a happy home with a person she liked, it would not signify to her whether she lived in town or in the country."

"And what happened then?" asked Mrs. Arlington, somewhat amused.

"Nothing—nothing came of it. At last I wrote to ask him what were his intentions, and he actually wrote me back that, though he had the greatest respect and esteem for Miss Emily and all our family, he had no idea of marrying her! Fancy such a letter for a mother to receive!"

"Very disagreeable indeed," said Mrs. Arlington, in a sympathising tone, though she could hardly help laughing; "but I think it was a pity you committed yourself and your daughter by making the inquiry of him. *I* do not approve of asking gentlemen their intentions."

"It is the only way to bring them to book, though, sometimes," said the mother of the slighted Miss Emily.

"I cannot think so," replied Mrs. Arlington. "I should say it was the sure method of frightening them away."

The Arlingtons' affairs and Letitia's approaching marriage gave occasion for no small amount of gossip in their circle, and not a few ill-natured remarks were made—some ladies who were, of course, patterns of propriety, and great upholders of respectability, declaring that after Richard's disgraceful conduct in eloping with another man's wife, and Silvester's having made such a very low match, it was a wonder any one would enter into a connexion with the Arlington family.

But if Richard had carried off a dozen men's wives, and Silvester had married a street beggar, Mr. Duff Watson would not have been deterred thereby from marrying Letitia. It was nothing to him how the brothers acted, so they did not trouble him as Lionel had done. He did not consider Letitia responsible for the conduct of her brothers, and he had only one wish—to have the wedding over before his disagreeable cousin came to ruffle his serenity.

III.

A WEDDING.

THE eventful day came at last, with the wedding dresses, the bride's beautiful veil, the orange-blossoms, the white favours, the ceremony at St. Peter's, in Eaton-square, and the old shoe thrown after the newly married couple, as they started for the wedding tour, to bring luck!

Does the old shoe always bring luck?

Alas! how often may not that question be answered in the negative!

But, whatever might be lowering in the future, Mr. and Mrs. Duff Watson's wedding-day passed off well, and quite to the satisfaction of all concerned. The dreaded cousin did not arrive from India. The bridegroom found a friend whom he had known in Italy to be his groomsman, but no one else was asked on his account. The two sisters at Brighton

were not allowed to come to the wedding, but Sir Thomas, Lady Danby, and Susan were at it. Susan Danby, Aurelia, and Maria were the bridesmaids. The breakfast was quite a success, with no speechifying, except from Sir Thomas, who insisted on addressing the party, and spoke humorously, making them all laugh, except Cornelia, whom he advised to look out for a bishop, and predicted would be the next to be married.

There was an evening party afterwards, to which Colonel Dean, being in town, was asked.

The squat little man made his appearance about eleven o'clock, with his usual self-satisfied air, unmeaning smile, and eyes destitute of a single ray of intelligence. When the sonorous voice of the butler announced "Colonel Dean," Susan Danby almost started, and she looked quite in a flutter, while, turning to Maria Arlington, who happened to be near her, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Maria! there he is! The dear, darling colonel! Does he not look nice? How kind of him to come!"

"Well, I don't know about that," replied Maria, not entering at all into the young lady's enthusiasm respecting the gallant officer. "There are not many parties going on at present, and every evening at his club or the theatre must be rather dull work."

"I hope we shall have some dancing," said Miss Susan. "I long to valse with him again."

"Oh yes, there will be some dancing as soon as all this showing off is done; when every one who can scramble through a fantasia has played, and every one who takes credit for singing has inflicted us, we shall have dancing."

"You are going to sing, I hope, Maria?" asked Susan.

"*I!* Not I; it would be casting pearls before swine," responded the damsel, with a conceited smile. "If the people can listen with such seeming pleasure to that man's braying and his sister's squeaking, my assistance would be of no use in the musical line."

But poor Miss Susan Danby was fluttered and delighted in vain. Her beloved colonel, though most cordial and friendly to Sir Thomas and Lady Danby, took very little notice of their niece. He shook hands with her coldly, said afterwards a few vapid words, and, without even asking her to dance, passed on to pay the little attentions which he considered so acceptable to every lady, young or old, to others in the room. He first made up, having been introduced, to the Miss Emily, whose mother had written to ask a gentleman his intentions, and then, having observed Eleanor, he devoted himself entirely to her, notwithstanding her unwillingness to be bored by him.

Eleanor was a very lovely girl, with a good figure, and the pensive expression of her countenance was attractive even to persons who, like Colonel Dean, had no mind. Her manners were very gentle, and though she never got into gay spirits, she was always cheerful and pleasant.

Colonel Dean had ascertained before he came to the house that Mr. Arlington's daughters would have about seven or eight thousand pounds each. That could not be called a fortune; but seven or eight thousand pounds, with a house in town to come to during his winter's leave, and a house in the country, with shooting and fishing for his summer's leave,

would be no bad look out, and when a very pretty, stylish-looking girl was thrown into the bargain, the exquisite colonel began to think that he might at length sacrifice himself and his liberty. So he set to work in his usual fashion, talking nonsense to his own heart's content, and made no end of bad puns, at which he himself laughed heartily.

He did not observe how Eleanor yawned behind her fan, but he *did* observe Susan Danby's dolorous looks and mortified air, and was considerably exhilarated by these tributes to his power of fascination.

"Poor creature," he said to himself, "I must have the charity to dance once with her." And he sauntered up to her, and, in the most careless manner, asked her to dance with him.

Susan Danby ought to have had the spirit to refuse, but she was too glad that, according to her, he had returned to his allegiance to slight him in the least degree. So they valsed together, and Susan kept him whirling round and round until he was quite out of breath, and entreated her to let him rest a little. They retired to the refreshment-room, where, having provided Susan with an ice, the cold of which, on a winter's night, made her teeth chatter, he left her to attach himself again to poor Eleanor.

"So Eleanor has made a decided conquest, I see," remarked Lady Danby to her sister. "The colonel will be no bad match for her, and I am very glad that he has transferred his attentions from Susan to her. Susan will now, perhaps, listen to reason, and take some pains to win Sir Adam Loftus."

"If she can," said Mrs. Arlington, suppressing a sneer.

"I shall ask Eleanor down to Plymouth," continued Lady Danby, confiding her plans to her sister, "and invite Sir Adam at the same time. Colonel Dean will doubtless devote himself to Eleanor, and Susan, out of pique, will try to please the baronet. I should be very glad to see her Lady Loftus."

Mrs. Arlington was too prudent to say anything to dash her sister's hopes, and contented herself with answering:

"Of course you would."

But she rejoiced at the prospect of Sir Adam and Eleanor being brought together again, now that Captain Colville was married, and her daughter's thoughts could no longer be fixed upon him.

At supper Sir Thomas Danby, being an old-fashioned person, proposed a toast, much to the dismay of his refined sister-in-law. He would not be satisfied without drinking to the health of the newly married couple, and added that he hoped *this* wedding would soon be followed by others.

Colonel Dean and Eleanor, whom he had taken to supper, were still in the room, and on the admiral's toast and speech being given, the colonel softly took possession of Eleanor's hand, pressed it, and, with what he intended to be quite a killing look, expressed his hope that the admiral's wish might be fulfilled.

Could he have seen into Eleanor's mind his vanity might have received a check, for he would have perceived how she scorned him. But he was encased from head to foot in the impenetrable armour of self-conceit, that invisible armour which so many wear, happily, perhaps, for themselves!

The wedding and the subsequent evening party took place on the 12th of February. On the 14th, St. Valentine's Day, Eleanor received a gaudy missive, gilded even on the outside, and the inside full of "loves and doves," "hearts and darts," &c., and portraying a young damsel with cheeks redder than any cabbage-rose sitting amidst flowers of tints never beheld in this world, and a gay youth in a very tight, closely fitting uniform kneeling at her feet. There was no attempt to disguise the handwriting in the address of the valentine, and it was impossible to doubt that this recherché offering came from Colonel Dean.

It was greeted with screams of laughter by all the Arlington young ladies, and poor Susan Danby, who felt much inclined to cry, was forced to pretend to laugh also. In the course of the day a valentine was despatched from Eaton-square to the charming colonel, but neither the writing in the inside or on the outside was recognised by him. It ran thus:

St. Valentine's Day
Might a lesson convey
To one in your situation;
You have ceased to be young,
Yet will linger among
The gay votaries of—Flirtation.

Look how on your heels
Many a young rival steals,
Almost throwing you into the shade;
Why struggle on so
To play, then, the beau,
And Time's stringent laws to evade?

At fêtes, soirées, and balls,
In bright festive halls,
Philandering ever and aye,
With assiduous care
Selecting some Fair
To whom pointed attention to pay.

When age wrinkles your brow,
And whitens your pow,
And fairly you're laid on the shelf,
You'll think with regret
Of those damsels you've met
Who might really have cared for yourself.

Deem not male coquettes
Will always be pets,
There's a time when their triumphs must die
In old bachelorhood
With sorrow you'll brood
O'er the hours that are now flitting by!

IV.

SCENES IN PARIS.

Mrs. Larpent's absence from home was not thought anything of for some days. The children's governess, the housekeeper, and of course the rest of the household, believed that she had gone to town to join her husband and look out for a new maid, as she had given out. They were rather surprised at a letter arriving from Mr. Larpent addressed to his wife, but as it bore the post-mark of Buxton they concluded that Mr. Larpent had left town on a visit to his sister, and that Mrs. Larpent was waiting in town for his return to it, on his way home.

No curiosity was therefore excited and no uneasiness felt. But when Mr. Larpent returned home to Craig Court and inquired for his wife, apparently in complete ignorance of her visit to London, suspicions became awakened and wonder aroused.

Poor Mr. Larpent had expressed his own surprise too openly at first to be able to retract his words and to feign a knowledge of her proceedings. He feared that she had taken some terrible step, but there was no certainty of it. He might have missed her in town; she might have been taken ill in the railway going up, and be confined to her bed in some little roadside inn. He had no one to whom to apply for advice or assistance, for even her own father he knew, under the influence of her step-mother, would judge harshly of her conduct. The poor man was in the deepest distress.

"What am I to do?" he exclaimed to himself. "How am I to proceed to ascertain where she is, and what she has done, without committing her and casting a slur on her character—a slur probably quite unjustifiable?" Then he called to recollection the various stories which he had heard of strong men as well as delicate females being spirited away by wretches who would murder any one for a few sovereigns. "She must have taken money with her," he thought; "she would not go to town even for two or three days to look out for a maid without money. She no doubt came to me, but I was away—away, and she was deprived of my protection. My poor, poor Sophy! what may not have befallen her—what may she not now be suffering if she is still alive!"

Mr. Larpent determined to return immediately to London and to institute, through the police, a search for the missing lady. His first inquiries were made at the railway station, and there he ascertained that Mrs. Larpent had certainly gone to London, and had arrived there in safety. He found out the day, and the hour when she started, and the train by which she went. He also found that the guard had, at her request, sent a porter to engage a cab for her, and that the porter had seen her and her luggage into it, and, further, that no one, male or female, had met her at the station.

Arrived in London, by dint of application and a little money, Mr. Larpent found the porter who had called the cab for Mrs. Larpent; he said the lady had mentioned an hotel to which she wished to be driven, he could not remember its name, but it was in Albemarle-street.

Poor Mr. Larpent inquired at every hotel in that street, and, at

length, found that his wife had been at one of them, and on leaving it, had desired to be driven to the Euston-square station. There was no address on her luggage.

"The Euston-square station!" exclaimed Mr. Larpent; "how very odd!" But he added, in his own mind, "Then she must have gone to Buxton after me—and perhaps she is there now!"

So he hurried off to Buxton, only to meet with disappointment. She had not gone near Mrs. Hamilton—and no tidings of her were to be obtained in the place.

Mr. Larpent put a carefully worded advertisement in the *Times* and *Morning Post*, requiring S. to return to her agonised M., &c. &c., and desiring an answer to be sent to the Buxton Poste Restante addressed M. As this brought no reply, the unfortunate man inserted, without his sister's knowledge, another advertisement, offering five hundred pounds for any tidings of a lady who left an hotel in Albemarle-street, London, by the Euston station, on a day named, and had not been heard of since.

In the mean time, Mr. Larpent remained at Buxton with his sister; he could not bear to return to his bereaved children—he could not endure the idea of meeting his own servants, and the father and step-mother of the missing Sophia. His sister tried to calm his agitation and hold out hopes to him, in which she did not herself participate.

It was a trying time for the poor man, and for her, the blind Mrs. Hamilton!

In the mean time the runaway couple had gone to Paris, and taken apartments at one of the best hotels there. Sophy had provided herself with a Swiss maid, and she was in high spirits at their elopement having been managed so easily. She was in great glee at the consternation their "petit voyage" would occasion.

"I think I see them all!" she exclaimed; "first and foremost Marmaduke, with his hair standing on end, as if he had seen a ghost, searching every place, from the garrets to the cellars, even every rat-hole, to find me—the old housekeeper marching after him, curtseying and curtseying, and her old head shaking as if she had the palsy—my precious stepmother roaring and scolding—my father flogging his horses and dogs, and whatever cattle or sheep or little boys may come in his way to cool himself—and that hypocritical Laura sitting with her hands meekly folded, mumbling some words to pretend that she is praying. I really pity Marmaduke, for he has so few ideas that he will inevitably fancy I have been drowned by accident, or have been murdered for the sake of my diamond rings."

Mrs. Larpent had all the laughing to herself, for Richard looked very grave: at length he exclaimed:

"How can you be so heartless, Sophy, as to rejoice in all the misery you have occasioned!"

"My heart has nothing to do with it, Richard," she replied, still laughing. "I don't care a straw for any of these people. I am very glad to be rid of them all—for ever—for ever!"

Time passed on—as it does for the happy and the unhappy, the bad and the good—and Mr. Larpent's second advertisement, offering five

hundred pounds for tidings of his wife, appeared in the newspapers. Richard had just been complaining to his fair companion that his finances were getting low.

"We began on too extravagant a scale, Sophy," he said. "A few hundreds go a very little way here in Paris, especially when people buy a quantity of useless bijouterie. You have really so many costly jewels that I can't see what you want with all those trumpery things you are laying in such a stock of."

"Nonsense, Richard!" exclaimed Mrs. Larpent, half angrily; "why should I not buy what I please? Marmaduke never interfered with any purchases of mine, whatever they cost."

"Marmaduke is a rich man—has thousands a year—and a few hundreds more or less are nothing to him. *I* have only hundreds a year, and very few of them, and I can't afford foolish extravagance."

At that moment a servant brought in a parcel for "madame;" three hundred francs were to be paid for it.

Richard looked aghast, but he said nothing.

"Oh! Richard," cried Mrs. Larpent; "it is such a love of a shawl, and the man let me have it dirt cheap."

"I don't know what you call 'dirt cheap,'" said Richard, sulkily, "but I know that twelve pounds is a good haul out of my last hundred pounds."

The lady turned a deaf ear to what he had said; she took out the shawl, and tried it on, admiring it and herself in one of the numerous mirrors in the room. Richard had to pay the money, after doing which he took his hat, and left the lady to her own devices.

During his absence she had been looking over an English newspaper, which had just been brought up to her by one of the waiters, and when Richard came back she greeted him with:

"Well, Arlington, here's a nice little windfall for us. That worthy ass Marmaduke has offered five hundred pounds to any one who will give him information about me, and whether I am dead or alive. I think I had better write a letter to him to certify that I am alive and well, and to claim the reward. It would be a nice little sum, would it not?"

"I fear you are too late, Sophy, to enter your claim. I met Mr. Larpent's cousin, Mr. Thornhill, just as I was leaving the hotel; he was on the other side of the street, so I pretended not to see him, and was in the act of turning down the nearest side street, when he ran after me and caught me. He asked if I were living at the hotel from which he had just seen me issuing; how long I have been in Paris, how long I was going to stay, and told me that Lady Mary was in Paris, and would be glad to see me. He then went on to say that the disappearance of his cousin, Mr. Larpent's wife, was a very unfortunate affair, and that Larpent had requested him to make every inquiry about her in Paris. I got away from him with the utmost difficulty, by telling him I had an appointment I must keep. Lady Mary will assuredly track you out now, Sophy. Had we not better start for Brussels to-night? Or for Rome, or for Florence? Do let us be off at once to Italy."

"I can't go to Rome," replied Mrs. Larpent, "for my extremely pious uncle is there with all his puritanical brood, and I would not encounter them for the world. And—and—the clergyman from our neighbour-

hood, who used to be so intimate at our house before I married Marmaduke, is at Florence with his wife. I *will* not run the risk of meeting them. We can go to Brussels, since you wish it, the day after to-morrow. I am going to see a fashionable modiste to-morrow at four o'clock, and I can't go till I have seen her."

Early the following day Richard went out; he did not venture to show himself in any of the fashionable or most frequented parts of Paris; so he wandered about the environs, among the—to him—dull and stupid, but to the crowds gathered there, busy scenes of unfashionable life. He saw much that was new to him, but nothing interested him. He felt weary and dispirited. To what had he to look forward in life? Penury and disgrace—penury, at least, during the long years of his youth! He might be a grey-headed man before he came into his father's property, and he hoped he should be so, for he did not wish his good father dead. "Excellent sons Silvester and I have been!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "How much reason they all have to hate us! And poor Eleanor, who was always so good and kind! Colville deserting her, Silvester and I disgracing her!"

Richard felt as if he could have dashed his head against the stones in a projecting wall near which he was standing. But to commit suicide would not make things better, he bethought him, so he let that alone.

Mrs. Larpent had driven to the elegant modiste's at four o'clock, as agreed to, but on arriving there the first person she beheld was—Lady Mary Thornhill! It was anything but an agreeable surprise to either lady. Mrs. Larpent went forward, however, exclaiming:

"Oh, Lady Mary, how do you do?"

But Lady Mary turned her back on her, and in a tone of command ordered one of the demoiselles to show her into a private room where she would not be intruded upon.

Mr. Thornhill and Lady Mary had found out in the course of the morning that Captain Arlington and Mrs. Larpent had eloped together, and were living together in Paris.

Lady Mary, a woman of easy virtue herself, was shocked and indignant at Mrs. Larpent's conduct; while poor Mr. Thornhill was deeply grieved that the task had fallen upon him to acquaint his cousin, Mr. Larpent, with the painful truth.

In a very short time the elopement was the talk of the town; whispered at first, and then more loudly spoken of at the clubs.

Richard Arlington was exceedingly blamed, and "poor Mrs. Larpent" was exceedingly pitied. So much for the *just* judgments of the world and society!

THE ABYSSINIAN FLY.

The Tsaltzala and Tsetse Flies—Tsaltsal of the Bible—Root of Tsaltsal "to sound"—Applied to the Tree-cricket, to a Spear, and to the Abyssinian Fly—The "hissing" of the Fly—Root of "Tsaltsal" from, "to overshadow"—Applicable to Locusts, but not to Flies and Spears—Baal-zebub, the "Lord of Flies"—Story of Ahaziah—The Tsetse, or Elephant-fly—Fatal to domestic animals—Innocuous to man and wild animals—Limits of the Fly—The Sirut, or Gazelle-fly—Its ferocity—Different kinds of Gad-flies—One peculiar to the human species?—The genesis of the Tsetse—Extirpation of the Fly.

EVERYTHING connected with Abyssinia possesses at the present moment a greater or less interest. The olden history of the port of Adule, the metropolis of the kingdom of the Adulites, the point of ingress of successive conquests and civilisations into the interior, and the scene of the death of Ptolemy Evergetes, has been unfolded; the Ethiopic kingdom of Auxume has been in part torn from the darkness in which it has been long enshrouded, and the early civilisation of Sabaea or Meroë has been made the subject of speculative inquiry.

Learned men have even condescended to turn their attention to the Abyssinian fly, and when we consider its peculiar habits, that no domestic animal—without which no civilisation is possible—can exist in the regions which it infests; that it is the most formidable and fatal of all known flies—the very Baal-zebub—the lord or master of flies; and that it possesses a peculiar and marked biblical interest, we cannot but admit that the insect is deserving of any amount of attention that can be paid to it, either as to its nature or its habits.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the learned Egyptologist, opened the ball by pointing out in the *Athenæum* (No. 2102) that, as in all sciences it is desirable to avoid a variety of names for the same object, the name by which it is first known shall not, without good reason, be set aside for a new name. The fly, which is so dreadful a scourge to Abyssinia, was first brought to this country by the traveller Bruce, who called it, as he had there heard it called, the tzaltzala-fly. It has since been brought here by Dr. Livingstone, from South Africa, and it is called in his book the tsetse-fly. But as Bruce's name is supported by the name tsaltsal, given to the fly by the Hebrew writers, the two together should make the naturalist give up the new name lately introduced by Dr. Livingstone. There is every reason to suppose that tsetse is a mere linguistic or dialectic corruption of tzaltzala or tsaltsal, but it is quite certain that the two insects are not the same, differing as they do in size, in appearance, and in habits; and if the name tzaltzala, or, as would be most convenient, tsaltsal, is retained, it can only be in a generic or family sense, just as we say bot, or gad-flies.

Bruce had conjectured that the tzaltzala, as he called it, was the fly mentioned, but without its name, in Isaiah vii. 18, "The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt;" and Sir Samuel Baker has appendaged the same quotation to his illustration of the seroot-fly, given at page 72 of his work, entitled "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," and which appears to be the name by which the tsaltsal is known on the Bahr-al-Aswad, Atbara, or Black Nile, and on the borders of Abyssinia and Meroë. But this is not the whole of the

passage. It says in its entirety, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Abyssinia." Now the seroot, or more correctly sirūt, has some of the characteristics of a bee. Baker describes it as being about the size of a wasp, with an orange-coloured body, with black and white rings. The tsetse is also described by Livingstone (Missionary Travels, &c., p. 80) as having some of the same characteristics, being "nearly of the same brown colour as the common honey-bee," and the after part of the body having three or four yellow bars across it. It is not, however, much larger than the common house-fly. We have here, then, two possible versions of the biblical text. If Bruce's tzaltzala is the same as Livingstone's tsetse, it may represent the fly, and the sirūt-fly the insect translated "bee" in the Authorised Version; or it may be that the sirūt is the fly, and the tzaltzala is "the bee."

Mr. Sharpe says we are indebted to Dr. Margoliouth for the remark that in Deut. xxviii. 42, we read, "All thy trees and fruit of thy land shall the tsaltsal consume;" or, in the Authorised Version, the locust. Mr. Sharpe remarks upon this, "That it would seem that the writer was not well acquainted with its habits, as it does not destroy vegetables." But the Hebrew word tsaltsal, or tzelatzal, as it is written by some,* one of ten Hebrew words that are translated "locust" in the Authorised Version, has a root generally assigned to it in the verb "to sound;" and hence Gesenius says, "A species of locust that makes a shrill noise." The tree-cricket, which makes so terrible a noise that the writer has found it impossible for two persons to hear one another speak, when seated under a lonely tree which was infested by this insect, and had hence been deprived of nearly all its leaves, situated on the high road from Shiraz to Persepolis, might then in this particular passage have been described from that very circumstance by the same name, or a name derived from the same root, as the scourge of Abyssinia.

The tsetse is remarkable for the buzzing noise which it makes. Livingstone says of it, that "its peculiar buzz when once heard can never be forgotten by the traveller," and Baker describes the sirūt fly as buzzing about his ears "like a swarm of bees," and when biting it exerts every muscle of its body by buzzing with its wings as it buries the instrument to its greatest depth. It would also appear questionable if the passage rendered "the Lord shall hiss," or "whistle," as Mr. Sharpe puts it, "for the fly," should not be read as referring to the sound emitted by the insect when sent by the Lord as a visitation; the Lord, in other words, hissing through the medium of the scourge sent by Him. The same word occurring in Isaiah v. 26, "and he will lift up an ensign from far, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth," might appear to invalidate the reading here proposed, but not if looking at the passage in conjunction with the remainder of the text; we find that the prophet is here also speaking of a scourge sent with a loud noise, "and behold they shall come with speed swiftly." We do not say the same scourge, but a scourge accompanied by a loud and hissing noise.

The next passage, Mr. Sharpe remarks, is yet more important, because it had hitherto baffled the commentators. Isaiah, in chap. xviii. 1, apos-

* Art., "Locust." Dict. of Biblical Literature.

trophises Abyssinia as "the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia." Mr. Sharpe reads "the land of the winged tsaltsal," and he adds, "In Job xli. 7, tsaltsal is a spear or harpoon with which fish are killed; and hence the formidable little spikes attached to the fly's mouth may have given to it its name. In order to distinguish the insect from the piece of metal, Isaiah calls it the winged tsaltsal, or the spear-fly."

Mr. Christian Rassam reads the passage in question as referring to the ships which trafficked between Eziongeber and Adule. We do not know precisely on what authority, but as an able Orientalist his opinion has weight. But although the said land "sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes (papyrus) upon the waters," the fact that it was situated "beyond the rivers of Ethiopia" would not countenance the idea that it was, as an inland country, overshadowed by the sails of ships, metaphorically spoken of as wings. Mr. Sharpe's reading of tsaltsal as a spear or harpoon only enhances the confusion, for if we read tsaltsal as from its root, "to sound," we should have "woe to the land of the hissing winged insect" instead of "the land of the winged spear-fly;" but the spear or harpoon may have also obtained the same name from the sound emitted when hurled and passing through the air. Hence the tree-cricket, the gad-fly, and a spear or harpoon all came to be called by the same name of tsaltsal, from the same peculiarity of emitting sounds. Certain it is, however, that both the sirūt and the tsetse have remarkable spear-like probosces.

Mr. John Hogg has grappled with the difficulties involved in the philological portion of the question with his usual learning and ability in No. 2103 of the *Athenæum*. Preferring Parkhurst to Gesenius and others, he reads the root of tsaltsal as from a Hebrew verb signifying "to overshadow exceedingly," and the noun tsaltsal, a locust, is, he says, derived from it, and signifies that the locusts obscure the daylight in their numerous migrations or flights like clouds darkening the sun. This is a happy suggestion, but it is difficult to understand how, if this meaning of the word be accepted, as it is in the authorised version of Isaiah xviii. 1, the same word can be made to apply to a fish-spear. Mr. Hogg justly remarks that the latter verse is made intelligible by reading "woe to the land of the gad-fly;" but to arrive at that version we have to find some common meaning for the word tsaltsal, and that we have at once by adopting Gesenius's root, "to sound;" the tree-cricket, the gad-fly, and a spear alike emitting sounds, the two latter when in motion.

The Hebrew name given to the scourge of Abyssinia is one more of the many proofs of the intimate relations which existed between the Jews and the Adulites, the Auxumites and the Meroites—a relationship which was in all probability actively entertained by frequent communication between the Jewish and Tyrian ports of Eziongeber and Ailath in the Elanitic Gulf and Adule on the African coast. The peculiarities of the two countries must have reacted upon one another, and it is impossible not to trace the strange worship of a fly-god by the people of Ekron, the chief of the five Philistine states, and whose idol was known as Baal-zebub or Belzebub, "the lord or master of flies," to the traditions of the Abyssinian fly, or to a pest or scourge of a similar character that afflicted Philistia. The story of Ahaziah (2 Kings i.) is affecting in its very simplicity. When Moab rebelled against Israel, Ahaziah, who reigned

over Israel in Samaria, fell down through a lattice in his upper chamber, and being sorely hurt, he sent to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, if he should recover. But Elijah, "an hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins," justly reproved the messengers, saying, "Is it because there is not a god in Israel that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron? The Lord hath said, 'Thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shall surely die.'"

When this was reported to Ahaziah, he, in his anger, sent a captain with fifty men to bring the man of God unto him. But Elijah sat on the top of the hill, and there came down fire from heaven, which consumed the captain and his fifty men. The same thing happened with a second captain and another fifty men; but a third kneeling and imploring the man of God, he went down with him unto the king. But he repeated in the king's presence the penalty awarded for sending to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, and Ahaziah "died according to the word of the Lord which Elijah had spoken." Baal-zebub has been read as fly-destroyer, as a tutelary deity who protected the people from flies, such as house-flies, musquitos, and gad-flies. But this is not the sense, in accordance with the genius of Eastern languages, in which "lord or master of flies" can be read, nor is it, indeed, its Oriental acceptation. "Father of flies" means either a great or an especially formidable fly. Many villages are known as the "mothers of musquitos" from being infested by those little pests. The "lord or master of flies" must have been the greatest of all scourges. Baal-Berith was the lord of covenants, like the Jupiter fidius of the Romans, not the covenant destroyer nor the tutelary deity that protected the people from covenants, as Baal-Peor was the lord of license, not the enemy of carnal gratification, and still less the tutelary deity of virtue or morality.

The probability that Baal-zebub may have had its origin in reports of the African fly-scourge (and we know that Ahaziah became a party with Jehosaphat, King of Judah, in an attempt to revive the traffic on the Red Sea, and must deduce, therefore, that intercommunication was at that epoch an object of interest), or that it may still more probably have had its origin in a scourge of a similar character that afflicted Philistia, leads us to the consideration of some of the leading features in the natural history of gad-flies.

The tsetse, or *Glossina morsitans*, is, we have seen, not much larger than the common house-fly, and is nearly of the same brown colour as the common honey-bee, the after part of the body having three or four yellow bars across it, while the wings project beyond this part considerably; it is remarkably alert, avoiding most dexterously all attempts to capture it with the hand, but in the cool of the mornings and evenings it is less agile. Its bite, Livingstone says, is certain death to the ox, horse, and dog. In one journey that intrepid traveller lost forty-three fine oxen by its bite, and that when only a small number of insects were present. Livingstone also says that a most remarkable feature in the bite of the tsetse is its perfect harmlessness in man and wild animals, and even calves, so long as they continue to suck the cows. The mule, ass, and goat enjoy the same immunity as man and game. Many large tribes on the Zambesi can keep no domestic animals except the goat, in consequence of the scourge existing in the country. "Our

children," adds Livingstone, "were frequently bitten, yet suffered no harm; and we saw around us numbers of zebras, buffaloes, pigs, pallahs, and other antelopes feeding quietly in the very habitat of the tsetse, yet as undisturbed by its bite as oxen are when they first receive the fatal poison."

The poison germ, we are further told, is contained in a bulb at the root of the proboscis. The curious feature in the case that dogs perish though fed on milk, whereas the calves escape so long as they continue sucking, led to a belief that the mischief might be produced by some plant in the locality, and not by tsetse; but Major Vardon, of the Madras army, settled that point by riding a horse up to a small hill infested by the insect without allowing him time to graze; and though he only remained long enough to take a view of the country and catch some specimens of tsetse on the animal, in ten days afterwards the horse was dead.

The tsetse is said to shun the excretæ of animals, and this has been turned to account by the native doctors, who mix droppings of animals, human milk, and some medicines together, and smear the animals that are about to pass through a tsetse district; but this, though it proves a preventive at the time, is not permanent. There is, indeed, no preventive or cure yet known for the disease. A careless herdsman, allowing a large number of cattle to wander into a tsetse district, loses all except the calves; and Sebituane, a Makololo chief, once lost nearly the entire cattle of his tribe—very many thousands—by unwittingly coming under its influence. Inoculation does not insure immunity, as animals which have been slightly bitten one year may perish by a greater number of bites in the next. Moyara, a chief on the Lekone river, professed to know a root which was believed to repel the tsetse, but Livingstone believed it to be an evanescent remedy (p. 531).

The tsetse has been described as the elephant-fly, from its abounding in regions most frequented by that animal; but on descending the Zambesi, the insect made its appearance with a vast amount and variety of animal life. There were hippopotami in the river, "hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood lordly elephants feeding majestically, nothing moving apparently but the proboscis." Numbers of red-coloured pigs stood gazing at the travellers in wonder. The number of animals is, indeed, described as something quite astonishing, and made the traveller think that he could realise an image of that time when megatheria fed undisturbed in the primeval forests; and here, too, was the tsetse!

Again, when on the Lekone, Livingstone describes the tsetse as having been brought by buffaloes into some districts where formerly cattle abounded (p. 527), and in other places tsetse districts are described in which the larger wild animals were not met with. But this agrees with the habits of most flies of this description, which attack a number of animals, but only deposit their ova in one or two species, as the tsetse are also only poisonous to certain animals, and not to others. The point to determine is, what animals they deposit their ova in? In the second journey (Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi, &c.) the tsetse was not met with till the traveller came to the country of elephants and buffaloes. But on the ascent of the Rovuma, the pernicious insect was met with from near the mouth, up as far as they could take the boats,

and yet hippopotami appear to have been almost the only large animals (p. 211).

Livingstone limited the region of the tsetse to the countries south of the Zambesi river, but Petherick fixes its limits to about eight degrees north of the equator.

Sir Samuel Baker met the tsetse on his journey from Khartum to Lake Albert in Latooka and Obbo, between the parallels of four and five degrees north, and suffered accordingly in the loss of his camels and donkeys. This was in the rainy season, and in countries where there were both elephant and giraffe (The Albert Nyanza, &c., vol. i. p. 376). Speke and Grant do not, however, appear to have been much troubled with the insect in the more central districts of the Victoria Nyanza.

On the line followed by Burton and Speke in the previous journey to the lake regions of Central Africa, the tzetze, as Burton writes it, was found extending from Usagara westward as far as lake Tanganyika, its usual habitat being the jungle-strip which enclosed each patch of cultivated ground. Burton describes the fly as having more persistency of purpose even than the "Egyptian fly," and when beaten off it would return half a dozen times to the charge. The men suffered severely from its bites (The Lake Regions of Central Africa, vol. i. p. 187).

At Khokho, again, the travellers describe themselves as being stung during a fiery day by the tsetse, and annoyed by swarms of bees and pertinacious "gad-flies" (p. 276). Again, on the Mgunda Mk'hali, they say, "signs of elephant and rhinoceros, giraffe and antelope, crossed the path, and, as usual in such places, the asses were tormented by the tsetse" (p. 289). Here, again, the presence of the insect is associated not so much with the locality, or the character of the jungle, or the climate, as with the presence of certain large wild animals.

Mr. Baines, in his "Explorations in South-West Africa," p. 351, also associates the presence of the tsetse with elephants, for being on the Teoge river, he heard of a large vlei (or pond) frequented by elephants, but it would not do to take the cattle near it on account of the fly.

Sir Samuel Baker found the regions at the head waters of the Bahr-al-Aswad, Atbara, or Black Nile, and especially at its junction with the Settite, or Tak'kazī, abandoned by the greater portion of the population, and by all the camels and cattle during the rainy season, owing to the persecutions of what he calls the seeroot or sirūt fly. This peculiar fly is described at p. 184 of the "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," as about the size of a wasp, with an orange-coloured body, with black and white rings; the proboscis as being terrific, double, and two-thirds the length of the entire insect. When this fly attacks an animal or man, Baker relates, it pierces the skin instantaneously, like the prick of a red-hot needle driven into the flesh, at the same time the insect exerts every muscle of its body by buzzing with its wings as it buries the instrument to its greatest depth. The blood starts from the wound immediately, and continues to flow for a considerable time. Sir Samuel Baker evidently associates the appearance of the sirūt fly with that of the giraffes, which came into the country in herds of upwards of a hundred together in their migration northwards. On one occasion, having shot a giraffe, an attempt was made to flay it, which was defeated by the sirūt flies. They swarmed about the carcase, thousands buzzing about their ears,

and "biting like bull-dogs; the blood was streaming," says Sir Samuel, "from our necks, and as I wore no sleeves, my naked arms suffered terribly. I never saw such an extraordinary sight; although we had killed our giraffe, we could not take possession; it was no wonder that camels and all domestic animals were killed by this horrible plague, the only wonder was the possibility of wild animals resisting the attack. The long tails of the giraffes are admirable fly-whippers, but they would be of little service against such a determined and bloodthirsty enemy as the seroot" (p. 196).

The sirūt is figured in Baker's work at page 72, and the tsetse is figured in Livingstone's "Missionary Travels," p. 571, from a drawing by Mr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum, who gave to it the systematic name of *Glossina morsitans*. It suffices to compare the two drawings to at once perceive that the two insects differ from one another considerably in size, colour, and other peculiarities. The shape of the head, thorax, and abdomen is not the same, and the wings and legs are differently disposed.

It is well known that in Europe different species of animals have their different tormentors. Thus of the œstri, or gad-flies, the ox, the horse, and sheep have their specific tormentors, which entomologists distinguish as *Œstrus bovis*, *Œstrus equi*, and *Œstrus ovis*. But some animals, as the reindeer, have two œstri (*Œ. tarandi* and *Œ. trompe*), whilst the unfortunate horse has not only two or three gad-flies (*Œ. equi*, *Œ. veterinus*, and *Œ. hæmorrhoidalis*), but it has also its horse-fly (*Hippobosca equina*).

What is still more curious is, that it is said that there is a species of gad-fly appropriated to man. The existence of this species seems to have been overlooked by entomologists, though it stands in Gmelin's edition of the "Systema Naturæ," upon the authority of the younger Linnæus, till Humboldt and Bonpland mentioned it again. Speaking of the low regions of the torrid zone, in the New World, where the air is filled with those myriads of musquitoes which render a great and beautiful portion of the globe uninhabitable, they observe (Essai sur la Géographie des Plantes, p. 136), that to these may be joined the *Œstrus hominis*, which deposits its eggs in the skin of man, causing there painful tumours. Gmelin says that it remains beneath the skin of the abdomen six months, penetrating deeper if it be disturbed, and becoming so dangerous as sometimes to occasion death. A report on the statements of MM. Roulin, Howship, Say, Guérin, and others, that man is attacked by a distinct species of gad-fly, was made to the Académie des Sciences in 1833 by Messrs. Isidore Saint Hilaire and Dumeril, who, with some hesitation, pronounced for the affirmative. But, considering that it is well known that gad-flies of horses and oxen, leaving their proper food, have been known to deposit their ova in human beings, as in the instance of the woman noticed by Clarke in the Linnean Transactions (iii. 323, *note*), who died from the bots or maggots produced from the eggs deposited in her jaw by the ox-fly, Kirby and Spence were rather inclined to the opinion that species of œstrus, whose proper abode is in other animals, occasionally deposit their ova in men (Introduction to Entomology, p. 73).*

This is precisely what constitutes the difficulty in determining to what animals the plagues of Africa belong. There is every reason to believe

* Kirby notices it, however, in the Bridgewater Treatise: "History, Habits and Instincts of Animals," vol. ii. p. 325.

from analogy that the larger animals, as the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo, gazelle, and others, have their especial gad-flies: the tsetse would appear to be the elephant fly, and the sirūt the giraffe fly; but the natives do not seem themselves to have determined a fact which is of the highest importance to the future prospects of the diminution of the scourge.

When the two Livingstones were on the Rovuma, Professor Owen having, they say, recommended their attention to be directed to the genesis of the tsetse, in order to discover a means for the extirpation of the pest, they frequently inquired of the different tribes if they could help them in their inquiries: and one of the Makololo remembered that this very question was once under public discussion at Linyanti, and, as usual, a bet was laid that no one could tell. After a number of days had elapsed, an old man claimed the prize, asserting that the tsetse laid its eggs, which were of a red colour, on the leaves of the mopane-tree! This, when it is the first condition of life in insects of this description, that their bots, maggots, or larvæ, should feed on living animal substances.

But whether the proper food of the sirūt larva is the giraffe, and of the tsaltsal, or tsetse, the elephant or the buffalo, or that they deposit their eggs on as many animals as they attack, it is evident that the expulsion of the larger animals into more remote regions, by the increase of population, can alone be expected to be accompanied by a diminution in the number of insects, and the gradual extirpation of the plague.

"It is probable," Livingstone says in his first journey (p. 83), "that with the increase of guns the game will perish, as has happened in the south of Africa, and the tsetse, deprived of food, may become extinct simultaneously with the larger animals."

"It is difficult," Burton remarks of the tsetse, which, in the vicinity of Kilwa, was heard of under the name of *Kipanga*, the "little sword," "to conceive the purpose for which this plague was placed in a land so eminently fitted for breeding cattle and for agriculture, which, without animals, cannot be greatly extended, except as an exercise for human ingenuity to remove. Possibly, at some future day, when the country becomes valuable, the tsetse may be exterminated by the introduction of some insectiverous bird, which will be the greatest benefactor that Central Africa ever knew." (The Lake Regions, &c., p. 187.)

Livingstone, however, persists, and that upon the occasion of his second journey (p. 424), with greater regard to the experiences of natural history, as shown in the locust-eaters and bee-eaters, that "the destruction of all game by the advance of civilisation is the only chance of getting rid of the tsetse."

This, as Europe once had its megatherium age, may occur; but only with the lapse of many generations, and it would be quite enough for the present to hope for the extirpation of obnoxious insects from Abyssinia, and some portions of what the Portuguese termed the Lupata, or "spine of the world," by the progress of population and civilisation. It seems to be within the scope of the natural laws that wild animals should give way to domestic, without which man lives only in a primitive and semi-savage state. The recession of wild animals to remoter districts, or their extirpation, appears, indeed, to be just as much indicated as a necessity by the presence of noxious flies, as the removal of conditions opposed to health is indicated by the presence of vermin.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXXVIII.

Of complex texture was the tissue of Christine's thoughts on awaking the following morning; the recollection of brilliant success was strangely dashed with dissatisfaction and disgust, and when she met her father at breakfast-time she was not at all in a frame of mind to sympathise with him in his exulting anticipations of her future glorious career as a prima donna. She listened languidly to his praises of her performance of the previous night, and started when he mentioned that he was going by appointment to meet the impresario of San Carlo in order to fix with him the time of her appearance at Naples; which he intended should be the commencement of the Italian tour which is always necessary to stamp the reputation of a débutante. He then proceeded to expatiate upon the power she would afterwards have to name her own terms in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg—of the wealth that would flow in upon her—of the worship of which she would be the object; but, in the midst of his flattering assurances, the words, "Che peccato" rang unceasingly on his daughter's ear.

"What was it, after all," she thought, "but great degradation to spend her breath to please the morbid taste of the multitude, to display the charms of her face and form to elicit the admiration of the thoughtless and profligate?"

Her fine clear mind, once roused to consideration of the subject, took a distinct and true view of what her position as a public and paid singer would be; the temporary delusion of success was over, and she accurately traced all the bearings of the case. She could not doubt that her powers were extraordinary; she was well aware that her beauty was as extreme as the style of it was uncommon, and she felt that her present success was altogether unprecedented; but she calmly argued that she had come out like a flash of lightning upon people unprepared to be critical, that a further course must necessarily awaken jealousy and rivalship, and that the more certain her general popularity, the more intense would become the passion of envy and the desire to detract. A public career left her no shelter from the advances of the other sex, and what security or protection would she have in her father? None. Already had he involved her with her cousin, without even apprising her of what he purposed; though there she felt comparatively safe, from the amiable nature of the young man and her own utter indifference to his attentions. But if brought into contact with some one of the cast of the stranger of the Villa Zernini, where would be her safety? Her humility made her tremble; she much feared that it would not be in herself. These and similar arguments rapidly suggested themselves to her mind while her father was speaking, and when he went away it was in vain that she sought to distract herself from a train of thought so very harassing. She threw herself on a sofa beside the open window, and strove to fix her attention on a book, but she found it impossible to read; after a time she

laid it aside, and, leaning back in her seat, she closed her eyes, while endeavouring to picture to herself what her future course might probably be. She was disturbed from this half-dreaming state of rumination by a tap at the door, accompanied by the words, "È permesso?" and the next minute Tadeo presented himself with an expression of face at once disturbed and excited.

"Cugina mia," he said, speaking abruptly, while endeavouring to appear calm, "sono sciolto per sempre colla madre."*

Christine, much startled, hastened to express both her surprise and regret at the intelligence, hoping, at the same time, that the quarrel was not owing to his having appeared on the previous night as Roberto. The young man was obliged to confess the truth, that such was the case, and acknowledged his mortification when, instead of having elicited admiration, as he expected to have done, he had been summoned into presence to be upbraided as if he had committed some great crime, winding up his serio-comic account of his grievances with the droll expression of his mother having been furiosa against him come un cane arrabbiato.†

"But the prince?" questioned his unconscious cousin, quite unsuspicious of the real cause of quarrel. "Surely, Tadeo, your father would not be so angry at a mere jest?"

"Mio padre si burlava con tutte due, la madre e me," answered the youth, looking down with the manner of a spoiled child. "But I know his way; I am well aware that he is always very determined when he jests, so I just came to you, Cristina, to tell you that I will not submit to be treated with so little consideration, and that I have made up my mind to renounce my country, parents, and possessions to throw myself at your feet, mia bella cugina, and to go singing with you per fare furore dappertutto nel mondo."‡

A smile passed over Christine's face; the weakness of the young man's character became at the moment evident, and destroyed any commiseration which otherwise she might have felt; for she had known too many of the real inevitable evils of life in her own person to be able to bestow pity upon those who created imaginary ones, and to be made in any way the object of excuse for such infatuation both shocked and frightened her; in an instant she saw the course she ought to steer, and she boldly entered it.

"Tadeo," she steadily began, "as a relation, I like you extremely, and had looked forward to possessing your friendship and kind interest all through life, until this moment; but now I feel that we must have no further intercourse even as cousins, for anything else is entirely out of the question. You talk of intending to astonish the world in singing with me. Alas! Tadeo, *my* career on the stage will be but a very short one; my judgment and feelings are equally against being a public singer; the moment I am my own mistress I withdraw into retirement, and until I am one-and-twenty I shall keep myself free in hand, and, if possible, in heart, in order to shape my after-walk of life in the manner most approved of by those to whom I am bound by gratitude, affection, and esteem."

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* I have broken for ever with my mother. † Furious as a mad-dog.
‡ To make a sensation all over the world.

A singular change passed over the countenance of the quondam Roberto while she was speaking; disappointed passion, wounded pride, and awakened remorse by turns usurped the expression of his fine features, but at last his better feelings gained the ascendency, and sinking into a seat, he exclaimed, while he covered his face with his hands:

"Oh, Adelina! it is not thus that *you* would have treated me!"

Christine arose, and went towards him hurriedly.

"Who is Adelina, Tadeo?" she anxiously asked. "Tell me, who is Adelina?" she repeated, as she tried to remove his hands from his face in order to catch a view of his countenance.

Tadeo raised his eyes proudly to meet hers.

"Adelina Albertini," he replied, "is one of the richest heiresses in the Neapolitan dominions; and although she is as amiable, young, and beautiful, as she is rich and noble, she loves me for myself alone, and our marriage was immediately to have taken place, if you had not come in my way with your witcheries to bewilder my brain and senses. Yet Cristina, Cristina!" he pursued, excitedly, as if he were relapsing into delirium, "oh have pity upon me! only say that you will be mine, and I shall sacrifice every present advantage for your sake; for neither my father's nor mother's displeasure can ultimately deprive me of my rank or fortune."

Christine in an instant understood the nature of the man with whom she had to deal.

"Bah, Tadeo!" she said, smiling good-humouredly, "do not trifle any longer. Come, tell me all about this charming Adelina, my future cousin, and when, and where, and how she became captivated with you? How happy I shall be to know and love her as your wife, dear Tadeo, for whom I feel the devoted affection of a sister."

He looked at her with the utmost amazement, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses; but he was prevented from expressing any of the mingled sentiments with which he was agitated by his father unexpectedly walking into the room. Christine felt the importance of the moment, both for Tadeo's sake and her own; her quick eye instantly discerned a cloud of uneasiness upon the prince's brow, although he advanced to meet her with his usual quiet urbanity of manner. She put her hand into the one he extended towards her, and, with the vivid smile that he so much admired, softly said:

"Ah, principe! you come in a happy moment—just when Tadeo was telling me about the lovely Adelina, who is so soon to be his wife."

"Yes, I hope the marriage will take place very shortly," answered the old gentleman, whose Italian sagacity instantly enlightened him as to the true state of affairs. "My son may, indeed, consider himself one of the happiest of men, in the near prospect of calling the carina Adelina his own. But I come, cugina, to present you my felicitations on your splendid representation of last night; never has there been known a success more complete, either as to singing or acting."

Christine saw that the prince understood her, and feeling relieved from any fear of misinterpretation she entered with spirit into a discussion of the merits of the piece, telling him at the same time how much obliged she had been to his son, who had so kindly undertaken to act Roberto, in order to save her—on this, her first appearance in

character—from the awkwardness of having a stranger for her amoroso. It must be confessed that the love-stricken youth listened rather sulkily to her expressions of gratitude, and so disagreeable were his feelings in every way, that he was well pleased when his father's visit came to an end, and he was released from the thraldom of acting a part so opposed to that which he had expected to perform.

The prince well knew how to avail himself of the crisis; he carried the young man home in triumph to be reconciled to la madre, on whose fondness for her only child, and despair at the idea of his threatened desertion, he did not fail to expatiate, exhorting him at the same time to write to the amiable Albertini, who had fallen sick in consequence of a report having reached her about lo sposo having become desperately enamoured of his beautiful cousin at Palermo—the extraordinary powers of the new cantatrice being the subject of universal conversation at Naples, ever since the evening when she had been heard in concert.

Christine had scarcely returned from the door of the saloon, from which she had watched the retreating steps of the father and son along the opposite corridor, when Nina appeared, breathless with haste to say that an English footman in a handsome livery had come up-stairs to announce that two ladies were in their carriage at the door, who wished very much to see the Signorina San Isidora. She desired them to be ushered in immediately, and waited their appearance with a beating heart. "Could they be the ladies of the Villa Zernini?" she asked herself; "but there was no gentleman mentioned, so it was improbable that it could be they." The door opened, and those ladies in fact appeared; the gentle delicate-looking girl hanging back with timidity, while her companion approaching, held out both her hands, and, as her eyes filled with tears, said, with a melancholy smile:

"Christine Douglas, do you not remember me?"

The tone of voice was enough; the sound that rang on the sensitive ear touched a chord in the tender heart, and the neglected child of Dunkeld instantly recognised in the stranger her early and kind friend Mrs. Mordaunt! She sank almost fainting on the sofa beside her old patroness, fondly kissing the hands upon which her tears fell fast, for it seemed as if all the former scenes of infancy were at the moment present with her, and that she had again returned *home*. Alas, poor girl! *that home* was gone for ever, with all the minor objects of her childish fondness and care; yet here, in actual presence, was the beloved Mrs. Mordaunt. Nanny still survived, as did her uncle, aunt, and Lizzie, and they might all be again reunited somewhere, though not on the banks of the Tay. *That* thought shed rays of light on her face; she raised her eyes, and met those of her old friend fixed upon her with a fond and admiring gaze.

"You are beautiful, dear Christine," she said, softly. "It is needless seeking to disguise a truth with which you must be already so well acquainted, and from the expression that beams on your countenance it is easy to perceive that your mind has kept pace with your person. You are, indeed, a combination of brilliant endowments; and behold one of your most enthusiastic admirers, my much-loved grand-niece, Emmeline Temple, who ardently desires to make your

acquaintance and possess your friendship. Perhaps," pursued Mrs. Mordaunt, with a sweet quaint smile, "you will permit this wayward child to occupy the place in your heart once filled by your favourite cripple Liltie? a post for which she is well qualified from her extreme delicacy of health, which at times renders her almost as helpless as if she were your poor old lame hen. This has been the reason of my not visiting you before. After the concert she was confined to bed with a severe cold, which she was obliged to nurse, in order to be able to attend the Opera, nor would the wilful girl permit me even to speak of my presenting myself to the great cantatrice without her."

With blended smiles and tears Christine welcomed her new and lovely young friend; and while sitting between her and Mrs. Mordaunt she felt as if translated to some healthy and genial sphere, where every breath she drew was renewed life, the least emotion a source of exquisite pleasure. The great change that eleven years had wrought in the exterior of the formerly beautiful elderly woman began to disappear when she heard her talk and saw her smile; and except that the chesnut hair had become almost white, she soon ceased to think that there was any difference in her. The pleasant but mournful conversation upon former days was at length interrupted by the appearance of San Isidora, who, on entering, assumed his most winning manner. Mrs. Mordaunt, however, though greeting him with politeness, preserved, nevertheless, great reserve of deportment, while the timid Emmeline shrank back at his approach, as if from something to which she had a mysterious antipathy. The old lady shortly rose, and turning towards him, quietly said:

"We are going to run away with your charming daughter, signor; she is an acquaintance of so many years' standing, that I long to talk with her over past days at Dunkeld; go, Christine, dearest, and fetch your bonnet, that Emmeline and you may have a walk after dinner in the grounds of our villa, and at ten o'clock we shall bring you safely back to your ancestral home."

San Isidora escorted them to the carriage, and on going out made Nina give the key of the garden-door to his daughter, that she might enter by it on returning at night, in order to spare the horses driving through the town to the main entrance. How gaily that elegant equipage swept along the streets! And how much in harmony with the outward style were the faces of those who occupied it! The dignified, benevolent countenance of the old lady seemed lighted up to renewed life and happiness in gazing at the two beautiful young creatures seated opposite to her; while Emmeline, having passed her arm through that of her companion, kept talking and smiling as if she rejoiced in having found some long-sought treasure. The changes which passed over the eloquent features of Christine might truly have been likened to those of an April day, alternate sunshine and showers, as smiles or tears asserted their reign; yet certainly the brilliant rays of happiness predominated, proceeding as they did from the glow at her heart, while the tears only rose at the recollection of past days, when Mrs. Mordaunt's kindness had first developed the finer feelings of her soul.

The ladies having some commissions to execute in the town, the carriage made a short détour before entering the solitary road behind

the gardens, and turning round the spacious walled enclosure that surrounded the Villa Zernini, left a little on the right the ruined archway which overhung the road that led to the bay, where the gaily appointed yacht of Mr. Temple lay at anchor as if she slumbered on the gilded sea. The happy party at last found themselves within the grounds of the villa, when all the mysteries of the beautiful place were fully disclosed to the admiring eyes of Christine. No scene like this had ever before saluted her view, for with all the beauty of Italian landscape, with all the elegance of Italian taste, were combined an order and magnificence entirely English. Everything that money could command was there to aid and enhance by arrangement and care the original advantages of this exquisite retirement; and when the carriage drew up at the marble flight of steps which led to the portico of the magnificent abode, she felt as if she were about to enter the castle of an enchanter. But where was the wizard master of this magic dwelling? Simply clad in a light seaman-like dress—suited in texture to the still mild weather—Mr. Temple stood at the door of the carriage prepared to assist the ladies to alight. His Emmeline was the first to spring out, on purpose to tell her father—while fondly embracing him—that the great cantatrice had come to spend the day with them; then Christine stepped lightly forth, and met the bright glance of those scanning dark eyes, the intensity of whose gaze was now relieved by a smile so exquisitely fascinating, at the same time so significant, as to convey a feeling of certainty to the mind of the object of his observation, that the meeting was not only desired but had been preconcerted on his part. Then Mrs. Mordaunt descended, to whom he gave his arm when gently aiding her to mount the steps, while Emmeline stood leaning on Christine as she pointed out to her observation all the different objects round the villa to which she was more particularly partial. At length they followed the others into the house, where the same appearance of wealth and splendour prevailed; servants of all sorts, Italian and English; pictures, statues, costly furniture of different kinds and countries; no object whatever out of keeping with the general scale of tasteful luxury and grandeur. On entering the large saloon, Christine immediately recognised the balcony filled with rare plants and flowers that had fixed her attention on the evening of her arrival at the Palazzo San Isidora. How well she now understood everything when Emmeline explained that on that occasion she and her great aunt had been watching Mr. Temple coming back from the yacht, where he had been engaged in having things prepared in order to convey those dear to him to cooler quarters during the hot summer months. She now leaned on the same balustrade beside the young slender form she had then remarked, and found that the other figure that had attracted her attention was no stranger, but the first kind friend of early years, the gentle, sympathising English lady of Dunkeld, while the dark-eyed disapproving observer of the theatre, the individual with the thrilling voice heard in the church, the friend of poor dying Ernest Arnheim, and the occupant of the beautiful Villa Zernini, were all one and the same person! Then, as he stood behind her, she *felt* that she was a welcome guest in his splendid house—ay, that she was *more* than a welcome guest!—she could not help fancying so.

Her thoughts rolled vaguely on as she gazed musingly downwards on the lovely scene below. "Why was she here?" she asked herself; "was she deluding herself into the impression that she was an object of intense attention and interest to this remarkable and attractive man? Oh, impossible! Such happiness could not be in store for poor Christine San Isidora, the daughter of the gambler, the future prima donna of the opera—a public hireling, in fact. Oh, impossible!" And she waved her head slightly in the air as if to chase away an idea so fantastic. Nevertheless, fantastic as it appeared to be, yet it was ever recurring; there was a tenderness in Mr. Temple's manner of no ordinary import, while Emmeline hung fondly around her, as if in her society she had all she wanted, and enjoyed complete happiness. Mrs. Mordaunt sat apart, regarding the group with a smile of benevolent satisfaction; sometimes, it is true, she sighed, and would look sad for a moment, until some piece of harmless merriment chased away the cloud from her brow, and made her smile again.

XXXIX.

When dinner was announced, it was Mrs. Mordaunt whom Mr. Temple conducted to the salle à manger, while Emmeline, taking Christine's arm, leant upon her as if she were the guest, and the stranger the young lady of the house. Although nearly three years younger, she was taller than her companion; but of proportions so slight and fragile as to render it natural to her to seek support. As the new friends paced along the marble hall, past the file of men-servants, it was curious to observe the different characteristics of their style of beauty. Christine's rich, full, firm frame, and brilliant intellectual countenance, displayed the power of mental superiority, so refined and softened by feeling and self-command as to render the beholder certain that each succeeding motion, tone, or expression, would equal or surpass the one that had preceded it—proclaiming her both mentally and physically the favourite of nature. Thus her lustrous comprehensive eyes, fair silky hair, snowy skin, and Italian outline of face and head, presented a striking contrast to the half-closed, dreamy, yet smiling, blue eyes of Emmeline, whose dark auburn curls, pretty nondescript nose, and childish, changeful smiles, harmonised marvellously well with the willowy grace of her refined but feeble movements—generally giving the idea of a delicate drooping plant torn from its original support, and languidly seeking another prop to which to attach itself. At the moment when we depict her, however, eyes, lips, and all her youthful features were illuminated with a joyful expression of perfect happiness as she leaned fondly on the arm and gazed on the beautiful countenance of her companion. Even at table she placed herself beside her, and noted all she said and did with a kind of triumphant admiration. What a delightful dinner it was to Christine! so very different from anything in which she had ever before participated! She seemed to feel herself in her natural sphere in the midst of all that splendour. The light of Mr. Temple's approving eyes shed a genial glow around her, and the least expression of sentiment on her part instantly awakened a responding echo

in the bosom of her early patroness, while the sweet gay smiles of her enthusiastic young partisan crowned the whole by shedding a glory of inexpressible brightness on everything. After the early repast was over, Emmeline proposed to Christine to go with her into the grounds to visit her favourite haunts, and, calling her pet spaniel and a fine Newfoundland, the two girls set off accompanied by their canine escorts, while Mrs. Mordaunt and Mr. Temple watched their progress from the balcony. Object after object was visited; gardens, covered wood-walks, cool grottos, temples, statues, summer-houses, and waterfalls. Still many lovely but more remote spots remained to be seen; but before the sunset should oblige them to return to the house, Emmeline insisted upon showing Christine her bathing-place at the very extremity of the enclosure towards the sea. One of the many men at work was despatched for a garden-chair—the particular property of the delicate girl, who was never allowed to walk any distance; it came immediately, driven by a smart groom, and drawn by a beautiful small horse. While they flew gaily forward, poor Christine thought of what *her* amusements had been in the days of her infancy and girlhood; how homely in style, how rough in character, like the cold, rude climate in which her lot had been cast—a contrast in everything to the present scene of luxury and beauty, rendered so enchanting by the bright sky overhead. Even the elegant vehicle she sat in, her lovely, youthful, laughing companion, and the silky-coated animal that drew them so swiftly along, how different from the humble little carriage at Seafield, when she acted as charioteer to her aged great-aunt, and cultivated the friendship of poor, half-broke, shaggy Lobby, in order to induce him to humour the old lady's fancies. She was roused from those recollections—which, though sad, were yet so dear to her heart—by Emmeline suddenly saying,

"Do you know, signorina, that I never thought this place so beautiful as I do to-day; it is generally so dull, so very dull—at least to me; but it is your company that makes me feel so happy. I think that if you were always with me, I never should be either ill or sad. Will you believe me, that the first evening I heard you sing, I felt inclined to jump out of the box to clasp you in my arms, you looked so soft and good-humoured, so bright and sweet. Oh! Miss San Isidora! how I should like to pass my life with you."

Tears filled Christine's eyes.

"Ah!" she thought, "that would be happiness indeed; but no, there lay before her the *inevitable* stage, unless Guy should come to save her from degradation."

"How I should like to be you, signorina," said Emmeline, breaking in again abruptly upon her desponding ruminations.

"*You* would like to be *me!*" exclaimed the astonished girl. "My dear Miss Temple, you surely are not serious?"

"I assure you that I never was more so," answered her companion, smiling; "only think of the constant activity of your life, of the admiration and applause that greet you wherever you are seen or heard. Oh! I should so much like to be you! I am certain it is having nothing to do that makes me so delicate."

"My dear Miss Temple, you forget the happiness you possess in

having such an aunt as Mrs. Mordaunt, of having Mr. Temple for a father."

"Oh!" answered Emmeline, thoughtlessly, "my aunt is an old woman; my father is not a young man; they are both very well in their way, but they are so grave that they are no companions for me. Now," she pursued, in the manner of a spoiled but affectionate child, passing, as she spoke, her arm round Christine's waist, "I should be quite happy if you were always with me, and if I had a brother—a fine, bold, manly brother, who would argue with papa when he insists upon taking too much care of me; who would keep the dogs in proper order, ride on horseback with me, and row me in a boat."

"I wish sincerely that you had Guy, for he would just suit you," suddenly exclaimed Christine, laughing delightfully at her own bright idea.

"Guy, Guy—who is Guy?" asked her associate, eagerly. "Guy what? Guy who?"

"Guy Douglas—Guy, my nephew," answered Christine, exultingly.

"Oh!" disappointedly murmured Emmeline. "I don't want very little boys."

"But he is not a little boy; I dare say that by this time he is six feet high; he is past one-and-twenty too, and so handsome—so *very* handsome."

"That will just do!" burst forth the excitable girl with immense glee; "one-and-twenty, very handsome, tall and strong—when will he come?"

"Ah! I don't know," answered her more reasonable companion, sobering down at the recollection of her uncertainties; "his motions don't depend upon himself—he is a sailor."

"A sailor, a sailor!" almost shouted Emmeline, "the very thing I like best in the world. Oh! Miss San Isidora, write to him to come here as fast as ever he can; we should all be so happy together, and papa and he would go out in the yacht; and my aunt, you, and I would sometimes accompany them."

Christine—while smiling at the precipitancy of her young friend, which stopped at no doubt—readily promised to say all that she wished her to do as soon as she should hear that Guy was in England. Little did she imagine that he was there at the very time she was speaking, for Guy had expressly kept her in ignorance of his return, in order to appear on the scene of action unexpectedly, to be able to act freely, and according to his own unbiassed convictions of what were her father's intentions. Stopping near the bathing-place, they got out of the garden-chair and approached it on foot; and never, in any of the dreams of her vivid fancy, had Christine imagined a spot like this. The archway that admitted the sea was built in imitation of a ruin, and grated in such a manner as to prevent the intrusion of any object that might prove annoying above the level of the water, and with a strong net drawn across the inside of the bars below, so that nothing but of a very minute description could enter with the waves. The spacious and beautiful basin was planted all round with overhanging trees, which rendered it impervious to the sunbeams, while at one corner was a flight of marble steps leading down to the bath

from a temple dedicated to Thetis—the inner part of which was arranged as a dressing-room. On mounting to the top of the building, the two young friends found themselves on a platform surrounded by balustrades, which commanded a beautiful view of the bright blue Mediterranean beyond. Here they sat for some time enjoying the cool sea breeze and admiring the magnificent prospect, until the approach of the sun towards the horizon warned Emmeline that her time of liberty was nearly expired, and that it was necessary to return home before the dew of the short but dangerous Italian twilight began to fall. On descending to the basin they found Turk, the Newfoundland, swimming about in luxury, while Bijou, the spaniel, sat at the side admiring his companion's dignified demeanour in the water. The moment the larger dog saw his young mistress, he sprang upon the steps and began shaking his wet coat at her feet; it was in vain that she tried to get out of his way; wherever she went, there he followed, sending a shower of the briny drops all over her; while Bijou, delighted with the sport, kept leaping up upon her and patting her with his paws.

"Don't you see, signorina," called out Emmeline, in a tone between anger and mirth—"don't you see how much I need a brother to keep these troublesome animals in order? Oh! how I wish that Guy were here; he would soon put everything to rights, would he not, Miss San Isidora?"

The last words were uttered on getting into the garden-chair—in which Christine had already placed herself, much amused with Turk and Bijou's fit of insubordination—and in a minute more they were wheeling rapidly towards the villa.

On entering the drawing-room there was a simultaneous exclamation from Mrs. Mordaunt and Mr. Temple of "Dearest Emmeline, how well you are looking!"

"Oh, I'm so happy and so tired!" she merrily replied, throwing herself on a sofa as she took off her straw-bonnet and tossed it on to Bijou's head, who had placed himself at her feet, and was gazing up in her face with a bright look of sympathy. Bijou ran round and round the room, trying to rid himself of this unexpected appendage, whilst his mischievous young mistress lay back on the couch laughing in peals at his awkward gambols.

"My dear Emmeline, I think you have lost your senses," said Mr. Temple, smiling at her unwonted fit of merriment.

"Oh no, papa," replied the volatile girl, unthinkingly; "I have only lost my heart. I have fallen in love with a youth called Guy."

A singular change passed over the countenances of the father and aunt at those innocent but thoughtless words. They both became quite grave, and while Mrs. Mordaunt looked disturbed, Mr. Temple quietly said, regarding his daughter reprovingly at the same time,

"My dear Emmeline, I never permit unseemly jesting; harmless gaiety is delightful, but nothing offends me so much as anything approaching to levity."

Christine's warm spirit rose high against this injustice, while her quick glance instantly detected tears glittering in the eyelashes of her companion as she lay back in a corner of the sofa, and sought to conceal her face. She left the recess in the window—where, on

entering, she had stationed herself to watch the magnificent sunset—and approaching Mr. Temple, who sat near his daughter, said, earnestly and firmly,

"It is I who am in fault, sir; what Miss Temple has just said was merely à propos to my dear nephew, Guy Douglas, whom I love better than anybody in the world, and of whom I was speaking when we were going down to the bathing-basin."

Mr. Temple's brow instantly cleared, while Mrs. Mordaunt smiled with extreme pleasure, and when Christine placed herself on the sofa beside Emmeline, the grateful girl suddenly threw her arms round her neck and concealed her face on her shoulder, while her hot tears trickled down the snowy bosom on which she reposed. Her sympathising companion pressed her lips to her soft brow and affectionately clasped her to her heart. She now understood her position, and why she felt lonely in the midst of the splendour that surrounded her; those beside her did not, apparently, comprehend her impulsive nature. They were all silent for a minute or two; Mr. Temple and Mrs. Mordaunt regarding Christine with fixed attention, as, gently supporting Emmeline in her arms, she watched her agitated breathing, until it gradually sank into a soft regularity, which, with the increased weight of her form, convinced her that she slept. She laid her gently back on the cushions, arranged by Mr. Temple, and throwing a light handkerchief over her head she rose softly, saying in a whisper as she did so that she thought she had better now go home.

"We shall not ask you to stay late to-night," replied Mr. Temple, in a low voice, "for our poor Emmeline is very weak in frame and impressionable in spirits; she has been so happy in your society to-day that she has exhausted her strength, and now she wants repose. I shall summon her old nurse to watch beside her till she awakens, and, in the mean time, we shall have tea in the library while the carriage is getting ready to take you to the palazzo."

A minute after a respectable, mild-looking old woman entered; she took a chair near the sofa where her young charge lay, and Christine with Mr. Temple followed Mrs. Mordaunt to the library. She started on entering the imposing Gothic apartment, for opposite to the door was a beautiful portrait of Emmeline Temple, representing her sitting in a woodland bower, with her bright curls thrown back from her sunny face, and holding her bonnet in her hand, while Turk and Bijou were couched at her feet. Mr. Temple paused, with Christine leaning on his arm, and said, in a saddened tone of voice,

"In that picture, Miss San Isidora, you doubtless recognise the pencil of a friend now gone to his rest."

"Oh yes," she readily answered; "I should have recognised anywhere the touch and taste of Ernest Arnheim; though, alas! the subject I have seen it exercised upon was utterly unworthy of his genius."

"Most unworthy, indeed!" answered the gentleman, in a tone so deep and stern as almost to make his companion start. "What unprincipled women there are in the world! It is enough to make a man of honour and delicacy forswear society for ever, were it not that occasionally there appears a bright gem among the dross, to redeem the sex from utter condemnation."

He turned his head towards Christine as he spoke, raising a sensation in her heart that caused her cheek to burn. Mrs. Mordaunt, hearing the last words, hastened to add, in an explanatory manner,

"My nephew attended the poor young man in his last moments, Christine, and by him was made aware not only of the painful circumstance to which he has just alluded, but likewise of your extreme kindness to him in the hour of his desolation. And now, Cecil," she continued, turning towards her nephew, "'render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

Mr. Temple advanced further into the room when his aunt spoke, and opening a secrétaire, drew forth a letter, which he presented to Christine, who, hastily unfolding it, was astonished to find the money-order that she had sent to Madame Arnheim.

"The bereaved mother transmitted that draft to me," he pursued, "trusting to us to find out the address of the generous donor, and to return it with many expressions of gratitude for the intended relief, and yet more for the angelic kindness and delicacy with which you had announced the overpowering misfortune that had befallen her."

Christine's cheek glowed with emotion.

"But poor Madame Arnheim," she murmured; "will this trifling sum be of no use to her now that she is left alone in her old age?"

"No, no, dearest girl," answered Mrs. Mordaunt; "you are yet unacquainted with my nephew's character, or you would not ask such a question; he is the possessor of great wealth, and seeks to dispose of it worthily. Madame Arnheim is secure in every comfort as long as she lives."

This mournful but interesting episode naturally led to the mention of the Trevor family, and of the trifling degree of intercourse which Christine had had with them while nominally their guest. Mrs. Mordaunt expressed herself with much sympathy regarding the solitude in which she had lived since she had been in Sicily, but Christine imagined that she saw an expression of satisfaction in Mr. Temple's face, more particularly so when she mentioned that for some months to come she was to continue at the palazzo, as her father did not intend her to appear on the stage until the commencement of Lent.

"And do you anticipate much gratification in your public career?" anxiously interrogated Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Oh! no, indeed," sorrowfully answered Christine. "But circumstances which are imperative will oblige me to pursue it until I am of age, unless a dear relative"—she had not courage to pronounce Guy's name after what had just passed—"succeed in extricating me from the threatened necessity."

These few words explained a history to the man and woman of the world who listened; her position was at once understood, but they made no further remark, except to hope that all her spare time would be spent at the villa, adding that the chariot would always be at her command to fetch and take her back, and that the groom who went for the letters would call every day in passing to receive her orders. What a delightful arrangement this was for Christine! her eyes filled with tears, while words were wanting to express her gratitude; and she felt almost glad when a footman, entering to announce the carriage, relieved her from her state of happy embarrassment. To her

amazement both Mrs. Mordaunt and Mr. Temple prepared to accompany her to the palazzo, while one servant mounted to the seat beside the coachman, and another went in the rumble.

"This road is not the safest in the world, Christine," observed Mrs. Mordaunt; "and in the event of your returning home at any time late and alone, there will be two men instead of one in the seat behind."

They very quickly reached the garden-door, and Christine getting out opened it, and bade her kind friends good night, promising to return to dine at the villa on the morrow. Mr. Temple stepped forward and surveyed the obscure space of the lonely enclosure.

"This looks very gloomy," he said, slightly shuddering; "I cannot allow you to go along that dark walk by yourself after you lock the door; you must permit me to accompany you to the house to make your servant bring a light with her in coming back to shut us out."

Christine was obliged to assent, and, preceded by a footman carrying one of the carriage lamps, they gained the entrance of the turret. There, however, they found that Nina's attention had anticipated what her young mistress would require, for, on opening the door, they found a lighted lucerna deposited within. She immediately possessed herself of it, and—wishing to avoid keeping Mrs. Mordaunt waiting longer in the carriage—insisted upon fastening the gate herself. Mr. Temple—reassured by her having the light, and by her own perfect confidence in her security—yielded the point, and, returning to the garden-door, she closed and locked it, only waiting for an instant until the carriage drove off before retracing her steps to the house. Never in her life had she felt so lonely as at that moment! After the bright scene of beauty and splendour she had left, it seemed as if her own dreary abode looked more than usually dreary, casting as it did a deep shadow over that part of the garden which she was in the act of traversing. She paused at the entrance of the turret, and an irresistible desire seized her to look into the dark trellis-covered walk that joined the wall which led to the entrance. She held up the lucerna and gazed intently down the vista, then advanced a few steps into it; could it be her unusually excited state of nerves which deceived her, or was it a reality?—for she felt certain that she distinctly saw a dusky figure glide swiftly along the bottom of the alley and disappear in a thicket of evergreens which grew at the opposite side of the gravel walk. Trembling with fear, she hastily retraced her steps and entered the turret, firmly bolting the door behind her; breathlessly she ascended the stairs and gained the landing-place, where the silence and darkness of her father's room showed that, as usual, he was from home. She sped quickly along the desolate gallery, almost fearing the sound of her own light footfall, and, gaining the saloon, carefully bolted herself in. Her state of extreme nervous agitation was almost instantly dispelled, however, by the appearance of Nina's good-humoured face, who came from her bed-room, where she had been waiting until she heard her young mistress enter. Remembering that there was no communication with the garden but what she had secured, Christine mastered her fear so far as to refrain from speaking to the servant of the circumstance which had alarmed her, thinking it best to reserve an account of what had occurred for her father's ear when she should see him the following day.

A NARRATIVE OF A SHORT RESIDENCE IN LOWER CANADA, AND A VISIT TO THE FALLS.

II.

The circumstance of taking up one's residence in a new country was of course annoying and troublesome; as also the shopping and the procuring every new sort of requisite for a short sojourn in an unknown country. But the most tiresome part of all was the engaging the servants. A great leaven of the spirit of equality, which prevails to such a large and disagreeable extent in America, has found its way here; although the government is British, the inhabitants mostly French, and the style of life that of a garrison town. But the persons who proffer their services as servants are a very troublesome class, and labour is so well paid for and in such request, and employment of every menial kind so much looked down upon, that you can scarcely anticipate anything but insolence and reluctant serving from the class of persons who come to attend to your orders. Even the kindest treatment will not prevent them from suddenly informing you that they do not wish to remain, so completely are they inoculated with the spirit of independence that finds so many disciples in the New World. This is most unpleasant with female servants, where the servant that is required has the task imposed on her of looking after children, as the course of her business throws her so much in communication with her mistress. The cooks and other household servants were not so objectionable, but the nurses were a source of never-ending anxiety to the mothers resident in Quebec.

During the autumn months I often took the opportunity of the favourable weather to make long pedestrian excursions in the neighbourhood of Quebec. For several miles the country in its vicinity at each of the different outlets which branch from the barriers is populous, well wooded, and picturesque. The first place which I went to see was the cascade of Montmorenci, situated about eight miles from the town. There are three grand outlets from the town to the interior of the country. They are all well guarded, and, like the barriers to garrison towns on the continent of Europe, form the only entrance or exit for its inhabitants; they are called Lewis Gate, John's Gate, and Palace Gate. By the last of these, which leads to the suburb of St. Roche, I went out in taking the road to Montmorenci. These suburbs are principally occupied by French-Canadians, who sell in small quantities all the principal produce which comes in from the country, also the clothes which are worn by the peasantry and lower orders of the town, and the hardware and furniture which is used in their houses. In passing through the suburbs I found the streets which led to the high road direct for Montmorenci were broad and the houses built of stone, but the lateral streets were narrow and constructed of wood. After about a mile's journey from Palace Gate, I arrived at a large wooden bridge over the St. Charles river, called Dorchester-bridge. It is kept up by a heavy toll, which is levied upon all horses, cattle, and vehicles; and, owing to the great number of those who come from the country to market in Quebec, the profit must be considerable.

The incessant transmission of goods from the country is one of the remarkable things in the living at Quebec. The whole town is supplied with fuel from the large forests which grow in the interior, and an idea of the quantity burned by a population of from fifty-five to sixty thousand inhabitants may well be formed. After crossing Dorchester-bridge I proceeded through a level and well-cultivated country with villas on each side, and arrived near a large, long, barn-like looking building, calculated to house a great number of inmates; and this I found to be the Jesuits' college. In a short time afterwards I saw some of the young men at play at a fives court which was built in the enclosure. They wore a long black dress. The number of the Quebec gentry who send their children here is wonderful. After leaving this to the right, I took the road onwards, and came to a large, well-built building, which, with its doors and porticoes, looked like a town-hall, or some such place. I asked a French-Canadian what it was, and he told me it was L'asile. On further inquiry as to what sort he meant, I found it was the lunatic asylum; and on my asking him how many inmates were inside, he told me "deux sages." His pronunciation of the French was such that it was very difficult to know what he meant to say, but I found that all those whom I addressed this day mispronounced the language in the same way. Thus, when he said "deux sages" he meant "deux cents." I found the peasantry civil, obliging, and even so polished in their address, that I was very much reminded of the people whom one invariably meets in France. I never got a gruff or unwilling answer to any of my queries. The natural politeness which induces a pleasing address and courteous replies seems to be as inherent in the character of the peasantry as it is in their brethren of the country which they come from. But they are (I believe it is owing to their religion), though pleasant in manners, extremely illiterate and ignorant in essential information, and very few of the inhabitants of the neat wooden houses and cabanes which I passed on my way this day could boast of the proficiency of being able to read or write; consequently the language which they speak has been much corrupted from its original purity, and has met with the treatment which all languages meet with from illiterate persons. About five miles from Quebec I reached Beauport, a long, straggling town, which has, however, a large cathedral, a lofty building with its domes covered with metal, and inside which every villager in Beauport invariably resorts at every day of mass and on Sunday. The sense of respect for their forms of worship is very strongly imprinted upon the minds of these people. All the road on each side from this to Montmorenci was lined at different distances with small enclosures containing gardens or patches of ground, in the centre of each of which was a wooden house. It was a vast, continuous village, stretched out for a distance of more than four miles. The houses were small, but very neat. They generally contained two or three rooms, and a kitchen in the back on the same floor, and round each of them was a nicely arranged wooden portico supported on wooden pillars. When I went inside, and conversed with the Canadian mistress, I found the walls clean and the furniture very nice, but *no* supply of books; indeed, with the exception of a breviary, I never saw any. The walls were hung with pictures of saints and the Virgin Mary invariably. The roofs of these houses were either of tiles or metal. I certainly did not see any sign of

poverty or of destitution either inside the houses or in the appearance of any of the peasantry whom I met on the roads.

The dress of the peasantry was homely, but clean and serviceable. It was composed of frieze cloth, with untanned boots of soft, pliable leather, which generally reached up to the knees. These are very well adapted for working in a clayey soil. They also wore the wide-awake hat, which was light, and most useful in shading the sun from the eyes, and had no oppressive heaviness on the forehead like the stiff hat worn by Englishmen.

The approach to the falls was through the grounds of a rich miller, who had made the waterfall a great source of wealth to himself by turning part of the river which forms the cascade, from its fountain head, through a continuous line of wooden troughs, and by this means brought down the water for the purpose of turning a mill. This mill he had constructed at the foot of the hill on which the grounds of Montmorenci are built. This hill is quite covered with trees, but a path leads down to the river-side, where the St. Lawrence receives the waters which first fall from the smaller river into a deep basin lying at the glen from the cataract. This cataract is called by the same name as the river, the Falls of Montmorenci. When I reached the head of the fall, I descended by some steps, constructed of wood, to the margin of the glen into which the water poured. There I saw an immense flood of water pouring down from a height of two hundred and twenty feet, through a huge chasm in the side of the steep precipice which overlooks the river. This large white sheet of foamy waters reminded me much of the cascade in Switzerland, which falls from the mountain near Martigny, and which is universally called there the "Pisse vache." The snowy whiteness of the disturbed waters, the foamy spray, and the volume wholly unbroken (except from one point of its descent, some fifty feet down, at a broken rock which protrudes from the mountain side), until it reaches the dark abyss below, where

> The fall of waters, rapid as the light,
> The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;

all these recalled vividly to my memory the scene at the entrance of the Alps, where the "Pisse vache" falls; but as to the mountain scenery, there is nothing of the majestic character which marks the Alpine picture. There was a great gloom in the aspect of the deep basin of dark waters which lay at the base of the glen. This scene is the great place of resort for the inhabitants of Quebec, both in summer for the sake of the pleasant country drive, and in winter on account of the excitement, which all parties find pleasure in, of sliding in tarboggins down the cone formed by the mass of ice which the bank of spray is encrusted with—such is the extreme coldness of the temperature; but I believe that the cataract is looked on by the Canadians as a mere pigmy waterfall—nothing to speak of to those who are conversant with Niagara. A young friend of mine, who had been a long time resident in Canada, said, that coming from the Far West, and having been long accustomed to the Falls of Niagara, this fall seemed to him like a pint of water running down a chasm in the rock. Just at the very highest point from which the waters fall, from one side of the cliff to the other, we saw the labourers at work in forming a suspension bridge. The buttresses were finished at

each side. The cords were slung across, and in the centre was a large wooden cage, in which were seated workmen at their "fearful trade," fathoming the depth of the stream below. Since, the work has been completed, and the bridge has been opened for traffic; but, at the time of the year when the melting of the snow causes an extreme moisture on the surface of the earth itself, and permeates most thoroughly to the heart of all artificial works, the iron fastenings which were fixed in the buttresses proved too strong for the material of which the masonry was composed; and when the bridge was pressed upon, the rubble and weak composition of these buttresses gave way, and down came the framework of the bridge headlong into the abyss below. This catastrophe took place one day in April, when three unfortunate persons, a man and his wife and child, were in the centre of the bridge driving over their ass-cart to the market at Quebec. It was mentioned as a providential mercy that more persons did not fall victims to this dreadful fate; and so it certainly seemed, for it was really a strange fact, that such a very small party should have been on the bridge at the time.

The next place which I made a walking excursion to was Lorette. This village lies at a distance of ten or eleven miles from Quebec. The way lay through the barrier called St. John's Gate, and downwards by a line of suburbs forming part of the St. Roche division, until one arrives at a line of country by the side of the St. Charles river. About a mile and a half from St. John's Gate, and half a mile from the skirts of the town, I crossed a road which led down to a large wooden bridge, called the Scotch bridge—a suspension one, on which there was as usual a toll levied for cattle and carriages. I crossed and took a road which led through a beautiful well-wooded country, lying all the way by the St. Charles river. Nothing struck me more than the richness of the country, and the manner in which all the cultivators, occupiers of land, and "habitants," as the Canadian-French in the country are universally called, had seized on every available part of land to cultivate it. They had begun to plough the ground up, in order to have it ready for sowing the spring crop when the snows of winter, which were soon to ensue, would have passed over.

When I had gone about two miles I came to a cross-road. Here, being in doubt, I entered a house, over the door of which was fixed a board bearing the words Wood's Tavern. Supposing it, from this, to be a place of public resort, and one where I was likely to obtain local information, I walked in from the hall to a room which looked partly like a kitchen and partly like a shop. There was a small counter, and behind it stood an Irish girl, who was selling bread and spirits to any one who came in and called for them. There was a fireplace in the room, and round it were seated three Irishmen smoking their pipes. From their accent, their slovenly dress, their unkempt hair, and unshaven, dirty faces, they might have passed as being fresh from Tipperary. I was at first doubtful whether I should be able to obtain the information I required relative to my destination, but, after having talked to them on ordinary topics for a few minutes, I ascertained that each of them had been ten years in the country, and that they were as well acquainted with every locality in the neighbourhood as they were with their own native land. The number of the lower orders of Irish which one meets with

in this country is wonderful. It is generally believed that of the population, comprising one million and four thousand, which inhabit the part of Canada called Lower Canada, one-fourth of the number are Irish. These, together with their brethren in religion, the Canadian-French, form the mass of the community; and, in one habitation, you meet with inmates who talk to you in the refined style characteristic of the French whereever you see them, that artificial urbanity which seems the congenial accompaniment to the address of Frenchmen, interlarding their discourse, in a modified manner, with the bows, shrugs, and grimaces which carry you back to Paris; and in another you are answered by its inmates in the genuine brogue which savours most of the remote districts of Tipperary:

Ex hara producte non ex schola!

From this tavern to Lorette the road was open, the fields on each side were being ploughed, and the peasantry seemed actively employed. The little village of Lorette lay on a hill, and was really very pretty. It consisted of a street of small wooden houses, extending for about a mile. They were all of them neat, and seemed nicely kept. At the end of the street was a small church, and a little farther on was a grove of trees, which one entered by a wicket-gate, and descending by a flight of steps one saw the waterfall. It was a short descent of water, and much broken by rocks; it looked like a prodigious fountain. The gushing of the water through the different fissures in the rocks reminded me of the Fontana di Trevi at Rome—that is, supposing the rocks which jut out and peer through the gushing torrents of water to resemble the horses which stood beside the top of the fountain, which is the very gem of fountains in "magnificent Rome." I found that I had fully ten miles to walk back, and that it was very near sunset. After I had left Lorette about a mile and a half behind, I engaged a countryman, who was returning to Quebec in his waggon, to take me up. This workman was an Irishman, and he had been out in the country two years. When I questioned him as to how he liked the country, his answer was that he was very well pleased with it. I have found all parties whom I meet here, and who have settled themselves in the country for some time, very well satisfied with the life they lead. The wages which they can procure are much more than they can get at home. The country is certainly healthful. This is shown by the numerous instances of longevity which are exhibited in the tables of statistics. The fertility of the soil is such that no part of the United States can equal it as to the harvests of every sort of grain, green herbage and farm crops of every description; and of the United States it is Ohio alone which at all comes near it in the quantity of its produce, taking, for the sake of comparison, two equal proportions of the different countries into examination.

Of the parts of Canada under cultivation, the returns are certainly most favourable, but the measurement assigned for the whole tract of Upper and Lower Canada comprised in their full extent is one hundred and twenty millions of acres, of which only eighteen millions are under cultivation; so vast, so enormous is the tract there that is under the forest that it may be said to be immeasurable. From this mighty extent of wild uncultivated forest it is argued, apparently with

reason, that the cause exists of the intense cold which is experienced in these latitudes, whereas similar zones in the Old World are not subject to it. The theory of Sir Francis Head is this: that the cold wind blowing from the countries whose surface is completely occupied by dense forests encrusted with snow is so keen and bitter in its having become mingled with the atmosphere surrounding those regions, that, on its reaching the lower plains of Canada, it assumes an intensity that causes the fearful cold which prevails there from the middle of November to the middle of April. It is certain that, with reference to climate, the countries of the Old World which are in the same latitude as Quebec, are mild and temperate. Milan is nearly in the same latitude—that is, there is only a degree between them, so I fancy that we may accept this theory as being the most likely one to account for the very great difference which exists, so far as regards the temperature of both places.

Near Lorette, on a rising ground, the government have constructed a reservoir, which contains water drawn from the St. Charles river, and this affords, by means of pipes, the supply that is used in Quebec. The pipes are thus carried through a very long extent of country, but the circumstance of the ground lying so high, and the great purity of the water which is found in that river, have induced the inhabitants to go to such a distance for it. The beauty of the autumn in Quebec is of very short duration, and during the whole of the time that it did last we heard from all parties accounts of what we were to expect when the cold of winter set in. But it did not begin to be seriously cold till the snow fell on the ground. About the beginning of November there was a slight fall of snow, and this melted away, and after its melting ensued what is called in the country an Indian summer, a short respite from the dreary gloom of the long winter, a few days' sunshine, which were pleasant and cheerful but shortlived, like the few hours which one partakes with an agreeable friend before parting for a foreign shore, or the beauteous hour which precedes the parting of day; like the farewell chime,

Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore.

But the snow and the harsh temperature of winter are sure to ensue before the end of November. The first year which we were there the ground was covered with snow on the 25th of November. From that day we bid farewell to the face of the earth, and never saw it until the 15th of April in the ensuing year.

When the winter does really set in, then the whole face of nature is completely obscured. The birds emigrate both from the plains covered with snow and the plantations thickly incrusted with it. No living bird or insect, much less a quadruped, is to be seen outside. The cattle are housed in large wooden barns, which are adjacent to every farm-house or dwelling-place. The aspect of nature is really frightful to any person who has not experienced what a Canadian winter is, the wild waste of level before one's eyes exhibiting nothing but snow. The palings of the fields are nearly covered with it. If it were not for the labours of the road-keepers in defining their track by fixing branches of trees on each side, they would not be discernible.

The sleighs, in shape either like a phaeton or a curricle, having slides in place of wheels, aprons well covered with furs, and the seats and frame-

work at the sides, as well as the backs, covered with skins either of the bear, the buffalo, the leopard, the wolf, the deer, or the otter, drawn by two horses abreast, or sometimes in tandem, whose backs and necks are caparisoned with numbers of bells, whirl through the streets and roads. Sometimes a small one with one horse is seen; but the larger ones, with the state and show, and the gorgeously coloured housings to which the horse has his bells hung, the driver standing up sometimes, and sometimes sitting in the centre seat, reminded one of the picture of the chariot of Achilles when issuing forth to meet Hector. When the ladies are seated in them they recline in the back seats, perfectly buried in furs, tippets, and muffs, and their bonnets or hats thickly wadded. The driver wears gauntlets of fur, a buffalo-skin coat, and a fur cap. The most usual dress is a long coat, with the cuffs and collar formed of fur, and fur cap and gauntlets, trousers such as they wear at home, and mocassins, with the upper leather of the caribou or reindeer skin, and the sole of india-rubber. This mocassin goes over a thin shoe; stockings and vest, of course, must be of the thickest sort of worsted or flannel.

In every house the framework to the windows is fitted out with movable hinges, or else pins and rings for adjusting a double sash, which is fixed on in the beginning of November, and without which the temperature would be intolerable. Then, also, the provident people amass stores of wood; resident gentry have their fowls, geese, turkeys, and pigs fattened up during the autumn, and when the first snow falls, they kill them and hang them in a large storehouse, where the cold penetrates, or place them in barrels filled with snow, and they remain frozen all the winter; so, when wanting for use, all they have to do is to take the bird or animal from its resting-place, put it in the kitchen to thaw, and, having given it a day to become melted, either boil or roast it. The stoves in the inside of the house are got ready; some of them have been taken away completely during the hot weather, and now are restored to their places. The chimneys are fixed up and the wood piled close inside, and the inmates of the house use for their motto:

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens.

This, indeed, is carried to excess, for in some houses where there are furnaces, and in all where there are stoves, the suffocating heat of the rooms, owing to the over-quantity of fuel in the fire repositories, is quite overpowering.

The peasantry drive into the towns in their carrioles, or slides, bringing stock produce or wood for the market; these carrioles being simply platforms of wood constructed so as to pile provisions or wood inside, and, without wheels or springs, are carried along on the beaten snow by the horses at a prodigious speed, and the horse does not seem to feel the effects of the journey nearly so much as he would were it a vehicle on springs which he bore along a road. The state of the horses surprises any European who comes first to the country. They do not seem to suffer from the intense cold; they do not get their forelegs swollen by work upon a hard road; they do not show the inertness of age at a period of life when horses in England are generally nearly too much exhausted by constant work to be fit for anything. They answer for draught in the

winter, and for the saddle in the summer, and seem to take to both conditions of labour with equal will. They stand harnessed to the carrioles, waiting for any fare whom their drivers may obtain, during the whole of a most inclement winter day, and sometimes the great part of a night, and seem not to suffer in the least from the state of the weather.

The boys are seen in all parts of the roads where there is a slight acclivity, or in the hilly part of the country, sliding down on their little wooden sledges, or tarboggins, laughing heartily at the amusement:

Cold and yet cheerful.

The tarboggins, or slides, which are made with a crook in the wood at the bottom, are fitted for sliding down the heights, and the great amusement is for one of the young ladies to get into one of these, and, trusting to the guidance of some young gentleman who accompanies her, to slide down. The laughter, the amusement, the exhilarating nature of the excitement of trusting to the event of the accelerated movement of the tarboggin are great charms to the young people. These prize the winter as the most enlivening and pleasant part of the year. They seem to think nothing of the cold, which is certainly not unhealthful, and brings about their most favourite pastimes.

When the roads have become well hardened, after a cessation of snow for about three days, and in consequence of the numerous carrioles which are continually passing over them, then frequently riders issue out, taking care to have a small bell fixed to the bridle, where it comes under the horse's jaw. This is necessary by law, as without this jingling no foot passenger or driver could have notice of the approach of a horse, so light and noiseless are their steps upon the beaten snow. Many ladies also, who have been long in the country, come out to canter on the beaten roads. One would suppose that the fearful cold of the air would appal them, but, on the contrary, they seem to enjoy the exercise highly. This, however, I only observed during the first two months of snow. After that time the sleighing was really the only out-of-door amusement. Certainly an enclosure had been prepared, which was roofed over with timber, and exhibited an appearance like a very huge barn, standing outside the entrance of the St. Lewis Barrier. Under this water had been thrown into a cavity, resembling a large shallow bath, and very few days after the first snow had fallen it had become solid glassy ice, and fit for skating upon. Most of the gentry in the neighbourhood who had been long resident were very expert skaters, and were glad to avail themselves of this place for the practice of their exercise. It was open to subscription, and a small trifle from each person served them as a means of procuring a place for skating, which they could conveniently resort to. It was true that the rivers and streams were frozen over, with the exception of the Great St. Lawrence, but they were so covered with snow, which fell afresh every three days, besides being much exposed to the public, that the ladies cared not to go on them. But in this enclosure, which was called the "Rink," all the ladies who were good skaters were sure to be met, and they certainly showed most wonderful skill in skimming over the surface of the ice. The lookers-on seemed to enjoy it as much as the performers. It was a regular lounge. The most general hour at which the skaters assembled was about eleven in the

morning, and as all such places where many are to meet are the greatest possible boon to the inhabitants of a garrison town, one may fancy what a resort this was. The ladies look as rosy and blooming here as they do in the country at home, when late hours and dissipation have not chased the colour from their cheeks. They enliven themselves with dancing at night, and dinner-parties are also frequent. The rooms, by dint of stoves and fireplaces, are made much hotter than one ever finds places of assembly in England. The stoves have a dry, oppressive, and overpowering heat. In the houses inhabited by the Canadians the heat is quite stifling, thrown out as it is from stoves heated with wood, which, by a mode of keeping up a slow consumption of fuel, resembles the burning of charcoal. This is effected by shutting the small door of the stove after every log inside has been well kindled. To burn coal in the stove would render it much hotter; but coal is here so expensive, that it is none but very wealthy people who use it in the fireplaces, which some of them have got constructed in their sitting-rooms.

The cargoes of wood which come in from the country in trucks, as usual on slides piled up high, and borne in by one horse, may be then imagined. The forests adjacent supply this large city with the consumption required for fuel for a period of six months in the year, when the snow is four feet nearly on the ground. The hardy woodman comes in from his labour to market, and exposes his stock for sale; he gets five shillings for a quantity which would not last an ordinary family more than two days, being a pile about four feet square. On the usual market days the different market-places are thronged with these carrioles, full of wood. Also the habitants bring in furniture, being ingeniously varnished rocking-chairs, tables, &c., and place them on the snow, and wait for persons to purchase them. These are sold at moderate prices. Then it is quite a sight to watch the different vendors coming in early in the morning; some with milk frozen as hard as a stone, which they sell by the ounce; some driving carrioles laden with frozen pigs, lambs, geese, turkeys and fowls—the frozen pig like a statue, which one could fancy cut out of stone, quite as hard and immovable, and standing either on the boards, booths, or even the snow, until some customer should come to purchase it. The birds and the fishes also just as they were killed, in rows and heaps, plenty for all purchasers, and looking like the spell-bound creatures in the Arabian tale, who had slept a hundred years, whose breath had been stopped, but whose frame had been kept from decomposition; cold, massive, and stiff is every object, and in the butchers' stalls the saw is used to sever the joints, which have the meat as hard as timber. The Canadians, in their frieze coats and fur caps, with their swarthy dried-up complexions, stand in their untanned leather boots, their hands protected either by gauntlets or gloves, which fit on the hand without divisions for the fingers, and are commonly called dummies. Their colour of skin, so dingy and dark, is brought on by the circumstance of their living in a stove-heated atmosphere; and though this be so oppressively hot in-doors, they do not seem to mind the severity of the weather outside. Thus the old adage of Providence suiting the back for the burthen is verified with them, and their industry and sobriety, as well as painstaking assiduity in their hardy routine of toil, is admirable.

Contrasted with these, the habits of the soldiery from England, so

wild, so reckless, so drunken, and so riotous, shows in very significant characteristics. The bane of the soldier—drunkenness—is here a habit which obtains in frightful frequency. The ardent spirits, prepared from molasses or maple, is so cheap that nearly a pint of it can be procured for twopence. The consequence is that the soldiers indulge to a dreadful extent in intoxication. The difficulty in procuring labourers to cut up their wood during the winter months induces the inhabitants of Quebec to hire soldiers at that employment, and an able-bodied man can earn as much as would procure a gallon of spirits by a day's work. Woodcutting, indeed, is one of the expenses of an establishment which comes very heavy on householders. The raw material is brought in in large beams, about five feet long by two, and must be severed into pieces before being fit for the stove. The saw and the axe, consequently, are continually at work in the outhouse. The householder has little trouble with the marketing, as the ready-killed animals and birds are constantly at hand in the numerous markets of Quebec. Fish also, which has been caught—especially a small sort called by the Canadians "Tommycod," —and become iced for months, is plentiful in these markets; and never in the worst weather is the supply of provisions slack.

As may be fancied, the only exercise which the troops can be given during the winter is the route-marching on the roads. The men are all dressed in their great-coats, fur caps, and long boots, also their hands protected with the dummies. The officers wear a long grey coat, whose collars are of lambswool, which, thick and heavy, are fitted to be turned up should a snowstorm come on. The cuffs are of the same. The gauntlets come nearly to the elbow, and are of otter-skin. The cap is of the same, and has a flap behind, which can be turned down to protect the ears. The boots, long black leather, which come up to the knees. The heavy lumbering nature of these boots is such that they are neither adapted for driving, being so stiff; for walking, being so cumbrous; for wearing in the house, being so covered with oil to prevent the rotting effect of the snow; nor, in fact, for any purpose; but having been established by some straightlaced military rule, have duly held their place in the necessary equipment of an officer.

Very shortly after the departure of the party for the roads, the cold has begun to tell upon all the officers and men; the whiskers and moustaches of all are, after about five minutes' exposure to the air, covered with a complete mass of ice. If the day be more than usually cold, frost-bites frequently take place on the exposed parts of the men's faces; and nothing is more frequent than for a comrade to rub his brother comrade's face with a piece of fur when he sees the frost-biting begin to appear. There is also one part of the equipment which must not be forgotten, and without which one is almost certain to slip down and fall when the snow or ice is hard and slippery—that is the creepers. These are small plates of iron, which have four teeth, or prongs, like short nails, fixed on the surface which is to come in contact with the snow. They are buckled on to the instep with a strap, and the plate is placed under the centre of the boot-sole. The soldiers are provided with these, and a large party of the most active are also furnished with snow-shoes.

The exercise of the march is beneficial, and the party come back quite in a glow of heat, notwithstanding the weather. Certainly the road on

each side is monotonous and uninteresting as may be, being one wide waste of snow as far as the eye can reach. The want of occupation for the mind, in the absence of out-of-door exercise, is apparently felt very much in this country by those who have not mental resources. By none more than by the military is this felt, and the young officer who has not either study, drawing, or music to resort to, in passing away his days, is sometimes led into destructive habits, which result from idleness or dissipated society. So true is the Eastern proverb,

One man leads on another to the courts of Satan,

that I have frequently observed a youth, who had apparently no inherent vice, betrayed into habits of intoxication by the example of others. What living examples, which speak more forcibly than thousands of sermons, occur daily before our eyes, and warn us of the solemn injunction laid down by the wisest of men, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

On some of the most bitterly frosty days, when the wind, passing over the tracts of snow, has completely hardened them, the clear air and the bright sun make it most agreeable and desirable to be out of doors; and sleighing not being exercise enough, inasmuch as sitting in a chariot and remaining a passive object to the wind, scarcely serves to keep the blood in circulation, I used very much to like a day's snow-shoeing. I recollect one day particularly, amongst very many which I passed during the winter, and which I went through engaged in this exercise. I rose early in the morning; I found the water in my jug one mass of ice; my brushes had each become a crystallised mass; every hair was pendant with an icicle; a stove was in the room in which wood had been alight the whole of the night, and which was still burning, but by its side was my tub for morning ablution frozen one hard mass—half an inch of ice lay on the surface of the water. The sponge was a perfect mass of petrifaction; the drops of water had become solid particles of ice. At the hour in the morning when one feels the change the most from the warm glow of one's repose, to be surrounded with so much that is unpromising in comfort before beginning the day, is very disheartening and trying to the patience. A bold determined resolution to summon up one's nerves and undergo the trial is quite requisite for one who has to endure the cold of Canada. After holding the sponge and brushes to the stove to melt, and breaking the ice, literally as well as metaphorically, there is nothing so calculated to reanimate and recruit one's spirits as a good immersion in cold water—not to mind the shock of the first burst, "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte"—and then you feel fortified and reinvigorated for the whole day.

But the numbness felt in the fingers during the operation of melting the ice from the apparatus of one's toilette is followed by a very acute pain, which succeeds upon the first sensation of the process of circulating the blood. I found that after breakfast the cold was very sensibly felt, owing to the thaw of a partial kind which had come on. The bitterest cold ensues either during a thaw or after a frosty wind, but when it actually is snowing, though the air be thick with the flakes which continue filling up the massive folds that accumulate upon the ground, still the air is comparatively so much warmer than when it was quite

clear, that it is a perfect relief to the frame. But on the day that I speak of it began to thaw, and I knew that the roads and streets were in such a state that there was no taking exercise except in snow-shoes, so I strapped these on my back and went out, determining to tie them on when I came a little way out of the town. They are called shoes, but do not in the least resemble our ideas of such. The French name for them describes them much better—they call them "raquettes"—for excepting the handle, they are really large, lengthened rackets, being in length about two feet and a half and in breadth one foot. Those made for ladies are much smaller, but the strong catgut ones calculated for real work are about that size. The framework must be of the strongest hickory, and the part where the two ends of the sticks, which are bent round in an oval form, meet is the front of the snow-shoe. The two ends are bound round firmly with catgut. The whole framework is strung so strongly with catgut that it could bear any man's weight stamping upon it. Opposite the centre of the network is a hole, which is fixed near the top of the snow-shoe, and two small ones are at each side of it. Previous, then, to placing one's feet on this "reticulated or decussated mass with interstices at equal distances at the points of intersection," as Dr. Johnson called network, I placed a long caribou leather strap through the small holes, so as to form a loop over the large centre one. I then put on caribou mocassins, having first cased my feet in strong worsted stockings and light slippers. I put the toes thus encased into the loop which I spoke of, and strapped the caribou thong well round the ankles and instep in a manner which old Canadians and sportsmen in the country show you as the best; and as the line of country which I had to traverse was quite deep enough for moving along in them, I proceeded across the fields to the direction of the Lorette road. I found one invariable rule which it was necessary to practise, and by always minding which I should escape tumbling over; an event which frequently happens to beginners, and which, ridiculous as it appears, is not attended with any serious consequences, for the snow is so soft that a fall is a matter of very little inconvenience. This rule was invariably to place the heel downwards on the snow, in place of pointing the toe, which last is the injunction perpetually given to young beginners when they first learn to march; also to keep the feet far apart. By adhering to these rules a little practice will very soon bring you into the habit of moving along easily with them. WhenI had proceeded for some way across the straight line of country, over palings, past where ditches had been, unimpeded by checks of any kind, for the snow had levelled any line of demarcation or distinguishing barrier which existed, I came to the first small village which one meets on the Lorette road, and knew that I was only about four miles from the place which I was anxious to visit, as I wanted to see an Indian there, who, I was told, had several articles of Indian manufacture for sale. I found that the exercise was so hard, and the thirst consequent on it so great, that I was glad to get a drink of water here. After this refreshment I proceeded onwards about a mile, and, wishing to make some inquiries relative to my route, I went into a Canadian small farm-house which lay at some distance from the road. The access to the door, and nearly the whole of the small house, was so choked up with snow that I found it difficult to make my way; but I knocked, and the door was

opened by a Canadian-Frenchman. The rooms inside were quite clean, and no covering was on the boards, which were of deal, as were the walls, the ceiling, and the furniture. Two women sat spinning in different parts of the room, and the frames on which rested the spinning-wheels were also of the same material, quite clean. They spoke the patois French, which I have always heard spoken in Canada. The atmosphere of the room (owing to even the smallest interstice in the walls being closed up, and a large stove in the centre of the chamber being full of logs of burning wood) was exceedingly close, and when I went in I found the smell quite overpowering. They were most anxious to attend to my wishes, and to give me every information and pay me every attention. I, however, declined their offers of refreshment, and, after I had sat down a little time, I felt inclined to pursue my course again. I received the necessary instruction which enabled me to find the hut of the Indian called Pierre, and, taking the landmarks pointed out, moved forward on the snow-shoes. I have often heard that when used to the exercise you can get over a great number of miles on these, and that the great advantage exists of not being dependent on the lines of road which are cut out, and which give a sort of wind or circumbendibus to your course, but, on the contrary, you can move on as the crow flies, dead on end straight for any object—a church steeple, a building, or anything that you see before you. I have heard a resident of some standing say that he had gone forty-five miles on snow-shoes in the course of one day. In the language and in the sayings of the Americans frequent allusion is made to the use of these. Thus, for instance, when I heard a man say, with regard to his taking his departure from any place, "I am going to 'make tracks,'" I was in doubt of the meaning, until I recollected the remarkable traces which the traveller on snow-shoes, in pursuing his cross-country excursion, leaves of his line of route in the large oval marks which he fixes in the snow. Also a song of the Indians, which is translated, where it expresses that much deep snow had but lately fallen, "Our snow-shoes left deep prints."

Of the wild and extraordinary aborigines who first inhabited this part of the country, which was called Stadacona, very few traces at present exist! They have melted away! They have partly emigrated to the far north or west, partly been exterminated by the frightful ravages of the small-pox which raged in the year 1780, partly have fallen victims to the cruel massacres which the first settlers perpetrated; and, for a distance of twenty miles round some of the English settlements, and round a far larger circuit of some more, you never by any chance meet with a native Indian. They have either been extirpated by disease, treachery, bloodshed—the victims of the crafty white man or the deadly fire-water. They died leaving all that was dear to them,

Agros, atque lares patrios, habitanda que fana,

to be occupied and owned by a strange and alien race; neither have they left a name or a memorial of their having ever possessed them. Rarely, amidst the crowds which throng the market-places at Quebec, you meet with a dusky figure wrapped round with flowing clothes, with a hat on his head, in strange contrast to the rest of his attire, and on near

approach you find that it is a native Indian. But the very small remnant of the race who have settled down in the vicinity of Quebec are to be seen in the village called the Indian Lorette; and this day I went into a hut inhabited by one of them. On knocking at the door, it was opened by a woman, who was unable to speak English, but talked the Canadian French fluently. She was dressed like one of the country-women whom you always meet here; but her skin was nearly black, of the darkest olive brown, and seamed with tattooing; her hands also were tattooed. She called her husband, and he asked me to come in. His manner was open and fearless, but still polite; and, though a savage by birth, he reminded me very much of an independent gentleman. There was no vulgarity, no deceit, and no pretension in the style of language and expressions which he used. He was dressed very like a Highlander, and his brown limbs and tattooed countenance were what chiefly characterised the native Indian. He wore a cap like the Greek cap, and his coat and waistcoat were very like those worn in Albania. He, like his wife, the woman that opened the door to me, spoke French fluently. He had some ornaments made of Indian beads, sown upon caribou leather, to sell; but his assortment of those which are made of the bark of a tree was exhausted, owing to his having disposed of them before the winter began. It is the women of the tribes that work at the ornaments, and finish off the purses made of cloth and beads, as well as the cases and frames made of bark covered over with moose-hair stained. I took back with me a specimen of one of the doilies, which was very neat, and for which he charged very little. His rooms were quite a model of cleanliness. There was no floor covering, but the boards shone as bright as the boards of the rooms in a Paris mansion during summer, after the frotteur has finished his labours.

No remarkable occurrence took place on my way back, except my observing the small snow birds. These are like sparrows, and they gather at any fragment which may fall on a road traversed by the habitants on their journey to Quebec from the country parts. They are really the only living things in the shape of birds that one ever meets. I certainly thought that an excursion of this description was much preferable to driving in a sleigh, when the weather is such, that, on returning, one finds the whole of one's garments covered with a mass of icicles, and the blood nearly torpid from its having been exposed to the weather so long without a possibility of any exertion to keep it in circulation. Who that is possessed of a frame which is able to endure fatigue, would not prefer the manly exercise of health to the languid luxury of the slothful? Some of the refined exquisites of the present day talk of the impossibility of such an exertion; but I do believe that this is more in talk than in reality, as, when the matter comes to be tried, most men take to it very kindly. But it is certain that regular and frequent exertion is quite necessary to health, and preferable to all the recipes which are vaunted in the advertisement sheets and newspapers which exist in the press of any country in Europe or America; also early rising is another prescription, which is sure to keep one in health, and to avoid the temptation of late hours; and, recollect, the justice of the old adage,

Deliculo surgere saluberrimum est,

is what I should advise all visitors to this country. But the temptation of the former is certainly very great, and as certain is it that you cannot enjoy the two together. You must relinquish the festive assembly, or the gay haunts of fashion, if you wish to enjoy the pleasures of the morning air and the activity of life, which the class of men who take to "settled business, not to pleasure," find congenial to them. And, after all, there is no lassitude more unpleasant, or no ennui more unsatisfactory, than that which is engendered by indolence and vacancy of mind.

The roads which lie in the several directions leading out to the country from the several barriers which I spoke of before, and which are all guarded, would be difficult to trace after one had passed the line of houses, were it not that they are marked out during the snow time by long branches of fir, placed at intervals. The beaten track where, when the earth was to be seen, ran a road for carriages, is generally, after a fall of snow, kept well defined by a roller, which the authorities under government provide, and which is drawn by two horses. After the first pressing down, the number of carriages, sleighs, and trucks from the country are sure to beat down the snow into a firmness which allows of walking. One can drive a sleigh over it lightly and easily, without distressing the horses, and the only drawback is that the cavities in the road, which have been formed by the heavy vehicles of the peasantry, give the carriage an uneasy jolt. These hollows have got the name of "cahot;" I suppose from the effect which they produce. After a long cessation of snow they become deeper and more unpleasant.

Though I did not feel disposed to join the large parties which issue out constantly to drive to some place in the neighbourhood and pass away the evening in gaiety, and then return at night, yet I often drove my family out to visit the scenes I had visited in the autumn, of which the appearance in winter was so totally of a different character that I should never have been able to recognise the localities, had I not known the direction I was driving in. I recollect one day, when the bright sun was as clear and as serene as though one were in the plains of Italy or Greece, and the atmosphere as mild, apparently, as though it rested over a landscape of verdure, that I fixed upon for driving to the falls of Montmorenci. We started early, and found the streets in the town were the most unpleasant part of the drive, from the numerous cahots which are sure to be formed wherever there is a great traffic going on. We were well wrapped from the cold, and the gloves which I used for driving had the fingers backed with fur and the inside of wool. I had known the appearance of the streets from shops I had passed when I went this way in autumn, and the different line of buildings; so I was glad to hurry through them as quick as possible, and get to the large wooden bridge which lies over the St. Charles river. When we arrived at the toll we got our ticket for passing, and drove slowly over the long wooden bridge. We saw the Canadians on the ice breaking the blocks, and carting them before their being taken home to be put in store: men and boys, dressed in frieze coats and fur caps, with the caribou mocassins, hewing, cutting, lifting, throwing up, or digging the solid blocks; the quantity, the thickness, the heavy loads in numbers that were being loaded and carted away; the clear crystallised masses which lay in heaps and flakes both

on and beside the river; the chilly nature of the occupation, but still the mirthful appearance of the workmen, were all curious to notice. We passed the bridge and drove on quickly to Beauport. Here we were struck with the appearance which the small houses presented. They were buried in the massive folds of snow, which surrounded, enveloped, and obscured everything, except one narrow path by which the inmates come out from their dwellings to the outhouses, where dwelt their cattle or horses, and another which took them from their door to the road. The eye was positively weary with gazing on snow. The white dazzling appearance of the surface which clothed every object in view was wearisome to the sight, and hurtful to the nerves of vision. The small black tops of railings peering above the plains of snow showed the line of palings which separated the fields in which the country was laid out. The cathedral and some other loftier buildings stood out in pre-eminent station; but except these there were scarcely any features which rose above the face of the snow.

We proceeded onwards to Montmorenci, the road being clear enough, and the travelling on it not at all irksome to the horse, though the weight which he drew was greater than the wheeled vehicle on springs would have been; but when once the slides on the snow-level were given an impetus to, the moving them along was an effort which could have been effected by an animal of very slight strength. Thus dogs are frequently yoked in the small drag-carts which the peasantry use for drawing vegetables or market produce, and also in the small slides which children use in going a short distance from their houses. I can fancy no earthly situation in which the sweets of society and the pleasure of conversation are more necessary to cheer the monotony of the dreary vista around you than in driving a sleigh. The drive this day was finished by our arriving at the gateway of the proprietor, who owns the grounds surrounding the Quebec side of the Montmorenci Cascade; when we dismounted I laid some clothes over the horse, and as the walk was only a few yards before we got to the edge of the precipice which looks over the falls, we did not care to take him out of the shafts, but left him in charge of a servant till our return.

When we got to the margin of the waterfall, we saw the stream issuing through the numerous hosts of icicles which hung over, through, and round the body of water; there were some clear, some thick, some crumbling to pieces, quite dazzling the sight with their number. Below lay the lane at a distance, which rose, white, smooth, and unbroken, up from the ground on the far side of the glen from the Quebec approach to it. The varied struggles of the mass of waters in gushing through the myriads of icicles would form a wonderful picture, if any one were ingenious enough to transfer it to canvas. But unless for such a purpose, to linger on much longer was what one would never be tempted to; the cold rendered it impossible. We went back to our sleigh, and drove by the same road back, where there lay on each side:

> Each scene and dale heaped into one expanse
> Of marbled snow, as far as eye could sweep.

LAST DAYS OF AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GRAHAMES."

PART THE FIRST.

I.

MURSET BEECHES.

It was a pleasant afternoon in August of the year —— that fate, for good or evil, I know not which, found me on the top of the stage-coach, journeying as fast as four horses could trot towards the little town of Great Burrell, as it was pompously styled; for it had pleased my sister Sophronia, during my absence in India, to abandon the respectable family name of Symperton, and to take upon her in matrimony that of Digby, therefore to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Junket Digby at their country residence of Murset Beeches was I bound this August afternoon.

It was much the same sort of afternoon as one finds all such afternoons when whirling along a dusty road. Dells and dingles, distant hills, sunshine and shade, green fields and trees, and cosy villas nestling by shady woods or serenely watching by the rippling stream, that to its own music attuned the glad melody of children's voices, singing as they gathered daisies in the open meadows. Occasionally an overhanging branch on the wayside would vary the monotony of locomotion by knocking off one's hat into the dusty road, which some ragged urchin, a grinning recipient of odd halfpence, after much shouting and clamouring, hands back to its rueful owner on the coach, considerably the worse for the temporary estrangement. It was a pretty, simple country, having no especial characteristics, and I must confess to feeling more interested in the curling circlets of feathery smoke that floated gracefully on the breeze, emanating from my short meerschaum—always dear to me, and ever companionable—than any appearances the scenery might furnish.

"Another five minutes, and we shall be at a drop of the best brandy in all England—ay, and a good Havanna, too, if you know how to ask the barmaid!" And the driver laughed, and shook his rubicund face.

His tongue having been loosened with sundry libations along the road, he had loquaciously descanted for the last two hours, somewhat to my disturbance in the enjoyment of my delicious Cavendish.

Punctually to the five minutes we were safely drawn up before a country inn. A rosy-cheeked landlady, with her hands tucked under her apron, stood on the door-step to receive us; while peering through the bar-window behind her mistress, framed in with a profusion of jugs hanging despondingly on brass hooks—shelves of glittering glasses, suggestive of fiery sherry and gooseberry champagne—tumblers with lemons in tempting yellowness, arousing visions of steaming whisky-toddy with drowning slices floating gracefully thereon, while rows of stout green barrels with highly polished brass taps and very decypherable labels seconded the notion—through this framework of temptation and hallucination looked the pretty barmaid.

"Pony-carriage for Murset Beeches!" shouted the landlady, in a good

strong voice. And round the corner of the inn wall I saw my sister's elegant equipage awaiting me.

Coming towards us in the middle of the road, half running, half hobbling, a group of screaming village children behind her, was a respectably dressed, decent-looking woman. She seemed bewildered and frightened, yet she turned now and then to face her tormentors, shaking her clenched hands, which proof of their entire success in endeavouring to irritate resulted only in prolonged hooting and renewed denunciation.

"A thief! a thief! Who stole the money!" halloed the urchins. And then a few handfuls of gravel and loose stones flew pelting over her, and she fled past me, nearly upsetting the hostess, right into the lobby of the little roadside inn.

She was a kind-hearted woman that same hostess, for all her strong voice. Despite the gravity of her countenance, she looked after the refugee with a certain sympathy, and, turning round upon the children, gave them "a bit" of her mind—that was no such "bit," either—and succeeded in driving them off in different spirits from those in which they had come. After a momentary hesitation, she followed the woman into the bar-parlour.

"I didn't do it," sounded a voice through the open window. "Oh, Mrs. Finnagan! I didn't do it—sure I didn't—no more nor yourself, ma'am."

Whereupon the softened tones of the landlady were heard in reply, and the sobs ceased.

"What is it?" I asked a woman standing near me, with her brawny arms akimbo.

"Ye see, it wur up at th' Grange yonder." And she jerked her thumb behind her when she had deliberately disengaged it for that purpose. "It wur beads, or summat."

"And did this woman steal them?"

"Ay, she did. It wur summat o' hers as is dead lately. They say she never looked up after it wur took."

"Was it found on her?"

"Neay, not it."

"How do you know she took it?"

"I know nowt about it," was the independent reply.

"But what makes you think so?" I said again.

"Oh, for that matter, *she* tuck it, sure enough. There woz but three on 'em for it. Dick Gibbs—maybe you know Dick Gibbs, him as lives at yon white cottage at th' end o' th' turnin', three doors fra ours. Well, he's bin at Grange, gard'nin' like, these forty years; it weren't him, anyhow. An' t' other one, she's as gradely a lass as you'd wish to see—a right good 'un; *she's* bin near on twenty years. But *her*," nodding her head in the direction of the parlour behind, "nob'dy knows 'owt on *her*—she's Irish, *she* is!"

After which grand climax my informant folded her arms again, resettled her feet more firmly on the ground, and, partially turning aside from me, looked up and down the road.

"Well, you see, she denies her guilt."

"Did ye ever hear tell on a thief as didn't?" she said, with more acumen than I had evinced in making the observation.

Doubtless the case was clear enough, so I dismissed the subject and drove off.

A very good, warm-hearted creature was this only sister of mine, whom I had come to visit—very matter-of-fact, and very enthusiastic. She always spoke of everybody and everything in the superlative degree. She loved or she hated—if she were, indeed, capable of this latter phase of feeling—*in extenso.*

I have no intention of entering upon Sophronia's rhapsodies on my arrival at Murset Beeches.

Rhapsodies, indeed, my sister might be supposed to be subject to, but John Junket Digby—fancy *him* in rhapsodies! Neither do I desire to say anything concerning the virtues or shortcomings of the aforesaid. I may just remark, *en passant*, that I had expected Sophronia to have chosen otherwise than to ally herself to the nearest resemblance to a hogshead that I ever remember to have seen in human form—John Junket Digby! I had expected to see a tall man with thin stilty legs, remarkably active, and of nervous temperament; and lo! a huge barrel, with a small, nob-like head, short stumpy legs, and temperament decidedly lymphatic, attired in a light-coloured overcoat and drab velvet collar, and you have as vivid an idea of the individual as it is possible to conceive. John he had a right to be called; but Junket! what should possess him to have such a name as Junket? It was a positive libel! Roll him along to the name of John, and he would respond with a roll; but expect him to caper or jump to the name of Junket, and you felt that it was a piece of deception not easily overlooked, except on the consideration of two thousand a year.

Before I had been three days at Murset Beeches I felt myself really aggrieved. Sophronia had called the Burrell dyke a trout stream, Heaven pity her ignorance! She had enlarged upon the shooting John Junket could provide for me—and what true sportsman, I would wish to know, would be at the trouble of bagging ignominious rabbits? Horrible! Surely a poor fellow never felt himself nearer akin to the finny tribe, in the fact of being "out of water," without the least prospect of getting in, than did I three days after my arrival at Murset Beeches.

There was the wine! John Junket called the Burgundy "round in the mouth and of undeniable bouquet." Poor fellow! I considered it light, thin, and undoubtedly acid. The cigars, too! I confess I do approve a good cigar. They were made of cabbage-leaf or rhubarb—execrable things! And as to ever having seen Havanna, they'd certainly come direct from some cellar in London, at five guineas the pound, and John Junket puffed away with the most aggravating satisfaction every day after dinner, pitying me complacently because I fumed and fidgeted.

Moreover, under the idea of rendering Murset Beeches attractive, Sophronia had invited down a young lady, whose nature in this case certainly did respond to her designation, *Pastison*. She had a puff-pasty white face, hands to match, and light, weak, wavy hair. She was incessantly knitting white wool, and wore a little white wicker-work basket, like the handle of a fencing-stick, at her side, by a hook that went into her belt, containing a supply of the worsted, that rumbled about like a concealed animal as she drew it forth. She was always astonished at what you told her, in an amiably incredulous way. If you

said, "We shall have rain," she was sure to answer, "Really!" If you remarked, "Miss Dobbs is going to be married to-morrow," the rejoinder would most probably be, "You don't mean it!" She laughed when she was expected to laugh, and said always what you expected her to say. Poor Miss Pastison! she was of the sickly sweet type, and irritated me in consequence. I wanted tonics—bitters—acids—something decided—a good plain, flat contradiction, for instance, would have done me good; and she said whatever *I* said, and when I contradicted her, snapped her up, or veered round to the east when we had all been west, she was anxious to find it was east too, and then I was off to the north. She never retaliated, but, driven at length into a corner, ceased her knitting in patient despondency, and laid her plump white hands resignedly upon her black silk knees—accommodating herself to circumstances—meek and amiable to the last.

"I think, my dear Josiah," said Sophronia, "this afternoon we will go and visit poor old Mrs. Cutter."

Not a very encouraging prospect to the drooping spirits of a young man of thirty-three, so I took no notice, and went on puffing the tobacco-smoke over the little wretched green insects that were on the plants. (Sophronia had followed me to the greenhouse.)

"Miss Chelmsford is dead, you know, Josiah, and the dear old lady is lonely. I wrote her a line yesterday to say we would come."

No, most emphatically no; I did not know Miss Chelmsford was dead! Had I been aware of this I should scarcely then have stood in the greenhouse at Murset Beeches.

For I may as well tell the reader now and at once that the true object of my visit to this part of the country was to renew my acquaintance with this lady, whom my sister now calmly told me was dead. On a previous visit I had seen and admired her, but circumstances against me then had since made clear the way before me so far as the necessities of this world go. I had dreaded to hear of her as married—her death had never come within the pale of my imagination—for it had pleased Sophronia, in some of her letters, to enlarge upon the good-humoured common-places of a certain country squire (entirely oblivious of the rotund nonentity she had herself appropriated) who, after considerable patience and perseverance, had at length prevailed upon the young lady to recognise him as her suitor. Some little bits of gossip concerning the uncouth good nature of this gentleman, and the shrinking coldness of Miss Chelmsford, had, unknown to my sister, determined my present journey to England, and now I heard that she was dead.

I knew but little of this lady in her actual sphere of life, having but twice seen her, and she was cold and unapproachable, yet her beauty, of a haughty and almost regal style, had impressed me. I knew that she lived in a lonely old hall with an aged aunt, lost as it were in the great desolate rooms, shut out from sympathy or intercourse with her kind, and something of the gloomy grandeur of that ancient baronial mansion seemed to have cast its shadow over her. Yet in the gleam of her dark eyes I had seen, or fancied I had seen, a depth of soul that touched me; and though she had held herself aloof and in some degree repelled my advances, it was as with a quiet scorn that had grown to glory in its loneliness because so few understood her, and I could not shake off the

impression she had made. So, eager and hoping, I had come to seek her out, to woo her if it were possible to the interests of life that she seemed to despise, to lay this new yet hard-earned wealth that was at last mine at her feet, and behold she was dead, and the place thereof should know her no more.

Sophronia stood looking at me, wondering, perhaps, that I did not speak, but I turned silently away. The bright-coloured flowers, the gay sunshine, the fragrant pipe itself had suddenly become distasteful to me. How should I endure to remain at Murset Beeches now!

"You've perhaps forgotten her, Josiah—Miss Chelmsford, I mean—I know you admired her rather when you were last in England, but she was always cold and proud, and very hard to get on with to strangers generally. But she was considered handsome—very fine hair and eyes, you know. Well, she's gone, poor thing, and Matilda (by-the-by, Josiah, I wish you'd take a fancy to Matilda, she's the most affectionate creature) wants to see Mrs. Cutter, and to know all about it."

"She must have died suddenly?"

"Miss Chelmsford? Oh yes, very. Only a few hours' illness. It is three weeks since, and I have not been able to go to the Grange. You will accompany us this afternoon, Josiah?"

"No, thank you. And, Sophronia!"

"Yes, dear."

"Be good enough to look elsewhere in Miss Pastison's interests. I am not a marrying man."

Not that afternoon, nor yet many others, did we pay the promised call on the lonely old lady of the Grange; yet I lingered in the neighbourhood, held by some spell, some secret yearning desire to see the home she had gladdened with her presence ere I yielded up the memory of my first love.

II.

WHITINGHAM GRANGE.

Off we went down the slope from Murset Beeches, the ponies capering beautifully, the warm air stirring more freshly round us as we whirled along the road that sultry day. By long rows of cottages; by mansions in a sort of square-cut complaisance, standing handsomely in broad domains; by fields of rye, and barley, and wheat; by farmsteads, and barns and hay-stacks looking like so many huge seed cakes, where the slices had been taken thick with hospitable intent, till we gained the summit of a hill, when the road drooped, and down before us, some three miles away, stood a cluster of great chesnut-trees, grouped heavily round a large white house, with a round tower in the centre, peering over the trees, distinct and prominent in the distance, like an old-fashioned pepper-box.

There were long, low outbuildings straggling far on, gleaming white through the branches. This house was called Whitingham Grange. Behind, only divided from it by a thick plantation of firs, lay the glassy bosom of a wide-spreading lake.

Looking over the country, open before us like a panorama in the broad sunshine, fields and farm-yards with their complement of drowsy cows waiting for the milkmaid, and winding woods creeping dark and shadowy

at the feet of hills up whose sides ran the patchwork of meadows of every variety of tint, seamed, as it were, together by hedgerows, it was a pretty scene, and one that may be looked upon any day in merrie England.

"Off for Whitingham? Going to Mrs. Cutter's?" cried a clear voice; and standing before us at the bend of the road, peeping round a blackberry-bush that grew at a turnstile, stood two ladies, not particularly young.

Up drew the ponies.

"What! Miss Green! and Miss Euphemia!"

So the process of introduction was at once entered upon by Sophronia, doubtless to her entire satisfaction, for the two Miss Greens were known throughout Burrell as the kindest-hearted women, as well as *gossips in a good-natured way* (so my sister said, whatever that might mean) along the country-side.

"Mrs. Cutter is quite expecting you," said Miss Green. "She sent for us, not being in such good spirits, you know."

"On account of poor dear Miss Chelmsford. Wasn't it distressing? And so sudden!" said Sophronia.

"So altogether unexpected," put in Miss Euphemia.

"How does the old lady bear it?" asked my sister, with her head on one side.

"Oh, wonderfully, considering. She says if it had not been for Susan, she must have sunk."

"Good gracious!" murmured Miss Pastison, under her breath, with a feeble clasp of her grey gloves.

"Miss Green!" said Mrs. Digby, deliberately. "That woman is a treasure!"

"Heh, you may truly say so. The way in which Susan speaks of Miss Chelmsford (remembering what she had to bear, you know) is truly edifying."

"Susan's worth her weight in gold!" quoth Mrs. Digby, with a crack of her whip into the hedge on her right hand, that set the ponies prancing and starting sideways, until we were nearly upset into the ditch, and Miss Euphemia, giving a little jerk back, tore her muslin cape in the thorns of the blackberry-bush.

"You drive along, and we'll be there as soon as you through the fields," said Miss Green, with considerable alacrity.

Off we set again, while the two pedestrians turned sharply round and ran blithely up the field path, laughing and waving their parasols at us, as the ponies jaunted gaily on their way. Past more cottages, by a mill and water-wheel, over the bridge of a tributary of Whitingham Mere, along a stone wall skirting an orchard, where a woman was gathering firewood, a sudden turn brought us before a handsome ancient gateway, along an avenue planted with trees, and in the centre of a gigantic group stood the old house called Whitingham Grange.

I have said that the sun was shining, that the day was luxuriantly hot, yet as we drew up before the large stone portico, we seemed to have passed from the bright world, from the midst of life, into the chill damp of a vault—a grave or a dungeon. The want of air and light was so startling, so oppressive, the silence, or rather stillness, so painfully acute, something that was scarcely awe, not exactly dread, yet a mysterious compound of both, stole over me, and I positively shivered.

We stood for some time on the steps of the portico watching Tomkins leading back the ponies, and listening to the sound of the bell reverberating through the tomb-like edifice. It was so dark in the shade of the closely interwoven branches that we could scarcely distinguish one another.

"It is a very grave!" I said.

"It certainly does look darker and more dreary than I ever knew it before," said my sister, as with an effort to be cheery.

"And so cold!" said Miss Pastison.

"Well, dear, that's rather a relief." And, in token thereof, Sophronia drew her summer mantle more closely round her, innocent of the contradiction her action afforded.

"You wouldn't believe the tales and legends there are about this place, Josiah?"

"I think I should be ready to credit anything horrible enough."

"Well, really, I begin to think Mrs. Cutter must be having her afternoon nap, and perhaps Susan is in the garden."

"I did see a woman in the orchard."

"Then that accounts for it, Matilda dear. Would you mind if we were to make our way under the trees, then, towards the orchard?"

Miss Pastison seemed to shrink yet more closely into the protecting angle of the portico, but on this appeal came forth valiantly to the call. By the side of the green rotting gable in the plashy grass (for all that, the high road was dry and dusty enough) we picked our way. Here and there a bright lizard, the brightest thing in that drear place, slid swiftly out of our path. At the root of a tree a bloated toad sat squatting on its haunches. "Every man's house is his castle," saith the old adage; doubtless every toad's, and in this spirit, perhaps, his glittering eyes defied us. At length we turned the angle of the wall, when Mrs. Digby started back with a little terrified scream as three owls flew from the recesses of the ivy hanging over a buttress, hooting at us, jabbering and screeching, and settling down under protest in the branches of the tree, where the toad still kept guard.

Mrs. Digby paused a moment to look up at the masses of ivy and creepers that had almost blocked up most of the windows of this neglected tenement.

"Isn't it somewhere here, Matilda, that the old door should be—the haunted passage, you know—where they say the last of the Whitinghams fled in the time of Charles I., and meeting with the Roundhead soldiers in the wood—waiting for him, indeed—was cruelly murdered, and his body thrown into the mere?"

"Oh dear, dear—you don't say so!"

"Yes, Matilda, it certainly should be somewhere here. I suppose it has been made up—perhaps centuries ago; but they say (the poor people, you know, Josiah, are so superstitious) that a tall figure draped in black—Sir Geoffry, of course—is still to be seen sometimes rustling along the wood. Yes, the door should be somewhere here that he escaped from—only it's blocked up."

It was just the place for legends such as this. One might well have fancied Sir Geoffry's ghost lingering there in the dingy depths. Further on, to the extreme west of the building, we came upon the absolutely ruined portion, from which the interior and inhabited part was safely

protected and excluded—arches, mantled with ivy, yet roofed long passages, whose flagged floors were mossy with mould; the walls jagged, as with so many irregular teeth, standing aloft, with skeleton eyeholes cut deep in the stone, clothed and festooned with hanging wreaths of wild flowers and tufts of rank grass, that, catching the breeze stirring faintly over the tops of the trees, waved idly to and fro. Along one of these corridors was the great banqueting-hall of the Whitinghams, once supported on either side by columns of some precious marble, fragments of which lay on the ground. The recesses of the two fireplaces yet remained. The sunshine streamed in in long slanting lines—the trees at this angle growing neither so close nor so thick. In one of these rays a butterfly was gaily flickering; and in the corners of the broken roof over the arch of a carved doorway an owl had built her nest, and the young ones were peering down at us with their gaping beaks.

We stood looking thoughtfully up at the dark old place, softly mouldering under the constant drip of the damp—perhaps oozing from the adjacent lake. When other mansions stood clear in the broad light of heaven, fresh breezes, invigorating winds blowing, the Grange brooded and brooded, as in despair, on its desolation.

Passing on to the less dilapidated remainder of the hall, it seemed as if an energetic hand might yet, even yet, do something to recruit its failing health. The axe would be busy to some purpose here. Forest-kings stood, blighted and storm-stricken, waiting a necessary doom, cramped and pressed upon by the young striplings that had thrust themselves one upon another—officious detractors of the dignities of age—till the very sunbeams that found their way in owed the visit only to a breezy freak, and slid back again as hastily as they came. The edifice itself was built of huge blocks of stone, many of them loose and crumbling; pieces of walls, corners of windows, coping-stones and corner-stones, pillars, shafts, pedestals, and rafters, and fragments of quaintly carved figures that had surmounted arches or stood in niches, had fallen, years ago, unheeded, and the grass had grown thick around them. A band of stonemasons, with plenty of mortar and good dry breezes to back them, might even at that eleventh hour have done something for the once stronghold of the bygone Whitinghams.

The estate had been purchased fifty years before by the late Ezekiel Cutter, at the cost of the mere value of the land. The actual Whitinghams had become extinct; and on the accession to the throne of Charles II., the attainder to which the family and their possessions had been subjected was remitted, and had draughted off in a remote direction to a branch of the name of Moffat. This family, in its turn, had quietly declined. Incompetent to maintain the old place, it was sold to the first bidder. The last of the Moffats, consisting of father, two daughters, and an only son, retiring with the remnant of their fortune to a small inheritance down in ——shire.

Having no children to inherit, the new proprietor had never interested himself in its preservation, and so Whitingham Grange, like many another of the ancient baronial halls of England, was left droning to its doom.

The sharp "click," as of a gate quickly opened, startled us in our contemplation, and through the wicket hard by, bearing a bundle of fire-

wood, came a tall, powerfully made woman, attired in neat black stuff, the same woman I had noticed in the orchard as we drove along.

"It's Susan!" exclaimed Sophronia, with an excited ring in her voice; and she turned with a gesture of pleased surprise and shook the hand of the faithful and respected domestic. "Susan! my good Susan! How are you?"

"Ah, Mrs. Digby, it's you, ma'am!"

She looked down, then up, and gulped something, as it were, that was very dry and choky in her throat.

"I feel for you with all my heart," said my kind-hearted sister. "Now don't say a word—don't."

A request that did not appear very consistent, according to the tenor of the next speech.

"And how does poor, dear Mrs. Cutter bear her loss?"

"Well," sighing, "missus bears up wonderful—she does."

"That's a blessing, at any rate." And Sophronia looked triumphantly at Miss Pastison and me.

"Oh, indeed, it is!" echoed that lady.

"I tell her, what's th' use o' givin' way, when we know that we're only as th' flower of th' field."

"Too true!"

"I say, if givin' way can bring 'em back again, give way, an' welcome—do. But if it won't, do nothink of th' sort."

"Quite right, Susan!"

"That's what I say to missis. I may be wrong—maybe I am; but givin' way does no good, that I can see. It doesn't 'help.' Th' housework stan's, dust gethers, door-steps gets mouldy. I say, does givin' way clean 'em?"

She paused for a reply.

"Will givin' way get th' dinner ready? Folks mun eat, we mun ha' fires, and burn sticks, for all as Miss Chelmsford's gone, so I stepped out this afternoon and got 'em." And she looked complacently down at her bundle.

She spoke in a soft wheedling voice, energetic nevertheless, looking from under her brows at us with her clear grey eyes. She was not bad looking; when she smiled, there was a positive intelligence that was decidedly agreeable, and the glisten of a very fine set of teeth heightened the general effect. But when the face was in repose the expression was heavy and sullen, the lower jaw being largely formed, indicative, with the rest of her features, of a strong will. Her black hair was combed simply under the white cap. She had a nervous fidgety way of twitching her finger-ends together, that made one uneasy, and the whole of the time she was speaking she was so occupied.

Quickly the abigail led us into the house by a back entrance, along narrow passages, up stone steps, till we reached the front hall. Pausing at the foot of the stairs, I was struck with the noble dimensions of this hall or chamber, and the grandeur of the oaken staircase, that led winding superbly to the extreme height of the building, terminating in a circular palisade of ornamental iron-work, that formed the landing to the tower before alluded to. In former times this tower had been used as an observatory by some weird ancestor of the Whitinghams, whose dealings

with spirits, dabbling in the mysteries of the black art, and skill in ruling the planets, had left a reputation surviving the more splendid fortunes of his descendants. I was informed that this tower was now only used as a lumber-room; Susan indeed occasionally sleeping there, when not in attendance on her aged mistress.

Up the stairs Susan led us into an ante-room, where I waited while the ladies took off their bonnets in an inner chamber. As we entered, I followed behind Susan, my sister and Miss Pastison bringing up the rear. A ray of sunshine flickered slowly over the opposite wall, and as it did so Susan started, and drew back impulsively, but recovering herself marched boldly in.

"What a dismal chamber!" ejaculated Mrs. Digby.

It was, indeed, dreary. A small lattice window opened upon a network of branches, that moving faintly to and fro made glimmering hieroglyphics, as the sun-rays straggled forlornly in, leaving the angles in deep shadow. Dull hair-covered furniture, a sombre carpet, from which the colours had faded years ago, and over the chimney-piece, in fresh new frame, gorgeous in the contrast of the gilding, the picture of a very handsome woman, perhaps twenty-five years of age, whom at a glance I recognised as the portrait of the late Miss Chelmsford.

"So this is she," I thought, with a peculiar feeling at my heart as I stood under it, straining through the gloom at the dim outlines. A haughty face, cold, and almost disdainful in its pride; the eyes were large, well opened, and lustrous, a certain softness, too, gleaming under the shade of the long lashes; the nose was straight, the lips——. Perhaps it was most in the lips that one found the want of something warm and loveable. They were scarcely lips for a child to kiss, a lover to dream of. A woman whom destiny had raised above the actual sympathies and endearments of her kind, a despotic queen among savage subjects, might have gloried in such a majesty. A sort of loneliness was written in the pride and reserve of the high finely formed forehead, that was not happiness nor yet sorrow, but the loneliness of a lonely heart. Glossy and very beautiful jet-black hair was gathered relentlessly off the face, as though she despised the adornments of nature, and defied the weaknesses of her sex. Yet in direct opposition to this notion, round her long, slender, white throat she wore an amber necklet, with the pendant of a large ruby from its centre.

And she had gone; vanished from the house that should know her no more, her secrets—if she had any—locked within her bosom. This masterpiece of the painter's art, hidden in the twilight of a dismal bedroom, all that was left of the once breathing original.

Yet as I looked and lingered, the contemptuous pride of the features seemed to soften before me. I could have fancied their meaning otherwise under other aspects. The mouth, set so firmly, seemed as if habitual reticence had sealed its corners, that might have relaxed into smiles of womanly sweetness under the warmth of tender kisses and loving words.

"Who is the artist?" I asked, as the ladies rejoined me, passing through on their way toward the staircase.

"Duncombe," curtly replied Susan.

"No wonder that this painting should have so astonished me, hanging hidden in a dark room. Is it a faithful likeness?"

"It's a vast deal better looking. *Her* eyes were never like them."

"Oh, Susan! I think the likeness admirable," quoth Mrs. Digby.

"Some folks see things one road, some another." And Susan clutched nervously at her finger-ends.

"Was not this Miss Chelmsford's sitting-room?"

Susan nodded assent.

"The hours and hours she's sat here, when missus and her couldn't agree." And she lifted her chin, and elevated her eyebrows. "Well, and we've all our faults!"

III.

MRS. CUTTER AT HOME.

It was a large and lofty dining-room with bay windows, and ceiling bordered with richly carved oak. Yet there was an air of dilapidation and wear in everything, that while in keeping with the age of the proprietress, was yet at fault with her well-known income and most luxurious circumstances. The crimson silk curtains were frayed and faded with long service, the velvet-pile carpet was actually threadbare, and in the centre of the hearthrug was a darn where a refractory cinder having presumed to burn it was coaxed in red wool, to be made the best of; the ancient bell-pulls on either side the fireplace, once gay in every shade of rainbow-tinted leaves and flowers, hung limp in the autumn of their colour, a dejected mass of dusty tendrils in faded olive; the china ornaments, once of considerable value, were pieced and mended visibly; and a few old pictures, doubtless rare and priceless, showed duskily through the begrimed varnish of neglected centuries on the dull walls, that no one cared to look at.

By the fire—for these rooms were damp and chilly as well as gloomy—dressed in a thick mode silk that sat stiffly round her like parchment, was a small, spare old lady, with a neatly crimped widow's cap, snowily white, round her pretty matter-of-fact face, from which shone, like beads, two keen black eyes, bright and glowing, even after the wearinesses of eighty summers. It was a simple, innocent, kindly face, perhaps possessing as full a share of good looks as it had ever known; for it was one of those countenances that in riper age gain some degree of the force they have materially wanted in earlier life. A certain simplicity marked it—a sort of innocence that would render her too reliant on others more energetic, more wily. There was no depth in the sparkling eyes; a spice of wilfulness might flash out occasionally, but strong sympathies of a wider range, such as do not come daily across the domestic hearth, had never stirred the passive tranquillity of that aged face. She wore a tiny curl of silky white hair primly arranged on either cheek. Ever and anon she smoothed her delicate hands down her apron, or picked off the skirts of her gown some dusty fleck, or straightened her chair, always, as it seemed, with a due regard to order and precision.

On each side of Mrs. Cutter sat the two Miss Greens. Miss Green was a cheery, rather stout person, certainly near fifty. She was busy at work with a fragment of gold chain on her left thumb, and with a peculiar shuttle of ivory kept making jerky movements with the right hand—to what intent it is impossible to conceive, but she gravely informed me she was "doing her tatting."

Miss Euphemia leaned back in her chair, attentively listening to the

conversation of her hostess. Miss Euphemia was, perhaps, thirty, with blue eyes and very rosy complexion.

"So I said," continued Mrs. Cutter, when the bustle of our arrival had subsided—"I said, 'Do as you think best, Susan. Poor dear Clarice is gone. We can't bring her back by looking at her picture."

Miss Euphemia sighed demonstratively.

"So she took me at my word. And now poor Clarice's picture hangs up-stairs."

"Mrs. Cutter, that woman is a very treasure!" observed my sister, enthusiastically.

"The most devoted person," said Miss Euphemia.

"Oh yes, indeed!" added Miss Pastison, as if she somehow felt these remarks addressed to her.

"Susan is a comfort to me," the old lady replied, patronisingly. "I can't say how it is," she went on, after a while; "everybody liked Clarice, and everybody liked Susan, but these two never *did* agree. The one pulled one way, the other pulled the other way. Clarice was of a saving nature," lowering her voice confidentially; "Susan liked to see things handsome about the house. She felt it was to our credit to have 'em so." And those quick black eyes went roving over the room and its delinquencies. "Sometimes I have thought it was more for the sake of opposing Susan than anything else that Clarice said so often, 'Don't you spend your money, aunt, on what you can quite well do without. If you will let it go, build schools to the church. They're wanted badly enough, and they'll be here when you and all of us are gone.' 'Don't you do nothing of the sort, ma'am,' says Susan, privately. 'She only wants her own name to be stuck up over the doorway, or that.' Oh dear, dear!" Mrs. Cutter lifted her hands pitifully. "One day Clarice heard her say so."

The two Miss Greens groaned in concert, Miss Pastison falling in a little out of tune.

"Clarice comes to me in the breakfast-room. 'Aunt! I wonder you don't see into Susan's deceit. She cares only for herself!' 'Oh yes, my dear; she cares for *me*, too.' 'Oh, aunt! how can you?' she says, getting up off her chair, as if she was going to come up to me and tell me something, and then had suddenly changed her mind. Just in this way." And Mrs. Cutter rose and stalked in her tottering gait across the floor, satisfied that she was illustrating to perfection the style and action of the deceased lady. "She goes to this side of the room, sits, turns round this way, and goes right out of the room, as if it was no use talking any more. As she goes out, Susan comes in at the other door. Oh dear!"

"But, ma'am, she was your niece, after all, and Susan was but your servant!"

"Susan has been with me and mine these twenty years," said the old lady, slightly bridling up her neck. "I don't regard her in that light. She closed Ezekiel's eyes, and I hope she may close mine, too. True enough, Clarice was Cutter's only sister's child, but that doesn't give her any right to trample on my faithful friend. I don't say Susan wasn't wrong sometimes, but Clarice treated her with all the dignity of a princess of the blood. Oh, Clarice was very proud—very proud. Did you ever see Clarice dance, my dear?" turning suddenly to Miss Green.

"I think not, ma'am; but she had a most elegant carriage."

"I used to think when she walked, it was as good as dancing; her feet never rested on the ground like other people's. But she was very proud, was Clarice, and Susan, poor girl, was sensitive. I used to think if Clarice hadn't been so handsome, they'd have agreed better. Sometimes, when Susan hadn't a word left, and was ready to fly at her with vexation, she'd turn her back and walk away without deigning any answer. 'For,' I said to Clarice, 'you might reason with her, poor thing—she hasn't had your advantages;' and she'd say, as quiet as could be, 'At any rate, aunt, she's length of tongue enough to make up for her other shortcomings. Let her have the full benefit of it.' And Susan's nearly torn her finger-ends off, in her aggravation. Ah! Susan felt it very much—poor girl!"

IV.

THE AMULET.

"MRS. CUTTER!" said Miss Euphemia, "did you ever know why the engagement was broken off between Miss Chelmsford and Mr. Moffat?"

"I never did," the old lady said, turning to look at her interlocutor.

"How strange!"

"Clarice was very close," with a pained expression.

"Do you think they quarrelled, ma'am?"

"N-no," thoughtfully, "I don't think it."

"Was there any shyness between them at the time?"

There was a pause, during which Mrs. Cutter's eyes were roving up and down. Then they fixed searchingly on Miss Euphemia's face with a puzzled look.

"Did Clarice ever open her mind to you, my dear?"

"To me? Oh dear, no, ma'am."

"Ah, Clarice was very close" (musingly). "He was here on the Thursday. Stay! Was it Tuesday? Let me see—no—it was Thursday. Because we were making gooseberry-jam, and Moffat tasted it. Yes, it was Thursday. He had been to see his sisters down in ——shire, Miss Martha Jane and Miss Sophy Anne, and Moffat was very sweet that night on Clarice." Mrs. Cutter drew up her lips with a patronising air, and a slight smile withal, as much as to say "Young people will be young people, and we must bear with them." "Yes, I know now that it was Thursday, because it was that day week that Clarice missed the amber necklace."

There was a little flutter amongst the ladies, as if the final arrangement of the exact date was a matter of peculiar satisfaction.

"When they were first engaged, Daniel told Clarice about the necklace; but as Miss Martha Jane and Miss Sophy Anne had always had the care of it, and my niece didn't mind such things, it remained with them, and I do think it would have been better if it had been left there altogether. Only at the beginning of May did it actually come into Clarice's possession. Daniel told a long rigmarole tale about it. I don't know one-half. To look at Moffat, you wouldn't have thought he'd so much fancy about him. You see" (turning to me), "he was a short, thickset man, with light hair of a sandy colour, and small merry blue eyes. Susan always would have it his legs were a little bowed, but it

didn't strike me so. He was a mild, good-humoured man, fond of a joke. Oh dear! He used to laugh so loud" (putting her hand to her ears), "and then he used to slap Clarice on the back (not to hurt her, you know—oh dear, no, but just in his boisterous way). But Clarice didn't like it. She would look at him with those eyes of hers, and bow her head in a grand sort of way; and he would fidget about and keep still till he forgot. He had a good property—in excellent condition, too—for he took a pride in farming, and delighted in the newest agricultural implements. It was from his father that Ezekiel bought this estate, as I said before; but he kept a good bit of land and odd farms about here. Oh, he was well to do. He was not so polished as he might be; but, then, if Clarice was satisfied—only I used to fancy she was not. But she never said anything. Clarice was very close.

"Then he would wear those plaid trousers—plaid trousers and striped waistcoat—they made him look *so* stout! He never cared what he wore, and was just the last man to care about jewellery, either one way or the other. But people are not to be judged by their outsides," said Mrs. Cutter, quaintly. "Now, you wouldn't have thought Moffat superstitious, would you?" she said, appealing to Miss Green, "yet he was. He told Clarice that all would go well with her and him so long as they had that necklace, but if anything happened to it—if she lost it, or that—its virtues would go to those to whom it went, and so much more ill luck would it leave behind it. I remember she laughed when he said so. He would have her picture painted with it round her neck, just that she might identify it with herself. He said it had been brought originally from some far country by the old wizard of the tower" (and she lifted her eyes towards the ceiling of the room). "It had been in the family of the Whitinghams, who once lived in this old house, for I know not how many generations. It was lost, and the fortunes of that ancient race at once decayed. It fell into the possession of Catherine de Medecis, procured for her by her celebrated poisoner. It came back into the family in some peculiar way, and had remained with the Moffats ever since. He said that every bead was of untold value as an amulet, on account of some virtue or power it held. Clarice quizzed him, and said the powers of this wonderful trinket were all silly nonsense. But he let her laugh, and said, 'Laugh as you like, lass, but keep it safe and sound.' And when she saw he really meant it she gave over. Why, I really forget how much Moffat said that pendant alone was worth, but it was a deal. It was as big as the end of your little finger—a ruby—that I do know. He used to like to see Clarice wear the necklace coiled round her arm He gave it to her in a box with a secret spring, so that no one might get at it but herself. I did think him a bit soft about it. Mr. Cutter was so different. But perhaps Daniel had his reasons more than we knew. At any rate, my niece had her picture taken with it round her neck."

"How did it happen to be painted by so clever an artist?" I asked.

"Moffat had some friend in London, who, writing to him on business, mentioned a picture then in the Royal Academy which was creating quite a sensation, and informed Daniel that the artist, a Mr. Duncombe, was about setting off on a pedestrian tour, and would actually pass within a few miles of Burrell. He desired Daniel to pay him any little attention that lay in his power. Moffat at once came to me quite excited, and

urged me to have Clarice's portrait taken. It was well, altogether, that we had, for the necklace was lost immediately after, and its wearer too. It's all we have of poor Clarice!"

And Mrs. Cutter sighed, and winked her eyes at the carpet.

"What sort of a man was this Mr. Duncombe, ma'am?"

"My dear, I thought him one of the handsomest men I ever saw. Not pink and white, you know, but dark and pale. A remarkable figure, too, perhaps a little slender, but so graceful and easy. He'd be a couple of years younger than Clarice, I should imagine. I wonder many a time that she didn't fancy him before Moffat. When I was a girl, he would have been the very one of all others."

And then the old lady stopped short, in the conviction that she was slighting the memory of the deceased Ezekiel.

"But perhaps Mr. Duncombe was not particularly taken with Miss Chelmsford," said Miss Green, good humouredly.

"Probably not, my dear; at any rate, he took her portrait to our satisfaction."

"How did Miss Chelmsford lose the necklace?"

"I never could altogether understand it—it was a most mysterious affair. She said she laid it as usual in the box with the secret spring—and Clarice was very particular. When she wanted it, it was gone."

"Dear me!"

"I was quite frightened, Clarice was so angry. It chanced that Susan had that day missed my coins out of the drawing-room, and was just telling me about it, when Clarice comes in—oh, Clarice was very, very hard—Susan had wonderful patience. Clarice waited a week before she told Moffat the necklace was gone. His face went quite pale—all blue round the mouth. He leaned up against the window, quite faint, to look at. That was on the Thursday; five weeks ago to-morrow."

"Ay, dear, dear," sighed Miss Green.

"Only to think of that!" said Miss Pastison.

"She to be dead and buried, and the wheat not all in yet!" said Mrs. Digby.

"The wind hath passed over her, and she is gone," added Miss Euphemia.

"And has the necklace never been found?" asked Miss Pastison.

"Never."

"Who could have taken it?" exclaimed all the ladies at once.

"I can't imagine, unless it was cook." The old lady lifted her hands and let them fall again upon her knees, and the ladies looked from one to the other as if the action conveyed a good deal to their minds of which my perceptions were ignorant. "I cannot see who it could be but Bridget. It was not a thing to raise money on, that is certain, so what good could it be to her? But it couldn't go without hands. Once Susan did make a suggestion that surprised me a good deal, but then Susan had suffered so much at the hands of my niece; and knowing that, I didn't pay much attention to it. She said she had seen my niece and Mr. Duncombe talking together under a tree in the garden the very afternoon the necklace was lost. She said she shouldn't wonder if Clarice had given Duncombe the necklace. He had admired it, I know. But Clarice was very proud, and I don't believe that she would give away what Moffat, her affianced husband, valued so highly. He was a singularly fascinating

young man, that artist" (shaking her head wisely). "Sometimes young women *do* take sudden likings in this way—at least, I've heard so. He had lodgings in Burrell while he painted the picture, and just came to the Grange for sittings. But there was nothing remarkable that Clarice should meet him out walking, by accident, and that they should talk a while."

"But, ma'am, if there is any doubt, is it not rather hard on Bridget?" said Miss Green.

"It was nothing more than a passing idea of Susan's," Mrs. Cutter rejoined, mildly. "They were seen together that afternoon by Dick's little girl, as well as Susan—indeed, I think I understood Dick himself saw them too—but then that goes for nothing. Mr. Duncombe would never steal the necklace!"

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

Laugh of the mountain,*
Joyous and free,
Beautiful fountain,
Life is in thee!
Spirit of memory,
Freshener of spring,
Freedom adorning,
Bright on the wing;
Thy crystal escaping
Beneath banks of bloom,
Thy tiny waves leaping
'Mid gales of perfume,
Reflect every feature,
The gentle, the fair—
The mirror of nature
And soother of care!
The sweet lark salutes thee
With notes from on high,
The lyre of the free,
The untaught harmony!
The jasmine and rose
Their fragrance bestow,
Where the freshness o'erflows
Of thy waves as they go;
While the weary of strife,
As they downcast pass by,
Seem to gather new life
From thy minstrelsy!
Laugh of the mountain,
Joyous and free,
Beautiful fountain,
Sweet music to me!

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* Rira del monte de las aves lira
Pompa del prado, espejo de la amora.
Spa. Poet.

OUR POLITICAL MOVEMENTS.

We are not of the number of those who would have men of talent "fling away ambition." It is the latest as well as the earliest affection of a gifted mind, and on that account alone not to be lightly shaken off. The misfortune is that it so often overleaps itself, and will not condescend to recal the past, or regard those principles at their due value which have secured to others, less impulsive, successes little merited. It is no mean advantage to attain the object of our anxious ambition, and still more honourable when we can reach it, a thing too seldom the case, without gyrations and inconsistencies which often lead to the sacrifice of principles in the attainment. This is a thing more talked of than regarded by politicians of every colour. Yet if its value be justly estimated, consistency is expected to direct our footsteps in public as well as in private life. But then, "Are we not to change for what is better?" We have never spared Mr. Disraeli in time past for certain inconsistencies in his public career which it was impossible to avoid our doing, balancing them against his eminent talents, and a power which few possess in an equal degree with himself. We mean a power which is *sui generis*, or that which is the more impressive part of the man of ability. As to rank in matters connected with intellect, it is mere rubbish often impeding its advance.

If we consider facts, and at the same time call to mind the career of most of our statesmen in recent times, we shall be reminded how many of them acted only in regard to party views. We refer to some of the more eminent names on either or both political sides, and not to those who hold on in their political faith from ignorance or the mere attachment to old things. Such are stubborn animals—political mules that will pull up a perpendicular rather than not attempt "to back their own side." Here, it is true, time-worn political principles are stubbornly fixed, and still considered to be virtues. We need not name the class of partisans that, when its own friends move forward with the time, either remain as adverse to the conviction that comes, we might say with irresistible truth, "in the course of nature," or give a reluctant consent from party motives alone, though at the same time they declare they are signing the ruin of their country. This is both a consistency and patriotism quite in character. The support of such, therefore, can only go for what it is worth. The greatest triumph of consistency in political principle was Lord Grey's reform measure, supported when Pitt forsook it for the sake of power, and realised so long afterwards. It is this want of consistency in our public men which keeps the honest history of the times so much in arrear of the truth, except as to general results. Our statesmen are short-lived in public memory, because the inconsistencies to which we allude deaden the reflection of the political virtues they may possess when posterity passes its impartial judgment upon them.

But is it no lasting honour to be the minister of a great nation in these enlightened days? To wield the democracy of the people of England in its more palmy state of movement, or, reins in hand, to hold back the fiery steeds, and prevent the too rapid course of the chariot that might in

its impetuosity precipitate not only itself but others into the same gulf. If successful, the mode in which that success has been attained, the tortuousness of its course, and the necessity of bending one master-mind to the conglomeration of the constituent parts, are trials sufficient for human patience, which in men of real talent is seldom the more prominent feature. The impatience of genius is proverbial both in public and private life, and with acquired ability it is much the same; nor is this wonderful. Talent as well as virtue is destined to pass its existence in a state of warfare with that multitude which the Scriptures tell us in this life at least is prone to do evil—evil political as well as moral; and so it is if profane history goes for anything.

Mr. Disraeli is almost the only instance in this country that we can recollect of one who, destitute of family influence or connexion, has by his own persistence and a commanding intellect, the evidence of which is conclusive, succeeded in becoming the prime minister of England and leader of the national councils. For a long term we had seen one or two individuals selected from the twin great parties among the aristocracy dividing the rule of the country through their influence, talent or no talent concerned. They were uniformly unsuccessful from the time they threw off so insultingly that part of the popular support which George III. received upon his accession to the throne. The first fruit of this was the loss of our North American colonies, now grown to thirty millions of brethren, separated for ever from the empire. The same course was carried on against human freedom on the Continent. An ocean of blood and two thousand millions of treasure were wasted by England only to replace the kingly power in France against the will of the people—that same kingly power which just before had, without provocation, joined the Americans in war against us, no matter that the poisoned chalice was thus commended to their own lips. In three days' space afterwards the French rightfully overturned that foreign dictation, which had cost twenty years of war and a world of blood and treasure to re-establish. The folly of all this is now seen as it was seen by the wise when begun. The party in England that opposed all reform and supported the wars above alluded to has passed to "the tomb of all the Capulets" unwatered with a tear. The Sidmouths, Percevals, and Castlereaghs have gone with it as well as their principles. Their memories are become political beacons. In *their* tombs no Rosicrusian lamp burns, no light pierces the "ever-during darkness" which thickens over their memories. The generation that immediately succeeded to them, moving forward with the age, has but increased the darkness of their sepulchres by the cheering contrast it affords to the people, who will not be ungrateful for the boon because it has at length originated with the heir-apparent of that party in the state that once opposed it to the uttermost. Why should they be ungrateful? Why any longer be obliged to cry, "A plague on both your houses?"

But Mr. Disraeli, in consequence of Lord Derby's resignation, is Prime Minister of England. We do not know that Mr. Disraeli has been of more varied political colours in the state than many others, but he has certainly shown more tact, and much more ability. He was, it is true, in a position to do that which few of his own political tenets could have undertaken. He saw—we hope so, at least—that the tottering structure of the representative system, so corrupt, and so much at war with just

principles, as well as with the whole scope and design of the constitution, while it was that of a free people, could not continue merely patched up. The enlightenment of the age, the choice of a sovereign in France by the entire people there, and the spread of education, all told against the inherited relics of the change effected by William the Bastard in our Saxon institutions, which that excellent monarch, Edward I.—excellent considering the line from which he came—partially restored, but of which all the subsequent sovereigns seemed to be jealous to the time of Charles I., when that despot swept away parliaments altogether, obliterated the preceding constitution of England, and hoped so vainly to rule at his own arbitrary will, and leave that rule to his posterity.

But to return to the present time. It was evident to us that Lord Derby would never have gone the whole length of the late measure without Mr. Disraeli's talent to support him. Without Disraeli little could be effected, perhaps not attempted. He was too powerful an individual to make an enemy. The necessity of reform was more evident every day, hour, and minute; the growing intelligence of the people gave evidence of that, and cleared their vision more and more to the true facts of the popular position. Some reform was inevitable, was right, and, more than all with statesmen, it was politic. The Whig party had been too shy about it; the Tories offered a "bonus," as they say in their money affairs in the City; so that between the two the people must certainly get something. It cost Mr. Disraeli no further change of principle, no sacrifice; but it cost his party much, while it added strength to his individual influence thus to proceed still further in the right direction. He was in the position to do what he saw was right, if it were only for his own popularity, and he had no dread of the consequences. Without Mr. Disraeli, taking away Lord Stanley for his acknowledged power, moderation, and intelligence, Mr. Hardy for his firmness, and Lord Derby would have had but a weak cabinet, however individually excellent as private characters some of its members might be. As to reform itself, it could not be evaded. Never did Lord Russell's "finality" show its shortness of calculation more forcibly. Lord Palmerston had contrived by his adroitness to evade the question altogether, for he saw its embarrassments; not that he cared much about it either way, but the "pleasantest" mode, to adopt the Hudson phraseology, was his lordship's rule of action, and he managed that it should last to the end of his domination.

We can even fancy his lordship near his last business hour in life, crying, "Put it aside—put it aside while I yet breathe;" reminding us of the dying artist, who, when a crucifix was presented to him *in articulo mortis*, bade the good *curé* take it away; the sculpture was too annoying to his professional vision even in a dying prayer.

The attacks made by Mr. Disraeli upon Sir Robert Peel have been arrayed as charges against him; to which we might be tempted to agree, did not the world know—and if it does not, it ought—that Sir Robert had himself done the same thing; but he had done it clandestinely. It is painful to compare notes on such points among politicians. Sir Robert had done what Lord Grey would have died before doing; and no doubt Mr. Disraeli knew it, and perhaps was sharper upon Sir Robert in his attack than otherwise he would have been, feeling that while Sir Robert

opposed Catholic emancipation in public through thick and thin, letters —those dangerous crown evidences against inconsistent principles—were extant, in the baronet's own handwriting, saying that emancipation must be given! The bitterness of the attack was thus accounted for in some measure by a knowledge of this duplicity, and therefore the more accountable. It was urged that Mr. Disraeli acted unbecomingly in that matter; but in opposition, as he was, to Sir Robert, he did not exceed in his offence that attached to the incident which we presume provoked it, though not public at the time. We take no objection to a minister who rises by talent alone; we have had nobles and plebeians ministers, both destitute of honest feeling, even of average talent, and without political principle, or aught that could qualify them for such posts. We know there is a class in the nation that is of an opposite idea—a class that thinks it should belong to that alone; as the citizens of a German town did that they should have an hereditary mathematician to adorn their city.

We are ready, then, to accept Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill. A few secondary defects may be easily remedied without change of principle. It is possible, and we think probable, that Mr. Disraeli, being free from certain shackles connecting him with borough interests, will, with sincerity, render the bill more perfect—above all things, pass a law to punish the corruption of voters by the corrupters, the agents of whom are generally country attorneys. The eyes of the nation are open to the juggle of suffering those who bribe the obscure or indigent voter, to escape free by wary management, and only punish the voter. Give justice a true balance, and we shall see more members in the House of Commons cease to be so when the truth becomes revealed. It is always best to do right if it costs a little more than to do wrong, and live under the consciousness of it. Thus it should be in politics, if in nothing else.

But, after all, the people of England have not only to regard that which is a duty on their own part, but to claim that their rulers will do right in their behalf, and aid them honestly in regard to candidates. We have had a great step in reform. We are indebted for it to Mr. Disraeli. If he has none of their semi-savage predilections to gratify—we refer to the rotten reliques of Norman despotism as regards certain ideas engrafted by time in the brains of a few living men, and the descendants of the barbarians left among us—it is time we should uproot such idle notions, and return to the spirit of the institutions of our Saxon forefathers. The late Reform Bill is a step in the true direction. We do not expect to see in parliament men of more distinguished talents than at present, if we do expect them more honest, more single of mind. Of men to dazzle the world by their talents, we shall not probably see an increase. To give a common-place opinion of your own before six hundred and fifty others who are about doing the same, in a chamber where genius has no particular honour, no abiding-place, and a rich Jew shall be honoured much more than a Xenophon or a Plato, just as it passes outside St. Stephen's. Mr. Disraeli has talents that will run to waste in his present position, if the reflection does not occur to him, which must occur to any one similarly endowed holding his place, "This is a potent means of effecting good or evil put into my hands;" but he is too well initiated, by his own confession in his works, not to comprehend his position.

For ourselves, we rejoice to see, for the first time, an example of an individual so distinguished in literature standing in his position. Our neighbours the French have long ago exhibited their feeling upon the claims of intellect. They, by their deference to it, show this, and to those who give to the world the results of mental labour they show how they estimate it. In England and Holland it is different with the lower and higher orders alike. The Norman impress still remains here, and still judges by its own old habits, constituting that law in creed and council alike, which, though unwritten, is strongly fixed. The ambition of the philosopher and man of genius pales its ineffectual fire before the stolid multitude of high and low alike. Genius in high places, the more rare the heaven-taught gift, gives no clue to power political, it has hitherto been rather an obstacle than an encouragement. Common-place rules where the general mind is formed with no high aspirations. This has been utterly wanting with most who have held an office, that, with just feeling, would be convinced it has so much of good within its power. In the present case, we have a belief that genius, as it is embodied in the present head of the cabinet, leads to promises of more discriminating and better regulated results than a public habitually ruled by an opposite inheritance will be honest enough to credit—that is, if the credit depends upon talent alone, and sinister motives do not intervene.

We thus heartily congratulate the public on Mr. Disraeli's accession to office. We have in him, at all events, a characterised ability, and we have escaped from the appointment of any of those platitudes to which, if we recollect rightly, Mr. Burke alluded when he said, "Strike off the heads of all the ostensible ministers in office, still the business of the state will go on as well as it did before." We are of opinion that Mr. Disraeli will at least show himself not unworthy of our compliment, whatever any of his coadjutors may fail to do, correcting his past oversights.

Ireland is the present troubler of the ruler. Lord Mayo lately expressed himself in parliament regarding that country with much truth upon most points, but with some glosses. It was easy to see that the Church question is the most difficult point to settle. It might be supposed that the souls of men had something to do with such a question, in place of a mere faction that does not comprise more than a sixth of the population. We should not ourselves think it wrong if the "loaves and fishes" were substituted for the "faith," as the main point at issue. The great principle, however, is a rotten one. The provision for younger sons, and the hatred generated by a double and antagonistic priestcraft, are difficulties not easily to be overcome. We have not space to touch upon them in this paper. We can only say we dissent from Mr. Bright *in toto* as regards his artificial plan for forcing a benefit upon Ireland in his land scheme. No national prosperity can be produced by artifice. Make the landlords of Ireland act equitably. That alone will secure peace in a great degree. Trade cannot be forced. The country can alone flourish by its own efforts, for which it has already every natural assistance. It will be the fault of the Irish people themselves if it do not. They have all the materials requisite. Coal in fifteen counties, iron in nineteen, lead in sixteen, copper in seventeen, a sea-coast of 1727 miles; harbours, 130; rivers ending in the sea, 94; in fact, every capability, and yet the man of money will not speculate there. Even the

Irish put their money into the English funds. Now, for all this there must be pressing causes. These are to be found in the law of landlord and tenant—or rather the no law—and in the engrossing of the wealth of the country without return, and in keeping alive religious hatred to nourish political obliquities, and overpaying an idle body of clergy, the minimum as to creed, thus cherishing a spirit of animosity quite anti-christian. The principle is a vicious one. It is opposed to reason, it has no relation to that peace and harmony which should reign where true Christianity governs. When Dean Swift, having no one but his clerk for a congregation, addressed him in the service as "dearly beloved Roger," he only realised a faithful picture of the existing Church. Perhaps a better idea of the Irish Church might be obtained from a return of the number of curates kept, where there is so little to do, exhibiting at the first glance an opposite idea; the incumbent, of course, is "equally" absorbed in his labour, and between them the personified congregation of Swift in his clerk cannot but be well served. There was no bad characteristic of the heads of the Irish Church in the newspapers a few years ago. We cut the paragraph out of one from Ireland. The Archdeacon of Meath died, and the income of the archdeaconry was reduced to a miserable pittance for an apostle of old, of only a thousand a year—"reduced" to that paltry sum. Spirits of those who preached in Judea eighteen hundred and sixty-eight years ago, before archdeacons or monks, black, white, and grey were invented, do not you sit in the clouds and mock us? What income the defunct ecclesiastic had we know not, but only the "reduced" pittance given to his successor as above. The self-denying spirit of the deceased in his life, shared, no doubt, with the widow and the fatherless, and the poor, with whom he divided his bread; like an excellent Bishop of Sodor and Man, giving his only shilling in hand to the poor. Well, this self-denying and worthy representative of the Irish Church to the letter, must have left in his bequeathments an admirable picture of the reasons why that Church is so highly estimated, if common-sense judgment may be trusted. This defunct son of Orange holiness left for sale "an abundance of hay, oats, potatoes; innumerable sheep, pigs, and cattle; thirteen draught horses, eight mules (one Spanish), five donkeys, forty thorough-bred hunters, a cab-phæton, a travelling-chariot, a drag, inside car, two fishing-boats [hardly for souls?], also a carriage and tackling." To these out-door commodities and apostolic apparatus, were added certain indoor comforts equally in character, as sundry rocking-chairs, sofas of various forms to match, down cushions for gouty feet, and a collection of paintings, principally hunting scenes. A very choice collection of wines, and a large quantity of fine old whisky! Spirit of Paul and Peter listen from the clouds!

Can it be wondered at that this, alongside a dozen poverty-stricken ministers of the religion of the country, perhaps this the only one of the Orange faith, should be a painful spectacle. Wise in his day is the Pope to recommend a refusal of payment from the state by England, when the true faith of the Christian is thus exhibited; and the apostle Paul, if he had reached Ireland, would have been expected to leap five-barred gates, muddle himself with whisky, applaud the glorious advance of Orangeism, and the devotion he so simply, yet nobly, and through

evil and good report, so laboured for the happiness of mankind to establish.

Now, then, is the time for Mr. Disraeli to make for himself a name which his country's history will not let die easily. He cannot but have some regard for that only fabric of true glory which minds of the higher order can alone experience as it works for posterity; "That last infirmity of noble mind" as to tendency bestowed by nature alone! There is no obstacle more difficult to overcome than profitable bigotry; but "no cross, no crown!" The victory is for that the more honourable.

We are well aware how coldly the politician will receive all this, and with how much of that marble expression of countenance which we used to see in old Talleyrand, even when he listened to a bore, repeating to him for the fiftieth time the same incontrovertible fact, or the narrative of which he disrelished, but was too polite to interrupt.

The land grievances of Ireland were noted by Swift, who spoke of the oppression of the landlords, and the difficulty of paying rent without money or trade, a century and a half ago. In the reign of George II. the penal laws in Ireland were ruthlessly enforced; and in a Roman Catholic nation that faith was continually abused, and made the subject of persecution and every species of outrage. Even at present the priests of the British metropolis are continually placarded by name on the walls, with notices of sermons "against popery" by some thumpcushion, who seek by that means to obtain popularity. In the pulpit a minister may very properly endeavour to inculcate his own religious principles, and controvert what he deems erroneous; but that the pulpit should be made a sort of rostrum for denouncing other sects by name, or any but that to which it belongs, by phillipics against the name and the members of such bodies in public placards, is a vile mode of persecution. The Catholic retaliating would produce a rare spectacle, and show that not religion, but notoriety and theatrical artifices to attract a mob, were the motive causes of such gross ill manners, such unchristian and low-minded practices. The Catholics do not render evil for evil, nor paste the names of their clergymen on walls among the placards of buffoons, and ballad-mongers, quacks, pantomimics, and jugglers. In England all are free to worship heaven in their own mode, and the insult as well as self-conceit in the assumption of attacking others in this way, by any body of any religious denomination, is disgusting. Preach your own doctrines, controvert those opposed to you by stronger arguments or evidence, but hold not up by name in the lump another sect that may be less erroneous than your own, or else expect to attract, deservedly, the disgust of every honourable mind; for you are the last person who should presume upon your own infallibility. It is not what we think of ourselves, or how much we prize our own religious tenets, but what others think of both, or either, that is the criterion.

To return. The folly and stupidity with which Ireland was governed, dating to the end of the reign of George III., was extraordinary. Speaking of the legislation during a good part of that reign, Young remarks, in his "Tour in Ireland," on certain abominable laws then and there enacted. He says that they were enacted *against the property of all who professed the Catholic religion*, through that means to wound the doctrine. "If," said he, "such was the intention, I reply that seventy

years' experience prove the folly and futility of it. Those laws have crushed all the industry, and wrested most of the property from the Catholics; but the religion triumphs—it is thought to increase. Those who have handed about calculations to prove a decrease, admit on the face of them that it would require four thousand years to make converts of the whole, supposing the work to go on in future as it has in the past time. But the whole pretence is an affront to common sense, for it implies that you will lessen a religion by persecution: all history and experience condemn such a proposition."

Here, then, is a task for Mr. Disraeli's ministry, if it means to move with the times. Will he daringly break through every right or not, or follow the spavined jog-trot of the shattered hack of old? Will he act upon the justice, not upon the worst possible policy, in his measures? Pitt shipwrecked his fame upon the choice he made; in fact, upon a present temptation as to place, for which he must otherwise have waited some little time, and thus he dimmed the renown he might otherwise have secured. Let us hope that to do right boldly, and disregard consequences, will be the line of Mr. Disraeli's policy. The nation will not be ungrateful for it. It is impossible for the possessor of only a moderate degree of perception not to see that the downfall of all governments built upon the old exclusive system is at hand. Whether a policy be good or evil is the sole point—or be with or against the spirit of the age. The sustentation of order in such a contingency must depend upon the good sense and proper instruction of the people, and their sober sense; not after the old exclusive mode of blundering on for the advantage of the few, but advancing in order for the benefit of all. To this end self-government must be inculcated, and the influence of reason be made superior in directing action. The lowest in the social scale, as well as the highest, must learn to restrain his appetites within the bounds of reason, nor deny himself the use of anything for fear of its abuse, as is properly expected of a rational and accountable being. The test of social comfort in future must be the right conduct of the individuals whose duty it is to fulfil public offices in the state, even to the lowest; and as the value of the system depends upon a proper representation of the people, it is the duty of every individual to acquire a knowledge of the qualifications best fitted for his public duties in him he intends to support, and to be regardful of that political integrity in his own case which he demands in those whom he has a share in elevating to the post of duty on behalf of the nation. The first point of duty, therefore, lies with the voter; let him, however lowly he may be in life, remember that absence from all self interest is the primary duty of an elector, since he exercises a trust not for himself alone, but others for whom he is the trustee. Let him remember that as a voter he is to accept no dictation.

CYRUS REDDING.